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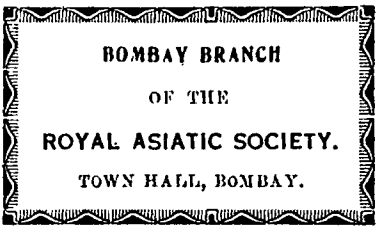


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# ESMOND.

## A STORY OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY.

*Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," &c.*

VOLUME III.

☞ The Author of this work gives notice that he reſerves to himſelf the right of tranſlating it.

# THE HISTORY

OF

# HENRY ESMOND, ESQ.

A COLONEL IN THE SERVICE OF HER MAJESTY
Q. ANNE.

## WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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# BOOK III.

## CONTAINING THE END OF MR. ESMOND'S ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND.

# THE HISTORY

OF

# HENRY ESMOND.

## CHAPTER I.

### I COME TO AN END OF MY BATTLES AND BRUISES

THAT feverish desire to gain a little reputation which Esmond had had, left him now perhaps that he had attained some portion of his wish, and the great motive of his ambition was over. His desire for military honour was that it might raise him in Beatrix's eyes. 'Twas next to nobility and wealth the only kind of rank she valued. It was the stake quickest won or lost too; for law is a very long game that requires a life to practise; and to be distinguished in letters or the church would not have forwarded the poor gentleman's plans in the

leaſt. So he had no ſuit to play but the red one, and he played it; and this, in truth, was the reaſon of his ſpeedy promotion; for he expoſed himſelf more than moſt gentlemen do, and riſked more to win more. Is he the only man that hath ſet his life againſt a ſtake which may be not worth the winning? Another riſks his life (and his honour, too, ſometimes) againſt a bundle of bank-notes, or a yard of blue riband, or a ſeat in Parliament; and ſome for the mere pleaſure and excitement of the ſport; as a field of a hundred huntſmen will do, each out-bawling and out-galloping the other at the tail of a dirty fox, that is to be the prize of the foremoſt happy conqueror.

When he heard this news of Beatrix's engagement in marriage, Colonel Eſmond knocked under to his fate, and reſolved to ſurrender his ſword, that could win him nothing now he cared for; and in this diſmal frame of mind he determined to retire from the regiment, to the great delight of the captain next in rank to him, who happened to be a young gentleman of good fortune, who eagerly paid Mr. Eſmond a thouſand guineas for his majority in Webb's regiment, and was knocked on the head the

next campaign. Perhaps Eſmond would not have been ſorry to ſhare his fate. He was more the Knight of the Woful Countenance than ever he had been. His moodineſs muſt have made him perfectly odious to his friends under the tents, who like a jolly fellow, and laugh at a melancholy warrior always ſighing after Dulcinea at home.

Both the ladies of Caſtlewood approved of Mr. Eſmond quitting the army, and his kind general coincided in his wiſh of retirement, and helped in the transfer of his commiſſion, which brought a pretty ſum into his pocket. But when the Commander-in-Chief came home, and was forced, in ſpite of himſelf, to appoint Lieutenant-General Webb to the command of a diviſion of the army in Flanders, the Lieutenant-General prayed Colonel Eſmond ſo urgently to be his aide-de-camp and military ſecretary, that Eſmond could not reſiſt his kind patron's entreaties, and again took the field, not attached to any regiment, but under Webb's orders. What muſt have been the continued agonies of fears * and apprehenſions which racked

* What indeed? Psm. xci., 2, 3, 7.—R.E.

the gentle breaſts of wives and matrons in thoſe dreadful days, when every Gazette brought accounts of deaths and battles, and when, the preſent anxiety over, and the beloved perſon eſcaped, the doubt ſtill remained that a battle might be fought, poſſibly, of which the next Flanders letter would bring the account; ſo they, the poor tender creatures, had to go on ſickening and trembling through the whole campaign. Whatever theſe terrors were on the part of Eſmond's miſtreſs (and that tendereſt of women muſt have felt them moſt keenly for both her ſons, as ſhe called them), ſhe never allowed them outwardly to appear, but hid her apprehenſion as ſhe did her charities and devotion. 'Twas only by chance that Eſmond, wandering in Kenſington, found his miſtreſs coming out of a mean cottage there, and heard that ſhe had a ſcore of poor retainers whom ſhe viſited and comforted in their ſickneſs and poverty, and who bleſſed her daily. She attended the early church daily, (though, of a Sunday eſpecially, ſhe encouraged and advanced all ſorts of cheerfulneſs and innocent gaiety in her little houſehold:) and by notes entered into a table-book of hers at this time, and devotional

compoſitions writ with a ſweet artleſs fervour, ſuch as the beſt divines could not ſurpaſs, ſhowed how fond her heart was, how humble and pious her ſpirit, what pangs of apprehenſion ſhe endured ſilently, and with what a faithful reliance ſhe committed the care of thoſe ſhe loved to the Awful Diſpenſer of death and life.

As for her ladyſhip at Chelſea, Eſmond's newly-adopted mother, ſhe was now of an age when the danger of any ſecond party doth not diſturb the reſt much. She cared for trumps more than for moſt things in life. She was firm enough in her own faith, but no longer very bitter againſt ours. She had a very good-natured, eaſy French director, Monſieur Gauthier by name, who was a gentleman of the world, and would take a hand of cards with Dean Atterbury, my lady's neighbour at Chelſea, and was well with all the High Church party. No doubt Monſieur Gauthier knew what Eſmond's peculiar poſition was, for he correſponded with Holt, and always treated Colonel Eſmond with particular reſpect and kindneſs; but for good reaſons the Colonel and the Abbé never ſpoke on this matter together, and ſo they remained perfect good friends.

All the frequenters of my Lady of Chelſea's houſe were of the Tory and High Church party. Madam Beatrix was as frantick about the King as her elderly kinſwoman: ſhe wore his picture on her heart; ſhe had a piece of his hair; ſhe vowed he was the moſt injured, and gallant, and accompliſhed, and unfortunate, and beautiful of princes. Steele, who quarrelled with very many of his Tory friends, but never with Eſmond, uſed to tell the Colonel that his kinſwoman's houſe was a rendezvous of Tory intrigues; that Gauthier was a ſpy; that Atterbury was a ſpy; that letters were conſtantly going from that houſe to the Queen at St. Germains; on which Eſmond, laughing, would reply, that they uſed to ſay in the army the Duke of Marlborough was a ſpy too, and as much in correſpondence with that family, as any Jeſuit. And without entering very eagerly into the controverſy, Eſmond had frankly taken the ſide of his family. It ſeemed to him that King James the Third was undoubtedly king of England by right: and at his ſiſter's death it would be better to have him than a foreigner over us. No man admired King William more; a hero and a conqueror,

the Braveſt, juſtice, wiſeſt of men;—but 'twas by the ſword he conquered the country, and held and governed it by the very ſame right that the great Cromwell held it, who was truly and greatly a ſovereign. But that a foreign deſpotick Prince, out of Germany, who happened to be deſcended from King James the Firſt, ſhould take poſſeſſion of this empire, ſeemed to Mr. Eſmond a monſtrous injuſtice—at leaſt, every Engliſhman had a right to proteſt, and the Engliſh Prince, the heir-at-law, the firſt of all. What man of ſpirit with ſuch a cauſe would not back it? What man of honour with ſuch a crown to win would not fight for it? But that race was deſtined. That Prince had himſelf againſt him, an enemy he could not overcome. He never dared to draw his ſword, though he had it. He let his chances ſlip by as he lay in the lap of opera girls, or ſnivelled at the knees of prieſts aſking pardon; and the blood of heroes, and the devotedneſs of honeſt hearts, and endurance, courage, fidelity, were all ſpent for him in vain.

But let us return to my Lady of Chelſea, who when her ſon Eſmond announced to her ladyſhip

that he propoſed to make the enſuing campaign, took leave of him with perfect alacrity, and was down to picquet with her gentlewoman before he had well quitted the room on his laſt viſit. "Tierce to a king," were the laſt words he ever heard her ſay: the game of life was pretty nearly over for the good lady, and three months afterwards ſhe took to her bed, where ſhe flickered out without any pain, ſo the Abbé Gauthier wrote over to Mr. Eſmond, then with his general on the frontier of France. The Lady Caſtlewood was with her at her ending, and had written too, but theſe letters muſt have been taken by a privateer in the packet that brought them; for Eſmond knew nothing of their contents until his return to England.

My Lady Caſtlewood had left everything to Colonel Eſmond, "as a reparation for the wrong done to him;" 'twas writ in her will. But her fortune was not much, for it never had been large, and the honeſt viſcounteſs had wiſely ſunk moſt of the money ſhe had upon an annuity which terminated with her life. However, there was the houſe and furniture, plate, and pictures at Chelſea, and a ſum of money lying at her

merchant's, Sir Joſiah Child, which altogether would realiſe a ſum of near three hundred pounds per annum, ſo that Mr. Eſmond found himſelf, if not rich, at leaſt eaſy for life. Likewiſe, there were the famous diamonds which had been ſaid to be worth fabulous ſums, though the goldſmith pronounced they would fetch no more than four thouſand pounds. Theſe diamonds, however, Colonel Eſmond reſerved, having a ſpecial uſe for them: but the Chelſea houſe, plate, goods, &c., with the exception of a few articles which he kept back, were ſold by his orders; and the ſums reſulting from the ſale inveſted in the publick ſecurities ſo as to realiſe the aforeſaid annual income of £300.

Having now ſomething to leave, he made a will, and diſpatched it home. The army was now in preſence of the enemy; and a great battle expected every day. 'Twas known that the General-in-Chief was in diſgrace and the parties at home ſtrong againſt him; and there was no ſtroke this great and reſolute player would not venture to recal his fortune when it ſeemed deſperate. Frank Caſtlewood was with Colonel Eſmond; his general having gladly taken the

young nobleman on to his Staff. His ſtudies of fortifications at Bruxelles were over by this time. The fort he was beſieging had yielded, I believe, and my lord had not only marched in with flying colours, but marched out again. He uſed to tell his boyiſh wickedneſſes with admirable humour, and was the moſt charming young ſcapegrace in the army.

'Tis needleſs to ſay that Colonel Eſmond had left every penny of his little fortune to this boy. It was the Colonel's firm conviction that the next battle would put an end to him: for he felt aweary of the ſun, and quite ready to bid that and the earth farewell. Frank would not liſten to his comrade's gloomy forebodings, but ſwore they would keep his birthday at Caſtlewood that autumn, after the campaign. He had heard of the engagement at home. "If Prince Eugene goes to London," ſays Frank, "and Trix can get hold of him, ſhe'll jilt Aſhburnham for his Highneſs. I tell you, ſhe uſed to make eyes at the Duke of Marlborough, when ſhe was only fourteen and ogling poor little Blandford. *I* wouldn't marry her, Harry, no not if her eyes were twice as big. I'll take my fun. I'll enjoy

for the next three years every poſſible pleaſure. I'll ſow my wild oats then, and marry ſome quiet, ſteady, modeſt, ſenſible Viſcounteſs; hunt my harriers; and ſettle down at Caſtlewood. Perhaps I'll repreſent the county—no, damme, *you* ſhall repreſent the county. You have the brains of the family. By the Lord, my dear old Harry, you have the beſt head and the kindeſt heart in all the army; and every man ſays ſo—and when the Queen dies, and the King comes back, why ſhouldn't you go to the Houſe of Commons and be a miniſter, and be made a peer, and that ſort of thing? *You* be ſhot in the next action! I wager a dozen of Burgundy you are not touched. Mohun is well of his wound. He is always with Corporal John now. As ſoon as ever I ſee his ugly face I'll ſpit in it. I took leſſons of Father —of Captain Holtz at Bruxelles. What a man that is! He knows everything." Eſmond bade Frank have a care; that Father Holt's knowledge was rather dangerous; not, indeed, knowing as yet how far the Father had puſhed his inſtructions with his young pupil.

The Gazetteers and writers, both of the French and Engliſh ſide, have given accounts

ſufficient of that bloody battle of Blarignies or Malplaquet, which was the laſt and the hardeſt earned of the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough. In that tremendous combat, near upon two hundred and fifty thouſand men were engaged, more than thirty thouſand of whom were ſlain or wounded: (the Allies loſt twice as many men as they killed of the French, whom they conquered:) and this dreadful ſlaughter very likely took place becauſe a great general's credit was ſhaken at home, and he thought to reſtore it by a victory. If ſuch were the motives which induced the Duke of Marlborough to venture that prodigious ſtake, and deſperately ſacrifice thirty thouſand brave lives, ſo that he might figure once more in a Gazette, and hold his places and penſions a little longer, the event defeated the dreadful and ſelfiſh deſign, for the victory was purchaſed at a coſt which no nation, greedy of glory, as it may be, would willingly pay for any triumph. The gallantry of the French was as remarkable as the furious bravery of their aſſailants. We took a few ſcore of their flags, and a few pieces of their artillery; but we left twenty thouſand of the braveſt ſoldiers of the

world 'round about the intrenched lines, from which the enemy was driven. He retreated in perfect good order; the panic-ſpell ſeemed to be broke, under which the French had laboured ever ſince the diſaſter of Hochſtedt; and, fighting now on the threſhold of their country, they ſhowed an heroick ardour of reſiſtance, ſuch as had never met us in the courſe of their aggreſſive war. Had the battle been more ſucceſsful, the conqueror might have got the price for which he waged it. As it was (and juſtly, I think), the party adverſe to the Duke in England were indignant at the laviſh extravagance of ſlaughter, and demanded more eagerly than ever the recal of a chief, whoſe cupidity and deſperation might urge him further ſtill. After this bloody fight of Malplaquet, I can anſwer for it, that in the Dutch quarters and our own, and amongſt the very regiments and commanders, whoſe gallantry was moſt conſpicuous upon this frightful day of carnage, the general cry was, that there was enough of the war. The French were driven back into their own boundary, and all their conqueſts and booty of Flanders diſgorged. As for the Prince of Savoy, with whom our

Commander-in-chief, for reaſons of his own, conſorted more cloſely than ever, 'twas known that he was animated not merely by a political hatred, but by perſonal rage againſt the old French king: the Imperial Generaliſſimo never forgot the ſlight put by Lewis upon the Abbé de Savoie; and in the humiliation or ruin of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, the Holy Roman Emperor found his account. But what were theſe quarrels to us, the free citizens of England and Holland? Deſpot as he was, the French monarch was yet the chief of European civiliſation, more venerable in his age and misfortunes than at the period of his moſt ſplendid ſucceſſes; whilſt his opponent was but a ſemi-barbarous tyrant, with a pillaging murderous horde of Croats and Pandours, compoſing a half of his army, filling our camp with their ſtrange figures, bearded like the miſcreant Turks their neighbours, and carrying into Chriſtian warfare their native heathen habits of rapine, luſt, and murder. Why ſhould the beſt blood in England and France be ſhed in order that the Holy Roman and Apoſtolic maſter of theſe ruffians ſhould have his revenge over the Chriſtian king? And it was to this end we

were fighting; for this that every village and family in England was deploring the death of beloved ſons and fathers. We dared not ſpeak to each other, even at table, of Malplaquet, ſo frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heart-rending, for an officer who had a heart, to look down his line on a parade-day afterwards, and miſs hundreds of faces of comrades—humble or of high rank—that had gathered but yeſterday full of courage and cheerfulneſs round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? As the great Duke reviewed us, riding along our lines with his fine ſuite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, ſtopping here and there to thank an officer with thoſe eager ſmiles and bows, of which his Grace was always laviſh, ſcarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried—"D—n you, why don't you cheer?" But the men had no heart for that: not one of them but was thinking, "Where's my comrade?—where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear captain that led me yeſterday?" 'Twas the moſt gloomy pageant I ever looked on; and

the "Te Deum," ſung by our chaplains, the moſt woeful and dreary ſatyre.

Eſmond's general added one more to the many marks of honour which he had received in the front of a ſcore of battles, and got a wound in the groin, which laid him on his back; and you may be ſure he conſoled himſelf by abuſing the Commander-in-Chief, as he lay groaning:—"Corporal John's as fond of me," he uſed to ſay, "as King David was of General Uriah; and ſo he always gives me the poſt of danger." He perſiſted, to his dying day, in believing that the Duke intended he ſhould be beat at Wynendael, and ſent him purpoſely with a ſmall force, hoping that he might be knocked on the head there. Eſmond and Frank Caſtlewood both eſcaped without hurt, though the diviſion which our general commanded ſuffered even more than any other, having to ſuſtain not only the fury of the enemy's cannonade, which was very hot and well-ſerved, but the furious and repeated charges of the famous Maiſon du Roy, which we had to receive and beat off again and again, with volleys of ſhot and hedges of iron, and our four lines of muſqueteers and

called the Duke, "before His Grace warned him not to commit thoſe follies, and ſmiled on him cordially ever after."

"And he was ſo kind to me," Arthur writ, "that I thought I would put in a good word for Maſter Harry, but when I mentioned your name he looked as black as thunder, and ſaid he had never heard of you."

## CHAPTER II.

I GO HOME, AND HARP ON THE OLD STRING.

AFTER quitting Mons and the army, and as he was waiting for a packet at Oſtend, Eſmond had a letter from his young kinſman Caſtlewood at Bruxelles, conveying intelligence whereof Frank beſought him to be the bearer to London, and which cauſed Colonel Eſmond no ſmall anxiety.

The young ſcapegrace, being one and twenty years old, and being anxious to ſow his "wild otes," as he wrote, had married Mademoiſelle de Wertheim, daughter of Count de Wertheim, Chamberlain to the Emperor, and having a poſt in the Houſehold of the Governor of the Netherlands. "P.S,"—the young gentleman wrote: "Clotilda is *older than me*, which perhaps may be objected to her: but I am ſo *old a raik*,

that the age makes no difference, and I am *determined* to reform. We were married at St. Gudule by Father Holt. She is heart and ſoul for the *good cauſe*. And here the cry is *Vif-le-Roy*, which my mother will *join in*, and Trix *too*.. Break this news to 'em gently: and tell Mr. Finch, my agent, to preſs the people for their rents, and ſend me the *ryno* anyhow. Clotilda ſings, and plays on the Spinet *beautifully*. She is a fair beauty. And if it's a ſon, you ſhall ſtand *Godfather*. I'm going to leave the army, having had *enuf of ſoldering;* and my Lord Duke *recommends* me. I ſhall paſs the winter here: and ſtop at leaſt until Clo's lying in. I call her *old Clo*, but nobody elſe ſhall. She is the clevereſt woman in all Bruxelles: underſtanding painting, muſick, poetry, and perfect *at cookery and puddens*. I borded with the Count, that's how I came to know her. There are four Counts her brothers. One an Abbey—three with the Prince's army. They have a lawſuit for *an immence fortune:* but are now in *a pore way*. Break this to mother, who'll take anything from *you*. And write, and bid Finch write *amediately*. Hoſtel de l'Aigle Noire, Bruxelles, Flanders."

So Frank had married a Roman Catholick lady, and an heir was expected, and Mr. Eſmond was to carry this intelligence to his miſtreſs at London. 'Twas a difficult embaſſy; and the Colonel felt not a little tremor as he neared the capital.

He reached his inn late, and ſent a meſſenger to Kenſington to announce his arrival and viſit the next morning. The meſſenger brought back news that the Court was at Windſor, and the fair Beatrix abſent, and engaged in her duties there. Only Eſmond's miſtreſs remained in her houſe at Kenſington. She appeared in court but once in the year; Beatrix was quite the miſtreſs and ruler of the little manſion, inviting the company thither, and engaging in every conceivable frolick of town pleaſure. Whilſt her mother, acting as the young lady's protectreſs and elder ſiſter, purſued her own path, which was quite modeſt and ſecluded.

As ſoon as ever Eſmond was dreſſed (and he had been awake long before the town), he took a coach for Kenſington, and reached it ſo early, that he met his dear miſtreſs coming home from morning prayers. She carried her prayer-book,

never allowing a footman to bear it, as everybody elſe did: and it was by this ſimple ſign Eſmond knew what her occupation had been. He called to the coachman to ſtop, and jumped out as ſhe looked towards him. She wore her hood as uſual: and ſhe turned quite pale when ſhe ſaw him. To feel that kind little hand near to his heart ſeemed to give him ſtrength. They ſoon were at the door of her ladyſhip's houſe—and within it.

With a ſweet ſad ſmile ſhe took his hand and kiſſed it.

"How ill you have been: how weak you look, my dear Henry," ſhe ſaid.

'Tis certain the Colonel did look like a ghoſt, except that ghoſts do not look very happy, 'tis ſaid. Eſmond always felt ſo on returning to her after abſence, indeed whenever he looked in her ſweet kind face.

"I am come back to be nurſed by my family," ſays he. "If Frank had not taken care of me after my wound, very likely I ſhould have gone altogether."

"Poor Frank, good Frank!" ſays his mother. "You'll always be kind to him, my lord," ſhe

went on. "The poor child never knew he was doing you a wrong."

"My lord!" cries out Colonel Eſmond. "What do you mean, dear lady?"

"I am no lady," ſays ſhe, "I am Rachel Eſmond, Francis Eſmond's widow, my lord. I cannot bear that title. Would we never had taken it from him who has it now. But we did all in our power, Henry: we did all in our power; and my lord and I—that is——"

"Who told you this tale, deareſt lady," aſked the Colonel.

"Have you not had the letter I writ you? I writ to you at Mons directly I heard it," ſays Lady Eſmond.

"And from whom?" again aſked Colonel Eſmond,—and his miſtreſs then told him that on her deathbed the Dowager Counteſs, ſending for her, had preſented her with this diſmal ſecret as a legacy. "'Twas very malicious of the dowager," Lady Eſmond ſaid, "to have had it ſo long, and to have kept the truth from me. 'Couſin Rachel,' ſhe ſaid,'" and Eſmond's miſtreſs could not forbear ſmiling as ſhe told the ſtory, "'Couſin Rachel,' cries the dowager, 'I have ſent for

you, as the doctors ſay I may go off any day in this dyſentery; and to eaſe my conſcience of a great load that has been on it. You always have been a poor creature and unfit for great honour, and what I have to ſay won't, therefore, affect you ſo much. You muſt know, couſin Rachel, that I have left my houſe, plate, and furniture, three thouſand pounds in money, and my diamonds that my late revered Saint and Sovereign, King James, preſented me with, to my Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood.'

"'To my Frank?' ſays Lady Caſtlewood: 'I was in hopes—'

"'To Viſcount Caſtlewood, my dear, Viſcount Caſtlewood, and Baron Eſmond of Shandon in the kingdom of Ireland, Earl and Marquis of Eſmond under patent of his Majeſty King James the Second, conferred upon my huſband the late Marquis,—for I am Marchioneſs of Eſmond before God and man.'

"'And have you left poor Harry nothing, dear Marchioneſs?' aſks Lady Caſtlewood (ſhe hath told me the ſtory completely ſince with her quiet arch way; the moſt charming any woman ever had: and I ſet down the narrative here at

length ſo as to have done with it). 'And have you left poor Harry nothing,'" aſks my dear lady: "for you know, Henry," ſhe ſays with her ſweet ſmile, "I uſed always to pity Eſau—and I think I am on his ſide—though papa tried very hard to convince me the other way."

"'Poor Harry!' ſays the old lady. 'So you want ſomething left to poor Harry: he, he! (reach me the drops, couſin.) Well then, my dear, ſince you want poor Harry to have a fortune: you muſt underſtand that ever ſince the year 1691, a week after the battle of the Boyne, where the Prince of Orange defeated his royal ſovereign and father, for which crime he is now ſuffering in flames (ugh, ugh), Francis Eſmond hath been Marquis of Eſmond and Earl of Caſtlewood in the United Kingdom, and Baron and Viſcount Caſtlewood of Shandon in Ireland, and a Baronet,—and his eldeſt ſon will be,—by courteſy, ſtyled Earl of Caſtlewood—he! he! What do you think of that, my dear?'

"'Gracious mercy! how long have you known this?'" cries the other lady (thinking perhaps that the old Marchioneſs was wandering in her wits.

"'My huſband, before he was converted, was a wicked wretch,' the ſick ſinner continued. 'When he was in the Low Countries he ſeduced a weaver's daughter; and added to his wickedneſs by marrying her. And then he came to this country and married me—a poor girl—a poor innocent young thing—I ſay,' though ſhe was paſt forty, you know, Harry, when ſhe married: and as for being innocent,—'Well,' ſhe went on, 'I knew nothing of my lord's wickedneſs for three years after our marriage, and after the burial of our poor little boy I had it done over again, my dear, I had myſelf married by Father Holt in Caſtlewood chapel as ſoon as ever I heard the creature was dead—and having a great illneſs then, ariſing from another ſad diſappointment I had, the prieſt came and told me that my lord had a ſon before our marriage, and that the child was at nurſe in England; and I conſented to let the brat be brought home, and a queer little melancholy child it was when it came.

"'Our intention was to make a prieſt of him: and he was bred for this, until you perverted him from it, you wicked woman. And I had

again hopes of giving an heir to my lord, when he was called away upon the King's buſineſs, and died fighting glorioufly at the Boyne water.

"'Should I be diſappointed,—I owed your huſband no love, my dear, for he had jilted me in the moſt ſcandalous way; and I thought there would be time to declare the little weaver's ſon for the true heir. But I was carried off to priſon, where your huſband was ſo kind to me,—urging all his friends to obtain my releaſe, and uſing all his credit in my favour,—that I relented towards him, eſpecially as my director counſelled me to be ſilent; and that it was for the good of the King's ſervice that the title of our family ſhould continue with your huſband the late viſcount, whereby his fidelity would be always ſecured to the King. And the proof of this is, that a year before your huſband's death, when he thought of taking a place under the Prince of Orange, Mr. Holt went to him, and told him what the ſtate of the matter was, and obliged him to raiſe a large ſum for his Majeſty; and engaged him in the true cauſe ſo heartily, that we were ſure of his ſupport on any day when it ſhould be conſidered adviſable to attack the

uſurper. Then his ſudden death came; and there was a thought of declaring the truth. But 'twas determined to be beſt for the King's ſervice to let the title ſtill go with the younger branch; and there's no ſacrifice a Caſtlewood wouldn't make for that cauſe, my dear.

" 'As for Colonel Eſmond, he knew the truth already' (and then, Harry, my miſtreſs ſaid, ſhe told me of what had happened at my dear huſband's death-bed). 'He doth not intend to take the title, though it belongs to him. But it eaſes my conſcience that you ſhould know the truth, my dear. And your ſon is lawfully Viſcount Caſtlewood ſo long as his couſin doth not claim the rank.' "

This was the ſubſtance of the dowager's revelation. Dean Atterbury had knowledge of it, Lady Caſtlewood ſaid, and Eſmond very well knows how: that divine being the clergyman for whom the late lord had ſent on his death-bed: and when Lady Caſtlewood would inſtantly have written to her ſon, and conveyed the truth to him, the Dean's advice was that a letter ſhould be writ to Colonel Eſmond rather; that the matter ſhould be ſubmitted to his

deciſion, by which alone the reſt of the family were bound to abide."

"And can my deareſt lady doubt what that will be?" ſays the Colonel.

"It reſts with you, Harry, as the head of our houſe."

"It was ſettled twelve years ſince, by my dear lord's bed-ſide," ſays Colonel Eſmond. "The children muſt know nothing of this. Frank and his heirs after him muſt bear our name. 'Tis his rightfully; I have not even a proof of that marriage of my father and mother, though my poor lord, on his death-bed, told me that Father Holt had brought ſuch a proof to Caſtlewood. I would not ſeek it when I was abroad. I went and looked at my poor mother's grave in her convent. What matter to her now? No court of law on earth, upon my mere word, would deprive my Lord Viſcount and ſet me up. I am the head of the houſe, dear lady; but Frank is Viſcount of Caſtlewood ſtill. And rather than diſturb him, I would turn monk, or diſappear in America."

As he ſpoke ſo to his deareſt miſtreſs, for whom he would have been willing to give up

his life, or to make any ſacrifice any day, the fond creature flung herſelf down on her knees before him, and kiſſed both his hands in an outbreak of paſſionate love and gratitude, ſuch as could not but melt his heart, and make him feel very proud and thankful that God had given him the power to ſhow his love for her, and to prove it by ſome little ſacrifice on his own part. To be able to beſtow benefits or happineſs on thoſe one loves is ſure the greateſt bleſſing conferred upon a man,—and what wealth or name, or gratification of ambition or vanity could compare with the pleaſure Eſmond now had of being able to confer ſome kindneſs upon his beſt and deareſt friends?

"Deareſt ſaint," ſays he—"pureſt ſoul, that has had ſo much to ſuffer, that has bleſſed the poor lonely orphan with ſuch a treaſure of love. 'Tis for me to kneel, not for you: 'tis for me to be thankful that I can make you happy. Hath my life any other aim? Bleſſed be God that I can ſerve you! What pleaſure, think you, could all the world give me compared to that?"

"Don't raiſe me," ſhe ſaid, in a wild way, to Eſmond, who would have lifted her. "Let

me kneel—let me kneel, and—and—worſhip you."

Before ſuch a partial judge, as Eſmond's dear miſtreſs owned herſelf to be, any cauſe which he might plead, was ſure to be given in his favour; and accordingly he found little difficulty in reconciling her to the news whereof he was bearer, of her ſon's marriage to a foreign lady, Papiſt though ſhe was. Lady Caſtlewood never could be brought to think ſo ill of that religion as other people in England thought of it: ſhe held that ours was undoubtedly a branch of the Church Catholick, but that the Roman was one of the main ſtems on which, no doubt, many errors had been grafted (ſhe was, for a woman, extraordinarily well verſed in this controverſy, having acted, as a girl, as ſecretary to her father, the late dean, and written many of his ſermons, under his dictation); and if Frank had choſen to marry a lady of the church of ſouth Europe, as ſhe would call the Roman communion, that was no need why ſhe ſhould not welcome her as a daughter-in-law; and accordingly ſhe writ to her new daughter a very pretty, touching letter (as

Eſmond thought, who had cogniſance of it before it went), in which the only hint of reproof was a gentle remonſtrance that her ſon had not written to herſelf, to aſk a fond mother's bleſſing for that ſtep which he was about taking. "Caſtlewood knew very well," ſo ſhe wrote to her ſon, "that ſhe never denied him anything in her power to give, much leſs would ſhe think of oppoſing a marriage that was to make his happineſs, as ſhe truſted, and keep him out of wild courſes, which had alarmed her a good deal: and ſhe beſought him to come quickly to England, to ſettle down in his family houſe of Caſtlewood ('It is his family houſe,' ſays ſhe, to Colonel Eſmond, 'though only his own houſe by your forbearance') and to receive the accompt of her ſtewardſhip during his ten years' minority." By care and frugality, ſhe had got the eſtate into a better condition than ever it had been ſince the Parliamentary wars; and my lord was now maſter of a pretty, ſmall income, not encumbered of debts, as it had been, during his father's ruinous time. "But in ſaving my ſon's fortune," ſays ſhe, "I fear I have loſt a great part of my hold on him." And, indeed, this was

the caſe; her ladyſhip's daughter complaining that their mother did all for Frank, and nothing for her; and Frank himſelf being diſſatisfied at the narrow, ſimple way of his mother's living at Walcote, where he had been brought up more like a poor parſon's ſon, than a young nobleman that was to make a figure in the world. 'Twas this miſtake in his early training, very likely, that ſet him ſo eager upon pleaſure when he had it in his power; nor is he the firſt lad that has been ſpoiled by the over-careful fondneſs of women. No training is ſo uſeful for children, great or ſmall, as the company of their betters in rank or natural parts; in whoſe ſociety they loſe the overweening ſenſe of their own importance, which ſtay-at-home-people very commonly learn.

But, as a prodigal that's ſending in a ſchedule of his debts to his friends, never puts all down, and, you may be ſure, the rogue keeps back ſome immenſe ſwingeing bill, that he doeſn't dare to own; ſo the poor Frank had a very heavy piece of news to break to his mother, and which he hadn't the courage to introduce into his firſt confeſſion. Some miſgivings Eſmond might have, upon receiving Frank's letter, and knowing

into what hands the boy had fallen; but whatever theſe miſgivings were, he kept them to himſelf, not caring to trouble his miſtreſs with any fears that might be groundleſs.

However, the next mail which came from Bruxelles, after Frank had received his mother's letters there, brought back a joint compoſition from himſelf and his wife, who could ſpell no better than her young ſcapegrace of a huſband, full of expreſſions of thanks, love, and duty to the Dowager Viſcounteſs, as my poor lady now was ſtyled; and along with this letter, (which was read in a family council, namely, the viſcounteſs, Miſtreſs Beatrix, and the writer of this memoir, and which was pronounced to be vulgar by the Maid of Honour, and felt to be ſo by the other two,) there came a private letter for Colonel Eſmond, from poor Frank, with another diſmal commiſſion for the Colonel to execute, at his beſt opportunity; and this was to announce that Frank had ſeen fit, "by the exhortations of Mr. Holt, the influence of his Clotilda, and the bleſſing of heaven and the ſaints," ſays my lord, demurely, "to change his religion, and be received into the boſom of that church of which his

ſovereign, many of his family, and the greater part of the civiliſed world were members." And his lordſhip added a poſtſcript, of which Eſmond knew the inſpiring genius very well, for it had the genuine twang of the Seminary, and was quite unlike poor Frank's ordinary ſtyle of writing and thinking; in which he reminded Colonel Eſmond that he, too, was, by birth, of that church; and that his mother and ſiſter ſhould have his lordſhip's prayers to the ſaints (an ineſtimable benefit, truly!) for their converſion.

If Eſmond had wanted to keep this ſecret he could not; for a day or two after receiving this letter, a notice from Bruxelles appeared in the "Poſt-Boy," and other prints, announcing that "a young Iriſh lord, the Viſcount C—ſtlew—d, juſt come to his majority, and who had ſerved the laſt campaigns with great credit, as aide-de-camp to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, had declared for the popiſh religion at Bruxelles, and had walked in a proceſſion barefoot, with a wax taper in his hand." The notorious Mr. Holt, who had been employed as a Jacobite agent during the laſt reign, and many times pardoned

by King William, had been the "Poſt-Boy," ſaid the agent, of this converſion.

The Lady Caſtlewood was as much caſt down by this news as Miſs Beatrix was indignant at it. "So," ſays ſhe, "Caſtlewood is no longer a home for us, mother. Frank's foreign wife will bring her confeſſor, and there will be frogs for dinner; and all Tuſher's and my grandfather's ſermons are flung away upon my brother. I uſed to tell you that you killed him with the catechiſm, and that he would turn wicked as ſoon as he broke from his mammy's leading-ſtrings. O, mother, you would not believe that the young ſcapegrace was playing you tricks, and that ſneak of a Tuſher was not a fit guide for him. O, thoſe parſons! I hate 'em all," ſays Miſtreſs Beatrix, clapping her hands together; "yes, whether they wear caſſocks and buckles, or beards and bare feet. There's a horrid Iriſh wretch who never miſſes a Sunday at Court, and who pays me compliments there, the horrible man; and if you want to know what parſons are, you ſhould ſee his behaviour, and hear him talk of his own cloth. They're all the ſame, whether they're biſhops or bonzes, or Indian fakirs. They try

to domineer, and they frighten us with kingdom-come; and they wear a ſanctified air in publick, and expect us to go down on our knees and aſk their bleſſing; and they intrigue, and they graſp, and they backbite, and they ſlander worſe than the worſt courtier or the wickedeſt old woman. I heard this Mr. Swift ſneering at my Lord Duke of Marlborough's courage the other day. He! that Teague from Dublin! becauſe his Grace is not in favour dares to ſay this of him; and he ſays this that it may get to her Majeſty's ear, and to coax and wheedle Mrs. Maſham. They ſay the Elector of Hanover has a dozen of miſtreſſes in his court at Herrenhauſen, and if he comes to be king over us, I wager that the biſhops and Mr. Swift, that wants to be one, will coax and wheedle them. O, thoſe prieſts and their grave airs! I'm ſick of their ſquare toes and their ruſtling caſſocks. I ſhould like to go to a country where there was not one, or to turn Quaker, and get rid of 'em; and I would, only the dreſs is not becoming, and I've much too pretty a figure to hide it. Haven't I, couſin?" and here ſhe glanced at her perſon and the looking-glaſs, which told her rightly

that a more beautiful ſhape and face never were ſeen.

"I made that onſlaught on the prieſts," ſays Miſs Beatrix, afterwards, "in order to divert my poor dear mother's anguiſh about Frank. Frank is as vain as a girl, couſin. Talk of us girls being vain, what are *we* to you? It was eaſy to ſee that the firſt woman who choſe would make a fool of him, or the firſt robe—I count a prieſt and a woman all the ſame. We are always caballing; we are not anſwerable for the fibs we tell; we are always cajoling and coaxing, or threatening; and we are always making miſchief, Colonel Eſmond—mark my word for that, who know the world, ſir, and have to make my way in it. I ſee as well as poſſible how Frank's marriage hath been managed. The Count, our papa-in-law, is always away at the coffee-houſe. The Counteſs, our mother, is always in the kitchen looking after the dinner. The Counteſs, our ſiſter, is at the ſpinet. When my lord comes to ſay he is going on the campaign, the lovely Clotilda burſts into tears, and faints ſo; he catches her in his arms—no, ſir, keep your diſtance, couſin, if you pleaſe—ſhe

cries on his ſhoulder, and he ſays, 'O, my divine, my adored, my beloved Clotilda, are you ſorry to part with me?' 'O, my Franciſco,' ſays ſhe, 'O, my lord!' and at this very inſtant mamma and a couple of young brothers, with muſtachios and long rapiers, come in from the kitchen, where they have been eating bread and onions. Mark my word, you will have all this woman's relations at Caſtlewood three months after ſhe has arrived there. The old count and counteſs, and the young counts and all the little counteſſes her ſiſters. Counts! everyone of theſe wretches ſays he is a count. Guiſcard, that ſtabbed Mr. Harvy, ſaid he was a count; and I believe he was a barber. All Frenchmen are barbers—Fiddle-dee! don't contradict me — or elſe dancing-maſters, or elſe prieſts;" and ſo ſhe rattled on.

"Who was it taught *you* to dance, Couſin Beatrix?" ſays the Colonel.

She laughed out the air of a minuet, and ſwept a low curtſey, coming up to the recover with the prettieſt little foot in the world pointed out. Her mother came in as ſhe was in this attitude; my lady had been in her cloſet having taken poor

Frank's converſion in a very ſerious way; the madcap girl ran up to her mother, put her arms round her waiſt, kiſſed her, tried to make her dance, and ſaid: "Don't be ſilly, you kind little mamma, and cry about Frank turning Papiſt. What a figure he muſt be, with a white ſheet and a candle walking in a proceſſion barefoot!" And ſhe kicked off her little ſlippers (the wonderfulleſt little ſhoes with wonderful tall red heels, Eſmond pounced upon one as it fell cloſe beſide him) and ſhe put on the drolleſt little *moue*, and marched up and down the room holding Eſmond's cane by way of taper. Serious as her mood was, Lady Caſtlewood could not refrain from laughing; and as for Eſmond he looked on with that delight with which the ſight of this fair creature always inſpired him: never had he ſeen any woman ſo arch, ſo brilliant, and ſo beautiful.

Having finiſhed her march, ſhe put out her foot for her ſlipper. The Colonel knelt down: "If you will be Pope I will turn Papiſt," ſays he; and her Holineſs gave him gracious leave to kiſs the little ſtockinged foot before he put the ſlipper on.

Mamma's feet began to pat on the floor during

this operation, and Beatrix, whoſe bright eyes nothing eſcaped, ſaw that little mark of impatience. She ran up and embraced her mother, with her uſual cry of, "O you ſilly little mamma: your feet are quite as pretty as mine," ſays ſhe: "they are, couſin, though ſhe hides 'em; but the ſhoemaker will tell you that he makes for both off the ſame laſt."

"You are taller than I am, deareſt," ſays her mother, bluſhing over her whole ſweet face—"and—and it is your hand, my dear, and not your foot he wants you to give him," and ſhe ſaid it with a hyſterick laugh, that had more of tears than laughter in it; laying her head on her daughter's fair ſhoulder, and hiding it there. They made a very pretty picture together, and looked like a pair of ſiſters—the ſweet ſimple matron ſeeming younger than her years, and her daughter, if not older, yet, ſomehow, from a commanding manner and grace which ſhe poſſeſſed above moſt women, her mother's ſuperior and protectreſs.

"But O!" cries my miſtreſs, recovering herſelf after this ſcene, and returning to her uſual ſad tone, "'tis a ſhame that we ſhould laugh and be

making merry on a day when we ought to be down on our knees and aſking pardon."

"Aſking pardon for what?" ſays ſaucy Mrs. Beatrix,—"becauſe Frank takes it into his head to faſt on Fridays, and worſhip images? You know if you had been born a papiſt, mother, a papiſt you would have remained to the end of your days. 'Tis the religion of the King and of ſome of the beſt quality. For my part, I'm no enemy to it, and think Queen Beſs was not a penny better than Queen Mary."

"Huſh, Beatrix! Do not jeſt with ſacred things, and remember of what parentage you come," cries my lady. Beatrix was ordering her ribbons, and adjuſting her tucker, and performing a dozen provoking pretty ceremonies, before the glaſs. The girl was no hypocrite at leaſt. She never at that time could be brought to think but of the world and her beauty; and ſeemed to have no more ſenſe of devotion than ſome people have of muſick, that cannot diſtinguiſh one air from another. Eſmond ſaw this fault in her, as he ſaw many others—a bad wife would Beatrix Eſmond make, he thought, for any man under the degree of a Prince. She was born to ſhine in

great aſſemblies, and to adorn palaces, and to command everywhere—to conduct an intrigue of politicks, or to glitter in a queen's train. But to ſit at a homely table, and mend the ſtockings of a poor man's children? that was no fitting duty for her, or at leaſt one that ſhe wouldn't have broke her heart in trying to do. She was a princeſs, though ſhe had ſcarce a ſhilling to her fortune; and one of her ſubjects—the moſt abject and devoted wretch, ſure, that ever drivelled at a woman's knees—was this unlucky gentleman; who bound his good ſenſe, and reaſon, and independence, hand and foot; and ſubmitted them to her.

And who does not know how ruthleſſly women will tyranniſe when they are let to domineer? and who does not know how uſeleſs advice is? I could give good couſel to my deſcendants, but I know they'll follow their own way, for all their grandfather's ſermon. A man gets his own experience about women, and will take nobody's hearſay; nor, indeed, is the young fellow worth a fig that would. 'Tis I that am in love with my miſtreſs, not my old grandmother that counſels me; 'tis I that have fixed the value of the

thing I would have, and know the price I would pay for it. It may be worthleſs to you, but 'tis all my life to me. Had Eſmond poſſeſſed the Great Mogul's crown and all his diamonds, or all the Duke of Marlborough's money, or all the ingots ſunk at Vigo, he would have given them all for this woman. A fool he was, if you will; but ſo is a ſovereign a fool, that will give half a principality for a little cryſtal as big as a pigeon's egg, and called a diamond: ſo is a wealthy nobleman a fool, that will face danger or death, and ſpend half his life, and all his tranquillity, caballing for a blue riband: ſo is a Dutch merchant a fool, that hath been known to pay ten thouſand crowns for a tulip. There's ſome particular prize we all of us value, and that, every man of ſpirit, will venture his life for. With this it may be to achieve a great reputation for learning; with that, to be a man of faſhion, and the admiration of the town; with another, to conſummate a great work of art or poetry, and go to immortality that way; and with another, for a certain time of his life, the ſole object and aim is a woman.

Whilſt Eſmond was under the domination of

this paſſion, he remembers many a talk he had with his intimates, who uſed to rally Our Knight of the Rueful Countenance at his devotion, whereof he made no diſguiſe, to Beatrix; and it was with replies ſuch as the above he met his friends' ſatire. "Granted, I am a fool," ſays he, "and no better than you; but you are no better than I. You have your folly you labour for; give me the charity of mine. What flatteries do you, Mr. St. John, ſtoop to whiſper in the ears of a queen's favourite? What nights of labour doth not the lazieſt man in the world endure, foregoing his bottle, and his boon companions, foregoing Lais, in whoſe lap he would like to be yawning, that he may prepare a ſpeech full of lies, to cajole three hundred ſtupid country-gentlemen in the Houſe of Commons, and get the hiccupping cheers of the October Club? What days will you ſpend in your jolting chariot (Mr. Eſmond often rode to Windſor, and eſpecially, of later days, with the ſecretary)? What hours will you paſs on your gouty feet,—and how humbly will you kneel down to preſent a deſpatch—you, the proudeſt man in the world, that has not knelt to God

ſince you were a boy, and in that poſture whiſper, flatter, adore almoſt, a ſtupid woman, that's often boozy with too much meat and drink, when Mr. Secretary goes for his audience? If my purſuit is vanity, ſure yours is too." And then the Secretary would fly out in ſuch a rich flow of eloquence, as this pen cannot pretend to recal; advocating his ſcheme of ambition, ſhowing the great good he would do for his country when he was the undiſputed chief of it; backing his opinion with a ſcore of pat ſentences from Greek and Roman authorities (of which kind of learning he made rather an oſtentatious diſplay), and ſcornfully vaunting the very arts and meanneſſes by which fools were to be made to follow him, opponents to be bribed or ſilenced, doubters converted, and enemies overawed.

"I am Diogenes," ſays Eſmond, laughing, "that is taken up for a ride in Alexander's chariot. I have no deſire to vanquiſh Darius or to tame Bucephalus. I do not want what you want, a great name or a high place: to have them would bring me no pleaſure. But my moderation is taſte, not virtue; and I know that what I do

want, is as vain as that which you long after. Do not grudge me my vanity, if I allow yours; or rather, let us laugh at both indifferently, and at ourſelves, and at each other."

"If your charmer holds out," ſays St. John, "at this rate ſhe may keep you twenty years beſieging her, and ſurrender by the time you are ſeventy, and ſhe is old enough to be a grandmother. I do not ſay the purſuit of a particular woman is not as pleaſant a paſtime as any other kind of hunting," he added; "only, for my part, I find the game won't run long enough. They knock under too ſoon—that's the fault I find with 'em."

"The game which you purſue is in the habit of being caught, and uſed to being pulled down," ſays Mr. Eſmond.

"But Dulcinea del Toboſo is peerleſs, eh?" ſays the other. "Well, honeſt Harry, go and attack windmills—perhaps thou art not more mad than other people," St. John added, with a ſigh.

## CHAPTER III.

A PAPER OUT OF THE SPECTATOR.

DOTH any young gentleman of my progeny, who may read his old grandfather's papers, chance to be preſently ſuffering under the paſſion of Love? There is a humiliating cure, but one that is eaſy and almoſt ſpecifick for the malady—which is, to try an alibi. Eſmond went away from his miſtreſs and was cured a half dozen times; he came back to her ſide, and inſtantly fell ill again of the fever. He vowed that he could leave her and think no more of her, and ſo he could pretty well, at leaſt, ſucceed in quelling that rage and longing he had whenever he was with her; but as ſoon as he returned he was as bad as ever again. Truly a ludicrous and pitiable object, at leaſt exhauſting everybody's pity but his deareſt miſtreſs's, Lady Caſtlewood's, in whoſe

tender breaſt he repoſed all his dreary confeſſions, and who never tired of hearing him and pleading for him.

Sometimes Eſmond would think there was hope. Then again he would be plagued with deſpair, at ſome impertinence or coquetry of his miſtreſs. For days they would be like brother and ſiſter, or the deareſt friends, ſhe, ſimple, fond and charming, he happy beyond meaſure at her good behaviour. But this would all vaniſh on a ſudden. Either he would be too preſſing, and hint his love, when ſhe would rebuff him inſtantly, and give his vanity a box on the ear: or he would be jealous, and with perfect good reaſon, of ſome new admirer that had ſprung up, or ſome rich young gentleman newly arrived in the town, that this incorrigible flirt would ſet her nets and baits to draw in. If Eſmond remonſtrated, the little rebel would ſay—"Who are you? I ſhall go my own way, ſirrah, and that way is towards a huſband, and I don't want *you* on the way. I am for your betters, Colonel, for your betters: do you hear that? You might do if you had an eſtate and were younger; only eight years older than I, you ſay! piſh, you are

a hundred years older. You are an old, old, Graveairs, and I ſhould make you miſerable, that would be the only comfort I ſhould have in marrying you. But you have not money enough to keep a cat decently after you have paid your man his wages, and your landlady her bill. Do you think I'm going to live in a lodging, and turn the mutton at a ſtring whilſt your honour nurſes the baby? Fiddleſtick, and why did you not get this nonſenſe knocked out of your head when you were in the wars? You are come back more diſmal and dreary than ever. You and mamma are fit for each other. You might be Darby and Joan, and play cribbage to the end of your lives."

"At leaſt you own to your worldlineſs, my poor Trix," ſays her mother.

"Worldlineſs—O my pretty lady. Do you think that I am a child in the nurſery, and to be frightened by Bogey? Worldlineſs, to be ſure; and pray madam, where is the harm of wiſhing to be comfortable? When you are gone, you deareſt old woman, or when I am tired of you and have run away from you, where ſhall I go? Shall I go and be head nurſe to my Popiſh

ſiſter-in-law, take the children their phyſick, and whip 'em, and put 'em to bed when they are naughty. Shall I be Caſtlewood's upper ſervant, and perhaps marry Tom Tuſher? *Merci!* I have been long enough Frank's humble ſervant. Why am I not a man? I have ten times his brains, and had I worn the—well don't let your ladyſhip be frightened—had I worn a ſword and perriwig inſtead of this mantle and commode, to which nature has condemned me—(though 'tis a pretty ſtuff, too—couſin Eſmond! you will go to the Exchange to-morrow, and get the exact counterpart of this riband, ſir, do you hear)—I would have made our name talked about. So would Graveairs here have made ſomething out of our name if he had repreſented it. My Lord Graveairs would have done very well. Yes you have a very pretty way, and would have made a very decent grave ſpeaker," and here ſhe began to imitate Eſmond's way of carrying himſelf, and ſpeaking to his face, and ſo ludicrouſly, that his miſtreſs burſt out a laughing, and even he himſelf could ſee there was ſome likeneſs in the fantaſtical malicious caricature.

"Yes," ſays ſhe, "I ſolemnly vow, own and

confeſs, that I want a good huſband. Where's the harm of one? My face is my fortune. Who'll come, buy, buy, buy! I cannot toil, neither can I ſpin, but I can play twenty-three games on the cards. I can dance the laſt dance, I can hunt the ſtag, and I think I could ſhoot flying. I can talk as wicked as any woman of my years, and know enough ſtories to amuſe a ſulky huſband for at leaſt one thouſand and one nights. I have a pretty taſte for dreſs, diamonds, gambling, and old China. I love ſugar-plums, Malines lace (that you brought me couſin is very pretty), the opera, and everything that is uſeleſs and coſtly. I have got a monkey and a little black boy,—Pompey, ſir, go and give a diſh of chocolate to Colonel Graveairs,—and a parrot and a ſpaniel, and I muſt have a huſband. Cupid, you hear?"

"Iſs Miſſis," ſays Pompey, a little grinning negro Lord Peterborow gave her, with a bird of Paradiſe in his turban: and a collar with his miſtreſs's name on it.

"Iſs Miſſis!" ſays Beatrix, imitating the child. "And if huſband not come, Pompey muſt go fetch one."

And Pompey went away grinning with his chocolate tray, as Miſs Beatrix ran up to her mother and ended her ſally of miſchief in her common way, with a kiſs—no wonder that upon paying ſuch a penalty her fond judge pardoned her.

When Mr. Eſmond came home, his health was ſtill ſhattered; and he took a lodging near to his miſtreſſes, at Kenſington, glad enough to be ſerved by them, and to ſee them day after day. He was enabled to ſee a little company—and of the ſort he liked beſt. Mr. Steele and Mr. Addiſon both did him the honour to viſit him; and drank many a flaſk of good claret at his lodging, whilſt their entertainer, through his wound, was kept to diet drink and gruel. Theſe gentlemen were Whigs, and great admirers of my Lord Duke of Marlborough; and Eſmond was entirely of the other party. But their different views of politicks did not prevent the gentlemen from agreeing in private, nor from allowing, on one evening when Eſmond's kind old patron, Lieutenant-General Webb, with a ſtick and a crutch, hobbled up to the Colonel's

lodging (which was prettily ſituate at Knightſbridge, between London and Kenſington, and looking over the Gardens), that the Lieutenant-General was a noble and gallant ſoldier,—and even that he had been hardly uſed in the Wynendael affair. He took his revenge in talk, that muſt be confeſſed; and if Mr. Addiſon had had a mind to write a poem about Wynendael, he might have heard from the commander's own lips the ſtory a hundred times over.

Mr. Eſmond, forced to be quiet, betook himſelf to literature for a relaxation, and compoſed his comedy, whereof the prompter's copy lieth in my walnut eſcrutoire, ſealed up and docketted "The Faithful Fool, a Comedy, as it was performed by her Majeſty's Servants." 'Twas a very ſentimental piece; and Mr. Steele, who had more of that kind of ſentiment than Mr. Addiſon, admired it, whilſt the other rather ſneered at the performance; though he owned that, here and there, it contained ſome pretty ſtrokes. He was bringing out his own play of "Cato" at the time, the blaze of which quite extinguiſhed Eſmond's farthing candle: and his name was never put to the piece,

which was printed as by a Perſon of Quality. Only nine copies were ſold, though Mr. Dennis, the great critick, praiſed it, and ſaid 'twas a work of great merit; and Colonel Eſmond had the whole impreſſion burned one day in a rage, by Jack Lockwood, his man.

All this comedy was full of bitter ſatyrick ſtrokes againſt a certain young lady. The plot of the piece was quite a new one. A young woman was repreſented with a great number of ſuitors, ſelecting a pert fribble of a peer, in place of the hero; (but ill-acted, I think, by Mr. Wilks, the Faithful Fool,) who perſiſted in admiring her. In the fifth act, Teraminta was made to diſcover the merits of Eugenio (the F. F.), and to feel a partiality for him too late; for he announced that he had beſtowed his hand and eſtate upon Roſaria, a country laſs, endowed with every virtue. But it muſt be owned that the audience yawned through the play; and that it periſhed on the third night, with only half a dozen perſons to behold its agonies. Eſmond and his two miſtreſſes came to the firſt night, and Miſs Beatrix fell aſleep; whilſt her mother, who had not been to a play ſince King James

the Second's time, thought the piece, though not brilliant, had a very pretty moral.

Mr. Eſmond dabbled in letters, and wrote a deal of proſe and verſe at this time of leiſure. When diſpleaſed with the conduct of Miſs Beatrix, he would compoſe a ſatyre, in which he relieved his mind. When ſmarting under the faithleſſness of women, he daſhed off a copy of verſes, in which he held the whole ſex up to ſcorn. One day, in one of theſe moods, he made a little joke, in which (ſwearing him to ſecreſy) he got his friend Dick Steele to help him: and, compoſing a paper, he had it printed exactly like Steele's paper, and by his printer, and laid on his miſtreſs's breakfaſt-table the following:—

"SPECTATOR.

"No. 341. "*Tuesday, April* 1, 1712.

Mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur.—HORACE.
Thyſelf the moral of the Fable ſee.—CREECH.

"Jocaſta is known as a woman of learning and faſhion, and as one of the moſt amiable perſons of this court and country. She is at home two mornings of the week, and all the wits and a few of the beauties of London flock

to her aſſemblies. When ſhe goes abroad to Tunbridge or the Bath, a retinue of adorers rides the journey with her; and, beſides the London beaux, ſhe has a crowd of admirers at the Wells, the polite amongſt the natives of Suſſex and Somerſet preſſing round her tea-tables, and being anxious for a nod from her chair. Jocaſta's acquaintance is thus very numerous. Indeed, 'tis one ſmart writer's work to keep her viſiting-book—a ſtrong footman is engaged to carry it; and it would require a much ſtronger head, even than Jocaſta's own, to remember the names of all her dear friends.

"Either at Epſom Wells or at Tonbridge (for of this important matter Jocaſta cannot be certain) it was her ladyſhip's fortune to become acquainted with a young gentleman, whoſe converſation was ſo ſprightly, and manners amiable, that ſhe invited the agreeable young ſpark to viſit her if ever he came to London, where her houſe in Spring Garden ſhould be open to him. Charming as he was, and without any manner of doubt a pretty fellow, Jocaſta hath ſuch a regiment of the like continually marching round her ſtandard, that 'tis no wonder her attention

is diſtracted amongſt them. And ſo, though this gentleman made a conſiderable impreſſion upon her, and touched her heart for at leaſt three-and-twenty minutes, it muſt be owned that ſhe has forgotten his name. He is a dark man, and may be eight-and-twenty years old. His dreſs is ſober, though of rich materials. He has a mole on his forehead over his left eye; has a blue ribbon to his cane and ſword, and wears his own hair.

"Jocaſta was much flattered by beholding her admirer (for that everybody admires who ſees her is a point which ſhe never can for a moment doubt) in the next pew to her at Saint James's Church laſt Sunday; and the manner in which he appeared to go to ſleep during the ſermon—though from under his fringed eyelids it was evident he was caſting glances of reſpectful rapture towards Jocaſta—deeply moved and intereſted her. On coming out of church, he found his way to her chair, and made her an elegant bow as ſhe ſtepped into it. She ſaw him at Court afterwards, where he carried himſelf with a moſt diſtinguiſhed air, though none of her acquaintances knew his name; and the next

night he was at the play, where her ladyſhip was pleaſed to acknowledge him from the ſide-box.

"During the whole of the comedy ſhe racked her brains ſo to remember his name, that ſhe did not hear a word of the piece: and having the happineſs to meet him once more in the lobby of the playhouſe, ſhe went up to him in a flutter, and bade him remember that ſhe kept two nights in the week, and that ſhe longed to ſee him at Spring Garden.

"He appeared on Tueſday, in a rich ſuit, ſhowing a very fine taſte both in the tailor and wearer; and though a knot of us were gathered round the charming Jocaſta, fellows who pretended to know every face upon the town, not one could tell the gentleman's name in reply to Jocaſta's eager enquiries, flung to the right and left of her as he advanced up the room with a bow that would become a duke.

"Jocaſta acknowledged this ſalute with one of thoſe ſmiles and curtſies of which that lady hath the ſecret. She curtſies with a languiſhing air, as if to ſay, 'You are come at laſt. I have been pining for you:' and then ſhe finiſhes her victim with a killing look, which declares: 'O

Philander! I have no eyes but for you.' Camilla hath as good a curtſey perhaps, and Thaleſtris much ſuch another look; but the glance and the curtſey together belong to Jocaſta of all the Engliſh beauties alone.

"'Welcome to London, ſir,' ſays ſhe, 'One can ſee you are from the country by your looks.' She would have ſaid 'Epſom,' or 'Tunbridge,' had ſhe remembered rightly at which place ſhe had met the ſtranger; but, alas! ſhe had forgotten.

"The gentleman ſaid 'he had been in town but three days; and one of his reaſons for coming hither was to have the honour of paying his court to Jocaſta.'

"She ſaid 'the waters had agreed with her but indifferently.'

"'The waters were for the ſick,' the gentleman ſaid: 'the young and beautiful came but to make them ſparkle. And, as the clergyman read the ſervice on Sunday,' he added, 'your ladyſhip reminded me of the angel that viſited the pool.' A murmur of approbation ſaluted this ſally. Manilio, who is a wit when he is not at cards, was in ſuch a rage that he revoked when he heard it.

" Jocaſta was an angel viſiting the waters; but at which of the Bethesdas? She was puzzled more and more; and, as her way always is, looked the more innocent and ſimple, the more artful her intentions were.

" 'We were diſcourſing,' ſays ſhe, 'about ſpelling of names and words when you came. Why ſhould we ſay goold and write gold, and call c h i n a chayny, and Cavendiſh Candiſh, and Cholmondeley Chumley? If we call Pulteney Poltney, why ſhouldn't we call poultry pultry—and—'

" 'Such an enchantreſs as your ladyſhip,' ſays he, 'is miſtreſs of all ſorts of ſpells. But this was Dr. Swift's pun, and we all knew it.'

" 'And—and how do you ſpell your name?' ſays ſhe, coming to the point, at length; for this ſprightly converſation had laſted much longer than is here ſet down, and been carried on through at leaſt three diſhes of tea.

" 'O, madam,' ſays he, '*I ſpell my name with the y.*' And laying down his diſh, my gentleman made another elegant bow, and was gone in a moment.

" Jocaſta hath had no ſleep ſince this

mortification, and the ſtranger's diſappearance. If baulked in anything, ſhe is ſure to loſe her health and temper; and we, her ſervants, ſuffer, as uſual, during the angry fits of our Queen. Can you help us, Mr. Spectator, who know everything, to read this riddle for her, and ſet at reſt all our minds? We find in her liſt, Mr. Berty, Mr. Smith, Mr. Pike, Mr. Tyler—who may be Mr. Bertie, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Pyke, Mr. Tiler, for what we know. She hath turned away the clerk of her viſiting-book, a poor fellow, with a great family of children. Read me this riddle, good Mr. Shortface, and oblige your admirer,

"ŒDIPUS."

"*The Trumpet Coffee-houſe, Whitehall.*

"MR. SPECTATOR,—

"I am a gentleman but little acquainted with the town, though I have had an univerſity education, and paſſed ſome years ſerving my country abroad, where my name is better known than in the coffee-houſes and St. James's.

"Two years ſince my uncle died, leaving me a pretty eſtate in the county of Kent; and being at Tunbridge Wells laſt ſummer, after my

mourning was over, and on the look-out, if truth muſt be told, for ſome young lady who would ſhare with me the ſolitude of my great Kentiſh houſe, and be kind to my tenantry (for whom a woman can do a great deal more good than the beſt-intentioned man can), I was greatly faſcinated by a young lady of London, who was the toaſt of all the company at the Wells. Every one knows Sacchariſſa's beauty; and I think, Mr. Spectator, no one better than herſelf.

"My table-book informs me that I danced no leſs than ſeven and twenty ſets with her at the Aſſembly. I treated her to the fiddles twice. I was admitted on ſeveral days at her lodging, and received by her with a great deal of diſtinction, and, for a time, was entirely her ſlave. It was only when I found, from common talk of the company at the Wells, and from narrowly watching one, who I once thought of aſking the moſt ſacred queſtion a man can put to a woman, that I became aware how unfit ſhe was to be a country gentleman's wife; and that this fair creature was but a heartleſs worldly jilt, playing with affections that ſhe never meant to return, and, indeed, incapable of returning them. 'Tis

admiration ſuch women want, not love that touches them; and I can conceive, in her old age, no more wretched creature than this lady will be, when her beauty hath deſerted her, when her admirers have left her, and ſhe hath neither friendſhip nor religion to conſole her.

"Buſineſs calling me to London, I went to St. James's Church laſt Sunday, and there, oppoſite me, ſat my beauty of the Wells. Her behaviour during the whole ſervice was ſo pert, languiſhing, and abſurd; ſhe flirted her fan, and ogled and eyed me in a manner ſo indecent; that I was obliged to ſhut my eyes, ſo as actually not to ſee her, and whenever I opened them beheld hers (and very bright they are), ſtill ſtaring at me. I fell in with her afterwards at Court, and at the playhouſe; and here nothing would ſatisfy her but ſhe muſt elbow through the crowd and ſpeak to me, and invite me to the aſſembly, which ſhe holds at her houſe, not very far from Ch-r-ng Cr-ss.

"Having made her a promiſe to attend, of courſe I kept my promiſe; and found the young widow in the midſt of a half dozen of card-tables, and a crowd of wits and admirers. I made the

beſt bow I could, and advanced towards her; and ſaw by a peculiar puzzled look in her face, though ſhe tried to hide her perplexity, that ſhe had forgotten even my name.

"Her talk, artful as it was, convinced me that I had gueſſed aright. She turned the converſation moſt ridiculouſly upon the ſpelling of names and words; and I replied with as ridiculous, fulſome compliments as I could pay her: indeed, one in which I compared her to an angel viſiting the ſick wells, went a little too far; nor ſhould I have employed it, but that the alluſion came from the Second Leſſon laſt Sunday, which we both had heard, and I was preſſed to anſwer her.

"Then ſhe came to the queſtion, which I knew was awaiting me, and aſked how I *ſpelt* my name? 'Madam,' ſays I, turning on my heel, 'I ſpell it with the *y*.' And ſo I left her, wondering at the light-heartedneſs of the town-people, who forget and make friends ſo eaſily, and reſolved to look elſewhere for a partner for your conſtant reader, CYMON WYLDOATS.

"You know my real name, Mr. Spectator,

in which there is no ſuch a letter as *hupſilon.* But if the lady, whom I have called Sacchariſſa, wonders that I appear no more at the tea-tables, ſhe is hereby reſpectfully informed the reaſon *y.*"

The above is a parable, whereof the writer will now expound the meaning. Jocaſta was no other than Miſs Eſmond, Maid of Honour to her Majeſty. She had told Mr. Eſmond this little ſtory of having met a gentleman ſomewhere, and forgetting his name, when the gentleman, with no ſuch malicious intentions as thoſe of "Cymon" in the above fable, made the anſwer ſimply as above; and we all laughed to think how little Miſtreſs Jocaſta-Beatrix had profited by her artifice and precautions.

As for Cymon he was intended to repreſent yours and her very humble ſervant, the writer of the apologue and of this ſtory, which we had printed on a "Spectator" paper at Mr. Steele's office, exactly as thoſe famous journals were printed, and which was laid on the table at breakfaſt in place of the real newſpaper. Miſtreſs Jocaſta, who had plenty of wit, could not live without her "Spectator" to her tea; and this ſham "Spectator" was

intended to convey to the young woman that ſhe herſelf was a flirt, and that Cymon was a gentleman of honour and reſolution, ſeeing all her faults, and determined to break the chains once and for ever.

For though enough hath been ſaid about this love-buſineſs already—enough, at leaſt, to prove to the writer's heirs what a ſilly fond fool their old grandfather was, who would like them to conſider him as a very wiſe old gentleman;—yet not near all has been told concerning this matter, which if it were allowed to take in Eſmond's journal the ſpace it occupied in his time, would weary his kinſmen and women of a hundred years time beyond all endurance; and from ſuch a Diary of folly and drivelling, raptures and rage, as no man of ordinary vanity would like to leave behind him.

The truth is, that, whether ſhe laughed at him or encouraged him; whether ſhe ſmiled or was cold and turned her ſmiles on another; worldly and ambitious, as he knew her to be; hard and careleſs as ſhe ſeemed to grow with her court life, and a hundred admirers that came to her and left her; Eſmond, do what he would,

never could get Beatrix out of his mind; thought of her conſtantly at home or away: if he read his name in a Gazette, or eſcaped the ſhot of a cannon-ball or a greater danger in the campaign, as has happened to him more than once, the inſtant thought after the honour atchieved or the danger avoided, was "What will *ſhe* ſay of it?" "Will this diſtinction or the idea of this peril elate her or touch her, ſo as to be better inclined towards me?" He could no more help this paſſionate fidelity of temper than he could help the eyes he ſaw with — one or the other ſeemed a part of his nature; and knowing every-one of her faults as well as the keeneſt of her detractors, and the folly of an attachment to ſuch a woman, of which the fruition could never bring him happineſs for above a week, there was yet a charm about this Circe from which the poor deluded gentleman could not free himſelf; and, for a much longer period than Ulyſſes (another middle-aged officer, who had travelled much, and been in the foreign wars), Eſmond felt himſelf enthralled and beſotted by the wiles of this enchantreſs. Quit her! He could no more quit her, as the Cymon of his ſtory was made to quit

his falſe one, than he could loſe his conſciouſneſs of yeſterday. She had but to raiſe her finger, and he would come back from ever ſo far; ſhe had but to ſay I have diſcarded ſuch and ſuch an adorer, and the poor infatuated wretch would be ſure to come and *rôder* about her mother's houſe, willing to be put on the ranks of ſuitors, though he knew he might be caſt off the next week. If he were like Ulyſſes in his folly at leaſt, ſhe was in ſo far like Penelope, that ſhe had a crowd of ſuitors, and undid day after day and night after night the handywork of faſcination and the web of coquetry with which ſhe was wont to allure and entertain them.

Part of her coquetry may have come from her poſition about the Court, where the beautiful Maid of Honour was the light about which a thouſand beaux came and fluttered, where ſhe was ſure to have a ring of admirers round her; crowding to liſten to her repartees as much as to admire her beauty; and where ſhe ſpoke and liſtened to much free talk, ſuch as one never would have thought the lips or ears of Rachel Caſtlewood's daughter would have uttered or heard. When in waiting at Windſor or Hampton, the

Court ladies and gentlemen would be making, riding parties together; Mrs. Beatrix in a horſeman's coat and hat, the foremoſt after the ſtag-hounds and over the park fences, a crowd of young fellows at her heels. If the Engliſh country ladies at this time were the moſt pure and modeſt of any ladies in the world—the Engliſh town and Court ladies permitted themſelves words and behaviour that were neither modeſt nor pure; and claimed, ſome of them, a freedom which thoſe who love that ſex moſt would never wiſh to grant them. The gentlemen of my family that follow after me (for I don't encourage the ladies to purſue any ſuch ſtudies) may read in the works of Mr. Congreve, and Dr. Swift, and others, what was the converſation and what the habits of our time.

The moſt beautiful woman in England in 1712, when Eſmond returned to this country, a lady of high birth, and though of no fortune to be ſure, with a thouſand faſcinations of wit and manners—Beatrix Eſmond—was now ſix-and-twenty years old, and Beatrix Eſmond ſtill. Of her hundred adorers ſhe had not choſen one for a huſband; and thoſe who had aſked had been

jilted by her; and more ſtill had left her. A ſucceſſion of near ten years' crops of beauties had come up ſince her time, and had been reaped by proper *huſband*men, if we may make an agricultural ſimile, and had been houſed comfortably long ago. Her own contemporaries were ſober mothers by this time; girls with not a tithe of her charms, or her wit, having made good matches, and now claiming precedence over the ſpinſter who but lately had derided and outſhone them. The young beauties were beginning to look down on Beatrix as an old maid; and ſneer, and call her one of Charles II.'s ladies, and aſk whether her portrait was not in the Hampton Court Gallery? But ſtill ſhe reigned, at leaſt in one man's opinion, ſuperior over all the little miſſes that were the toaſts of the young lads; and in Eſmond's eyes was ever perfectly lovely and young.

Who knows how many were nearly made happy by poſſeſſing her, or, rather, how many were fortunate in eſcaping this ſyren? 'Tis a marvel to think that her mother was the pureſt and ſimpleſt woman in the whole world, and that this girl ſhould have been born from her. I am

inclined to fancy, my miſtreſs who never ſaid a harſh word to her children (and but twice or thrice only to one perſon), muſt have been too fond and preſſing with the maternal authority; for her ſon and her daughter both revolted early; nor after their firſt flight from the neſt could they ever be brought back, quite to the fond mother's boſom. Lady Caſtlewood, and perhaps it was as well, knew little of her daughter's life and real thoughts. How was ſhe to apprehend what paſſed in Queens' antechambers and at Court tables? Mrs. Beatrix aſſerted her own authority ſo reſolutely that her mother quickly gave in. The Maid of Honour had her own equipage; went from home and came back at her own will: her mother was alike powerleſs to reſiſt her or to lead her, or to command or to perſuade her.

She had been engaged once, twice, thrice, to be married, Eſmond believed. When he quitted home, it hath been ſaid, ſhe was promiſed to my Lord Aſhburnham, and now, on his return, behold his lordſhip was juſt married to Lady Mary Butler, the Duke of Ormonde's daughter, and his fine houſes, and twelve thouſand a year of fortune, for which Miſs Beatrix had rather coveted him,

was out of her power. To her Eſmond could ſay nothing in regard to the breaking of this match; and aſking his miſtreſs about it, all Lady Caſtlewood anſwered was: "Do not ſpeak to me about it, Harry. I cannot tell you how or why they parted, and I fear to enquire. I have told you before, that with all her kindneſs, and wit, and generoſity, and that ſort of ſplendour of nature ſhe has; I can ſay but little good of poor Beatrix, and look with dread at the marriage ſhe will form. Her mind is fixed on ambition only, and making a great figure: and, this achieved, ſhe will tire of it as ſhe does of everything. Heaven help her huſband whoever he ſhall be! My Lord Aſhburnham was a moſt excellent young man, gentle, and yet manly, of very good parts, ſo they told me, and as my little converſation would enable me to judge; and a kind temper—kind and enduring I'm ſure he muſt have been, from all that he had to endure. But he quitted her at laſt; from ſome crowning piece of caprice or tyranny of hers; and now he has married a young woman that will make him a thouſand times happier than my poor girl ever could."

The rupture, whatever its cauſe was, (I heard

the ſcandal, but indeed ſhall not take pains to repeat at length in this diary the trumpery coffee-houſe ſtory,) cauſed a good deal of low talk; and Mr. Eſmond was preſent at my lord's appearance at the Birthday with his bride, over whom the revenge that Beatrix took was to look ſo imperial and lovely that the modeſt downcaſt young lady could not appear beſide her, and Lord Aſhburnham, who had his reaſons for wiſhing to avoid her, ſlunk away quite ſhamefaced, and very early. This time His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, whom Eſmond had ſeen about her before, was conſtant at Miſs Beatrix's ſide: he was one of the moſt ſplendid gentlemen of Europe, accompliſhed by books, by travel, by long command of the beſt company, diſtinguiſhed as a ſtateſman, having been ambaſſador in King William's time, and a noble ſpeaker in the Scots' Parliament, where he had led the party that was againſt the Union, and though now five or ſix and forty years of age, a gentleman ſo high in ſtature, accompliſhed in wit, and favoured in perſon, that he might pretend to the hand of any Princeſs in Europe.

"Should you like the Duke for a couſin?"

ſays Mr. Secretary St. John, whiſpering to Colonel Eſmond in French; "it appears that the widower conſoles himſelf."

But to return to our little Spectator paper and the converſation which grew out of it. Miſs Beatrix at firſt was quite *bit* (as the phraſe of that day was) and did not "ſmoke" the authorſhip of the ſtory: indeed Eſmond had tried to imitate as well as he could Mr. Steele's manner, (as for the other author of the Spectator his proſe ſtyle I think is altogether inimitable;) and Dick, who was the idleſt and beſt natured of men, would have let the piece paſs into his journal and go to poſterity as one of his own lucubrations, but that Eſmond did not care to have a lady's name whom he loved, ſent forth to the world in a light ſo unfavourable. Beatrix piſhed and pſha'd over the paper; Colonel Eſmond watching with no little intereſt her countenance as ſhe read it.

"How ſtupid your friend Mr. Steele becomes," cries Miſs Beatrix. "Epſom and Tunbridge! Will he never have done with Epſom and Tunbridge, and with beaux at church, and Jocaſtas and Lindamiras? Why does he not

call women Nelly and Betty, as their godfathers and godmothers did for them in their baptiſm?"

"Beatrix, Beatrix!" ſays her mother, "ſpeak gravely of grave things."

"Mamma thinks the Church Catechiſm came from Heaven, I believe," ſays Beatrix, with a laugh, "and was brought down by a biſhop from a mountain. O how I uſed to break my heart over it! Beſides, I had a Popiſh godmother, mamma; why did you give me one?"

"I gave you the Queen's name," ſays her mother, bluſhing. "And a very pretty name it is," ſaid ſomebody elſe.

Beatrix went on reading—"Spell my name with a y—why you wretch," ſays ſhe, turning round to Colonel Eſmond, "you have been telling my ſtory to Mr. Steele—or ſtop—you have written the paper yourſelf to turn me into ridicule. For ſhame, ſir!"

Poor Mr. Eſmond felt rather frightened, and told a truth, which was nevertheleſs an entire falſehood. "Upon my honour," ſays he, "I have not even read the Spectator of this morning." Nor had he, for that was not the Spectator, but a ſham newſpaper put in its place.

She went on reading: her face rather fluſhed as ſhe read. "No," ſhe ſays, "I think you couldn't have written it. I think it muſt have been Mr. Steele when he was drunk—and afraid of his horrid vulgar wife. Whenever I ſee an enormous compliment to a woman, and ſome outrageous panegyrick about female virtue, I always feel ſure that the Captain and his better half have fallen out over night, and that he has been brought home tipſy, or has been found out in——"

"Beatrix!" cries the Lady Caſtlewood.

"Well, mamma! Do not cry out before you are hurt. I am not going to ſay anything wrong. I won't give you more annoyance than you can help, you pretty kind mamma. Yes, and your little Trix is a naughty little Trix, and ſhe leaves undone thoſe things which ſhe ought to have done, and does thoſe things which ſhe ought not to have done, and there's—well now —I won't go on. Yes I will, unleſs you kiſs me." And with this the young lady lays aſide her paper, and runs up to her mother and performs a variety of embraces with her ladyſhip, ſaying as plain as eyes could ſpeak to

Mr. Eſmond,—"There, ſir: would not *you* like to play the very ſame pleaſant game?"

"Indeed, madam, I would," ſays he.

"Would what?" aſked Miſs Beatrix.

"What you meant when you looked at me in that provoking way," anſwers Eſmond.

"What a confeſſor!" cries Beatrix, with a laugh.

"What is it Henry would like, my dear?" aſks her mother, the kind ſoul, who was always thinking what we would like, and how ſhe could pleaſe us.

The girl runs up to her—"O you ſilly kind mamma," ſhe ſays, kiſſing her again, "that's what Harry would like;" and ſhe broke out into a great joyful laugh: and Lady Caſtlewood bluſhed as baſhful as a maid of ſixteen.

"Look at her, Harry," whiſpers Beatrix, running up, and ſpeaking in her ſweet low tones. "Doeſn't the bluſh become her? Iſn't ſhe pretty? She looks younger than I am, and I am ſure ſhe is a hundred million thouſand times better."

Eſmond's kind miſtreſs left the room, carrying her bluſhes away with her.

"If we girls at Court could grow ſuch roſes as that," continues Beatrix, with her laugh, "what wouldn't we do to preſerve 'em! We'd clip their ſtalks and put 'em in ſalt and water. But thoſe flowers don't bloom at Hampton Court and Windſor, Henry." She pauſed for a minute, and the ſmile fading away from her April face, gave place to a menacing ſhower of tears: "O how good ſhe is, Harry," Beatrix went on to ſay. "O what a ſaint ſhe is! Her goodneſs frightens me. I'm not fit to live with her. I ſhould be better I think if ſhe were not ſo perfect. She has had a great ſorrow in her life, and a great ſecret; and repented of it. It could not have been my father's death. She talks freely about that; nor could ſhe have loved him very much—though who knows what we women do love, and why?"

"What, and why, indeed," ſays Mr. Eſmond.

"No one knows," Beatrix went on, without noticing this interruption except by a look, "what my mother's life is. She hath been at early prayer this morning: ſhe paſſes hours in her cloſet; if you were to follow her thither, you would find her at prayers now. She tends

the poor of the place—the horrid, dirty poor. She ſits through the curate's ſermons,—O thoſe dreary ſermons! And you ſee, *on a beau dire;* but good as they are, people like her are not fit to commune with us of the world. There is always, as it were, a third perſon preſent, even when I and my mother are alone. She can't be frank with me quite; who is always thinking of the next world, and of her guardian angel, perhaps that's in company. O, Harry, I'm jealous of that guardian angel!" here broke out Miſtreſs Beatrix. "It's horrid, I know; but my mother's life is all for Heaven, and mine —all for earth. We can never be friends quite; and then, ſhe cares more for Frank's little finger than ſhe does for me,—I know ſhe does: and ſhe loves you, ſir, a great deal too much; and I hate you for it. I would have had her all to myſelf; but ſhe wouldn't. In my childhood, it was my father ſhe loved—(O, how could ſhe? I remember him kind and handſome, but ſo ſtupid, and not being able to ſpeak after drinking wine). And, then, it was Frank; and now, it is Heaven and the clergyman. How I would have loved her! From a child I uſed to be in a

rage that ſhe loved anybody but me; but ſhe loved you all better—all, I know ſhe did. And now, ſhe talks of the bleſſed conſolation of religion. Dear ſoul! ſhe thinks ſhe is happier for believing, as ſhe muſt, that we are all of us wicked and miſerable ſinners; and this world is only a *pied à terre* for the good, where they ſtay for a night, as we do, coming from Walcote, at that great, dreary, uncomfortable Hounſlow Inn, in thoſe horrid beds. O, do you remember thoſe horrid beds?—and the chariot comes and fetches them to Heaven the next morning."

"Huſh, Beatrix," ſays Mr. Eſmond.

"Huſh, indeed. You are a hypocrite, too, Henry, with your grave airs and your glum face. We are all hypocrites. O dear me! We are all alone, alone, alone," ſays poor Beatrix, her fair breaſt heaving with a ſigh.

"It was I that writ every line of that paper, my dear," ſays Mr. Eſmond. "You are not ſo worldly as you think yourſelf, Beatrix, and better than we believe you. The good we have in us we doubt of; and the happineſs that's to our hand we throw away. You bend your ambition on a great marriage and eſtabliſhment

—and why? You'll tire of them when you win them: and be no happier with a coronet on your coach—"

"Than riding pillion with Lubin to market," ſays Beatrix. "Thank, you, Lubin!"

"I'm a diſmal ſhepherd, to be ſure," anſwers Eſmond, with a bluſh; "and require a nymph that can tuck my bed-clothes up, and make me water-gruel. Well, Tom Lockwood can do that. He took me out of the fire upon his ſhoulders, and nurſed me through my illneſs as love will ſcarce ever do. Only good wages, and a hope of my clothes, and the contents of my portmanteau. How long was it that Jacob ſerved an apprenticeſhip for Rachel?"

"For mamma?" ſays Beatrix. "Is it mamma your honour wants, and that I ſhould have the happineſs of calling you papa?"

Eſmond bluſhed again. "I ſpoke of a Rachel that a ſhepherd courted five thouſand years ago; when ſhepherds were longer lived than now. And my meaning was, that ſince I ſaw you firſt after our ſeparation—a child you were then . . ."

"And I put on my beſt ſtockings, to captivate you, I remember, ſir . . ."

"You have had my heart ever ſince then, ſuch as it was; and, ſuch as you were, I cared for no other woman. What little reputation I have won, it was that you might be pleaſed with it: and, indeed, it is not much; and I think a hundred fools in the army have got and deſerved quite as much. Was there ſomething in the air of that diſmal old Caſtlewood that made us all gloomy, and diſſatisfied, and lonely under its ruined old roof? We were all ſo, even when together and united, as it ſeemed, following our ſeparate ſchemes, each as we ſate round the table."

"Dear, dreary old place!" cries Beatrix. "Mamma hath never had the heart to go back thither ſince we left it, when—never mind how many years ago," and ſhe flung back her curls, and looked over her fair ſhoulder at the mirror ſuperbly, as if ſhe ſaid, "Time, I defy you."

"Yes," ſays Eſmond, who had the art, as ſhe owned, of divining many of her thoughts. "You can afford to look in the glaſs ſtill; and only be pleaſed by the truth it tells you. As for me, do you know what my ſcheme is? I think of aſking Frank to give me the Virginia

eſtate King Charles gave our grandfather. (She gave a ſuperb curtſey, as much as to ſay, "Our grandfather, indeed! Thank you, Mr. Baſtard.") Yes, I know you are thinking of my bar-ſiniſter, and ſo am I. A man cannot get over it in this country; unleſs, indeed, he wears it acroſs a king's arms, when 'tis a highly honourable coat; and I am thinking of retiring into the plantations, and building myſelf a wigwam in the woods, and perhaps, if I want company, ſuiting myſelf with a ſquaw. We will ſend your ladyſhip furs over for the winter; and when you are old, we'll provide you with tobacco. I am not quite clever enough, or not rogue enough—I know not which—for the old world. I may make a place for myſelf in the new, which is not ſo full; and found a family there. When you are a mother yourſelf, and a great lady, perhaps I ſhall ſend you over from the plantation ſome day a little barbarian that is half Eſmond half Mohock, and you will be kind to him for his father's ſake, who was, after all, your kinſman; and whom you loved a little."

"What folly you are talking, Harry," ſays Miſs Beatrix, looking with her great eyes.

"'Tis ſober earneſt," ſays Eſmond. And, indeed, the ſcheme had been dwelling a good deal in his mind for ſome time paſt, and eſpecially ſince his return home, when he found how hopeleſs, and even degrading to himſelf, his paſſion was. "No," ſays he, then, "I have tried half a dozen times now. I can bear being away from you well enough; but being with you is intolerable (another low curtſey on Mrs. Beatrix's part), and I will go. I have enough to buy axes and guns for my men, and beads and blankets for the ſavages; and I'll go and live amongſt them."

"*Mon ami*," ſhe ſays, quite kindly, and taking Eſmond's hand, with an air of great compaſſion. "You can't think that in our poſition anything more than our preſent friendſhip is poſſible. You are our elder brother—as ſuch we view you, pitying your misfortune, not rebuking you with it. Why, you are old enough and grave enough to be our father. I always thought you a hundred years old, Harry, with your ſolemn face and grave air. I feel as a ſiſter to you, and can no more. Iſn't that enough, ſir?" And ſhe put her face quite cloſe to his—who knows with what intention?

"It's too much," ſays Eſmond, turning away. "I can't bear this life, and ſhall leave it. I ſhall ſtay, I think, to ſee you married, and then freight a ſhip, and call it the Beatrix, and bid you all . . ."

Here the ſervant, flinging the door open, announced His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, and Eſmond ſtarted back with ſomething like an imprecation on his lips, as the nobleman entered, looking ſplendid in his ſtar and green riband. He gave Mr. Eſmond juſt that gracious bow which he would have given to a lacquey who fetched him a chair or took his hat, and ſeated himſelf by Miſs Beatrix, as the poor colonel went out of the room with a hang-dog look.

Eſmond's miſtreſs was in the lower room as he paſſed down ſtairs. She often met him as he was coming away from Beatrix; and ſhe beckoned him into the apartment.

"Has ſhe told you, Harry?" Lady Caſtlewood ſaid.

"She has been very frank—very," ſays Eſmond.

"But—but about what is going to happen?"

"What is going to happen?" ſays he, his heart beating.

"His Grace the Duke of Hamilton has propoſed to her," ſays my lady. "He made his offer yeſterday. They will marry as ſoon as his mourning is over; and you have heard his Grace is appointed Ambaſſador to Paris; and the Ambaſſadreſs goes with him."

## CHAPTER IV.

BEATRIX'S NEW SUITOR.

THE gentleman whom Beatrix had ſelected was, to be ſure, twenty years older than the Colonel, with whom ſhe quarrelled for being too old; but this one was but a nameleſs adventurer, and the other, the greateſt duke in Scotland, with pretenſions even to a ſtill higher title. My Lord Duke of Hamilton had, indeed, every merit belonging to a gentleman, and he had had the time to mature his accompliſhments fully, being upwards of fifty years old when Madam Beatrix ſelected him for a bridegroom. Duke Hamilton, then Earl of Arran, had been educated at the famous Scottiſh univerſity of Glaſgow, and, coming to London, became a great favourite of Charles the Second, who made him a lord of his bedchamber, and afterwards

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appointed him ambaſſador to the French king, under whom the earl ſerved two campaigns as his Majeſty's aide-de-camp; and he was abſent on this ſervice when King Charles died.

King James continued my lord's promotion—made him Maſter of the Wardrobe, and Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horſe; and his lordſhip adhered firmly to King James, being of the ſmall company that never quitted that unfortunate monarch till his departure out of England; and then it was, in 1688, namely, that he made the friendſhip with Colonel Francis Eſmond, that had always been, more or leſs, maintained in the two families.

The earl profeſſed a great admiration for King William always, but never could give him his allegiance; and was engaged in more than one of the plots in the late great king's reign, which always ended in the plotters' diſcomfiture, and generally in their pardon, by the magnanimity of the King. Lord Arran was twice priſoner in the Tower during this reign, undauntedly ſaying, when offered his releaſe, upon parole not to engage againſt King William, that he would not give his word,

becauſe "he was ſure he could not keep it;" but, nevertheleſs, he was both times diſcharged without any trial; and the King bore this noble enemy ſo little malice, that when his mother, the Ducheſs of Hamilton, of her own right, reſigned her claim on her huſband's death, the earl was, by patent ſigned at Loo, 1690, created Duke of Hamilton, Marquis of Clydeſdale, and Earl of Arran, with precedency from the original creation. His Grace took the oaths and his ſeat in the Scottiſh parliament in 1700: was famous there for his patriotiſm and eloquence, eſpecially in the debates about the Union Bill, which Duke Hamilton oppoſed with all his ſtrength, though he would not go the length of the Scottiſh gentry, who were for reſiſting it by force of arms. 'Twas ſaid he withdrew his oppoſition all of a ſudden, and in conſequence of letters from the King at St. Germains, who entreated him on his allegiance not to thwart the Queen, his ſiſter, in this meaſure; and the Duke, being always bent upon effecting the King's return to his kingdom through a reconciliation between his Majeſty and Queen Anne, and quite averſe to his landing with

arms and French troops, held aloof, and kept out of Scotland during the time when the Chevalier de St. George's deſcent from Dunkirk was projected, paſſing his time in England in his great eſtate of Staffordſhire.

When the Whigs went out of office in 1710, the Queen began to ſhow his Grace the very greateſt marks of her favour. He was created Duke of Brandon and Baron of Dutton in England; having the Thiſtle already originally beſtowed on him by King James the Second, his Grace was now promoted to the honour of the Garter—a diſtinction ſo great and illuſtrious, that no ſubject hath ever borne them hitherto together. When this objection was made to her Majeſty, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, "Such a ſubject as the Duke of Hamilton has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of diſtinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both orders myſelf."

At the Chapter held at Windſor in October, 1712, the Duke and other knights, including Lord Treaſurer, the new-created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, were inſtalled; and a few days afterwards his Grace was appointed Ambaſſador-

Extraordinary to France, and his equipages, plate, and liveries commanded, of the moſt ſumptuous kind, not only for his Excellency the Ambaſſador, but for her Excellency the Ambaſſadreſs, who was to accompany him. Her arms were already quartered on the coach pannels, and her brother was to haſten over on the appointed day to give her away.

His lordſhip was a widower, having married, in 1698, Elizabeth daughter of Digby Lord Gerard, by which marriage great eſtates came into the Hamilton family; and out of theſe eſtates came, in part, that tragick quarrel which ended the Duke's career.

From the loſs of a tooth to that of a miſtreſs there's no pang that is not bearable. The apprehenſion is much more cruel than the certainty; and we make up our mind to the misfortune when 'tis irremediable, part with the tormentor, and mumble our cruſt on t'other ſide of the jaws. I think Colonel Eſmond was relieved when a ducal coach-and-ſix came and whiſked his charmer away out of his reach, and placed her in a higher ſphere. As you have

ſeen the nymph in the opera-machine go up to the clouds at the end of the piece where Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and all the divine company of Olympians are ſeated, and quaver out her laſt ſong as a goddeſs: ſo when this portentous elevation was accompliſhed in the Eſmond family, I am not ſure that every one of us did not treat the divine Beatrix with ſpecial honours; at leaſt, the ſaucy little beauty carried her head with a toſs of ſupreme authority, and aſſumed a touch-me-not air, which all her friends very good-humouredly bowed to.

An old army acquaintance of Colonel Eſmond's, honeſt Tom Trett, who had ſold his company, married a wife, and turned merchant in the city, was dreadfully gloomy for a long time, though living in a fine houſe on the river, and carrying on a great trade to all appearance. At length Eſmond ſaw his friend's name in the Gazette as a bankrupt; and a week after this circumſtance my bankrupt walks into Mr. Eſmond's lodging with a face perfectly radiant with good humour, and as jolly and careleſs as when they had ſailed from Southampton ten years before for Vigo. "This bankruptcy,"

ſays Tom, "has been hanging over my head theſe three years; the thought hath prevented my ſleeping, and I have looked at poor Polly's head on t'other pillow, and then towards my razor on the table, and thought to put an end to myſelf, and ſo give my woes the ſlip. But now we are bankrupts: Tom Trett pays as many ſhillings in the pound as he can; his wife has a little cottage at Fulham, and her fortune ſecured to herſelf. I am afraid neither of bailiff nor of creditor; and for the laſt ſix nights have ſlept eaſy." So it was that when Fortune ſhook her wings and left him, honeſt Tom cuddled himſelf up in his ragged virtue, and fell aſleep.

Eſmond did not tell his friend how much his ſtory applied to Eſmond too: but he laughed at it, and uſed it; and having fairly ſtruck his docket in this love tranſaction, determined to put a cheerful face on his bankruptcy. Perhaps Beatrix was a little offended at his gaiety. "Is this the way, ſir, that you receive the announcement of your misfortune," ſays ſhe, "and do you come ſmiling before me as if you were glad to be rid of me?"

Eſmond would not be put off from his good-

humour, but told her the ſtory of Tom Trett and his bankruptcy. "I have been hankering after the grapes on the wall," ſays he, "and loſt my temper becauſe they were beyond my reach; was there any wonder? They're gone now and another has them—a taller man than your humble ſervant has won them." And the Colonel made his couſin a low bow.

"A taller man, couſin Eſmond!" ſays ſhe. "A man of ſpirit would have ſcaled the wall, ſir, and ſeized them! A man of courage would have fought for 'em, not gaped for 'em."

"A Duke has but to gape and they drop into his mouth," ſays Eſmond, with another low bow.

"Yes, ſir," ſays ſhe, "a Duke *is* a taller man than you. And why ſhould I not be grateful to one ſuch as his Grace, who gives me his heart and his great name? It is a great gift he honours me with; I know 'tis a bargain between us; and I accept it, and will do my utmoſt to perform my part of it. 'Tis no queſtion of ſighing and philandering between a nobleman of his Grace's age and a girl who hath little of that ſoftneſs in her nature. Why ſhould I not own that I am ambitious, Harry Eſmond; and if it

be no ſin in a man to covet honour, why ſhould a woman too not deſire it? Shall I be frank with you, Harry, and ſay that if you had not been down on your knees, and ſo humble, you might have fared better with me? A woman of my ſpirit, couſin, is to be won by gallantry, and not by ſighs and rueful faces. All the time you are worſhipping and ſinging hymns to me, I know very well I am no goddeſs, and grow weary of the incenſe. So would you have been weary of the goddeſs too — when ſhe was called Mrs. Eſmond, and got out of humour becauſe ſhe had not pin-money enough, and was forced to go about in an old gown. Eh! couſin, a goddeſs in a mob-cap, that has to make her huſband's gruel, ceaſes to be divine,—I am ſure of it. I ſhould have been ſulky and ſcolded; and of all the proud wretches in the world Mr. Eſmond is the proudeſt, let me tell him that. You never fall into a paſſion: but you never forgive, I think. Had you been a great man, you might have been good-humoured; but being nobody, ſir, you are too great a man for me; and I'm afraid of you, couſin—there; and I won't worſhip you, and you'll never be happy except

with a woman who will. Why, after I belonged to you, and after one of my tantrums, you would have put the pillow over my head ſome night, and ſmothered me, as the black man does the woman in the play that you're ſo fond of. What's the creature's name?—Deſdemona. You would, you little black-eyed Othello!"

"I think I ſhould, Beatrix," ſays the Colonel.

"And I want no ſuch ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thouſand routes and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year eighteen-hundred. And I like to be the firſt of my company, ſir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none; and I like to be made to laugh, ſir, and who's to laugh at *your* diſmal face I ſhould like to know; and I like a coach-and-ſix or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds, and a new gown every week; and people to ſay—'That's the Ducheſs—How well her Grace looks—Make way for Madame l'Ambaſſadrice d'Angleterre—Call her Excellency's people'—that's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your ſlippers and cap, and to ſit at your feet, and cry 'O caro! O bravo!' whilſt you

read your Shakſpeares, and Miltons, and ſtuff. Mamma would have been the wife for you, had you been a little older, though you look ten years older than ſhe does—you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded, little old man! You might have ſat, like Darby and Joan, and flattered each other; and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings and to uſe them, ſir." And ſhe ſpread out her beautiful arms, as if indeed ſhe could fly off like the pretty "Gawrie," whom the man in the ſtory was enamoured of.

"And what will your Peter Wilkins ſay to your flight?" ſays Eſmond, who never admired this fair creature more than when ſhe rebelled and laughed at him.

"A Ducheſs knows her place," ſays ſhe, with a laugh. "Why, I have a ſon already made for me, and thirty years old (my Lord Arran), and four daughters. How they will ſcold, and what a rage they will be in, when I come to take the head of the table! But I give them only a month to be angry; at the end of that time they ſhall love me every one, and ſo ſhall Lord Arran, and ſo ſhall all his Grace's Scots vaſſals

and followers in the Highlands. I'm bent on it; and when I take a thing in my head, 'tis done. His Grace is the greateſt gentleman in Europe, and I'll try and make him happy; and when the King comes back, you may count on my protection, Couſin Eſmond—for come back the King will and ſhall: and I'll bring him back from Verſailles, if he comes under my hoop."

"I hope the world will make you happy, Beatrix," ſays Eſmond, with a ſigh. "You'll be Beatrix till you are my Lady Ducheſs—will you not? I ſhall then make your Grace my very loweſt bow."

"None of theſe ſighs and this ſatire, couſin," ſhe ſays. "I take his Grace's great bounty thankfully—yes, thankfully; and will wear his honours becomingly. I do not ſay he hath touched my heart; but he has my gratitude, obedience, admiration—I have told him that, and no more; and with that his noble heart is content. I have told him all—even the ſtory of that poor creature that I was engaged to—and that I could not love; and I gladly gave his word back to him, and jumped for joy to get back my own. I am twenty-five years old."

"Twenty-ſix, my dear," ſays Eſmond.

"Twenty-five, ſir—I chooſe to be twenty-five; and in eight years, no man hath ever touched my heart. Yes—you did once, for a little, Harry, when you came back, after Lille, and engaging with that murderer, Mohun, and ſaving Frank's life. I thought I could like you; and mamma begged me hard, on her knees, and I did,—for a day. But the old chill came over me, Henry, and the old fear of you and your melancholy; and I was glad when you went away, and engaged with my Lord Aſhburnham, that I might hear no more of you, that's the truth. You are too good for me ſomehow. I could not make you happy, and ſhould break my heart in trying, and not being able to love you. But if you had aſked me when we gave you the ſword, you might have had me, ſir, and we both ſhould have been miſerable by this time. I talked with that ſilly lord all night juſt to vex you and mamma, and I ſucceeded, didn't I? How frankly we can talk of theſe things! It ſeems a thouſand years ago: and though we are here ſitting in the ſame room, there's a great wall botween us. My dear, kind,

faithful, gloomy old couſin! I can like you now, and admire you too, ſir, and ſay that you are brave and very kind, and very true, and a fine gentleman for all—for all your little miſhap at your birth," ſays ſhe, wagging her arch head.

"And now, ſir," ſays ſhe, with a curtſey, "we muſt have no more talk except when mamma is by, as his Grace is with us; for he does not half like you, couſin, and is as jealous as the black man in your favourite play."

Though the very kindneſs of the words ſtabbed Mr. Eſmond with the keeneſt pang, he did not ſhow his ſenſe of the wound by any look of his (as Beatrix, indeed, afterwards owned to him), but ſaid, with a perfect command of himſelf and an eaſy ſmile, "The interview muſt not end yet, my dear, until I have had my laſt word. Stay, here comes your mother (indeed ſhe came in here with her ſweet anxious face, and Eſmond, going up, kiſſed her hand reſpectfully). My dear lady may hear, too, the laſt words, which are no ſecrets, and are only a parting benediction accompanying a preſent for your marriage from an old gentleman your guardian; for I feel as if I was the guardian of all the family, and an old

old fellow that is fit to be the grandfather of you all; and in this character let me make my Lady Ducheſs her wedding preſent. They are the diamonds my father's widow left me. I had thought Beatrix might have had them a year ago; but they are good enough for a ducheſs, though not bright enough for the handſomeſt woman in the world." And he took the caſe out of his pocket in which the jewels were, and preſented them to his couſin.

She gave a cry of delight, for the ſtones were indeed very handſome, and of great value; and the next minute the necklace was where Belinda's croſs is in Mr. Pope's admirable poem, and glittering on the whiteſt and moſt perfectly-ſhaped neck in all England.

The girl's delight at receiving theſe trinkets was ſo great, that after ruſhing to the looking-glaſs and examining the effect they produced upon that fair neck which they ſurrounded, Beatrix was running back with her arms extended, and was perhaps for paying her couſin with a price, that he would have liked no doubt to receive from thoſe beautiful roſy lips of hers; but at this moment the door

opened, and his Grace the bridegroom elect was announced.

He looked very black upon Mr. Eſmond, to whom he made a very low bow indeed, and kiſſed the hand of each lady in his moſt ceremonious manner. He had come in his chair from the palace hard by, and wore his two ſtars of the Garter and the Thiſtle.

"Look, my Lord Duke," ſays Mrs. Beatrix, advancing to him, and ſhowing the diamonds on her breaſt.

"Diamonds," ſays his Grace. "Hm! they ſeem pretty."

"They are a preſent on my marriage," ſays Beatrix.

"From her Majeſty?" aſks the Duke. "The Queen is very good."

"From my couſin Henry—from our couſin Henry"—cry both the ladies in a breath.

"I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman. I thought that my Lord Caſtlewood had no brother: and that on your ladyſhip's ſide there were no nephews."

"From our couſin, Colonel Henry Eſmond, my lord," ſays Beatrix, taking the Colonel's hand

very bravely—"who was left guardian to us by our father, and who hath a hundred times ſhown his love and friendſhip for our family."

"The Ducheſs of Hamilton receives no diamonds but from her huſband, madam," ſays the Duke—"may I pray you to reſtore theſe to Mr. Eſmond?"

"Beatrix Eſmond may receive a preſent from our kinſman and benefactor, my Lord Duke," ſays Lady Caſtlewood, with an air of great dignity. "She is my daughter yet: and if her mother ſanctions the gift—no one elſe hath the right to queſtion it."

"Kinſman and benefactor!" ſays the Duke. "I know of no kinſman: and I do not chuſe that my wife ſhould have for benefactor a—"

"My lord," ſays Colonel Eſmond.

"I am not here to bandy words," ſays his Grace: "frankly I tell you that your viſits to this houſe are too frequent, and that I chuſe no preſents for the Ducheſs of Hamilton from gentlemen that bear a name they have no right to."

"My lord!" breaks out Lady Caſtlewood, "Mr. Eſmond hath the beſt right to that name

of any man in the world: and 'tis as old and as honourable as your Grace's."

My Lord Duke ſmiled, and looked as if Lady Caſtlewood was mad, that was ſo talking to him.

"If I called him benefactor," ſaid my miſtreſs, "it is becauſe he has been ſo to us—yes, the nobleſt, the trueſt, the braveſt, the deareſt of benefactors. He would have ſaved my huſband's life from Mohun's ſword. He did ſave my boy's, and defended him from that villain. Are thoſe no benefits?"

"I aſk Colonel Eſmond's pardon," ſays his Grace, if poſſible more haughty than before; "I would ſay not a word that ſhould give him offence, and thank him for his kindneſs to your ladyſhip's family. My Lord Mohun and I are connected, you know, by marriage—though neither by blood nor friendſhip; but I muſt repeat what I ſaid, that my wife can receive no preſents from Colonel Eſmond."

"My daughter may receive preſents from the Head of our Houſe: my daughter may thankfully take kindneſs from her father's, her mother's, her brother's deareſt friend; and be grateful for one more benefit beſides the thouſand we owe

him," cries Lady Eſmond. "What is a ſtring of diamond ſtones compared to that affection he hath given us—our deareſt preſerver and benefactor? We owe him not only Frank's life, but our all—yes, our all," ſays my miſtreſs, with a heightened colour and a trembling voice. "The title we bear is his, if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name: not he that's too great for it. He ſacrificed his name at my dying lord's bedſide—ſacrificed it to my orphan children; gave up rank and honour becauſe he loved us ſo nobly. His father was Viſcount of Caſtlewood and Marquis of Eſmond before him; and he is his father's lawful ſon and true heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a houſe that's as old as your own. And if he is content to forego his name that my child may bear it, we love him and honour him and bleſs him under whatever name he bears"—and here the fond and affectionate creature would have knelt to Eſmond again, but that he prevented her; and Beatrix running up to her with a pale face and a cry of alarm, embraced her and ſaid, "Mother, what is this?"

"'Tis a family ſecret, my Lord Duke," ſays

Colonel Eſmond: "poor Beatrix knew nothing of it: nor did my lady till a year ago. And I have as good a right to reſign my title as your Grace's mother to abdicate hers to you."

"I ſhould have told everything to the Duke of Hamilton," ſaid my miſtreſs, "had his Grace applied to me for my daughter's hand and not to Beatrix. I ſhould have ſpoken with you this very day in private, my lord, had not your words brought about this ſudden explanation—and now 'tis fit Beatrix ſhould hear it; and know, as I would have all the world know, what we owe to our kinſman and patron."

And then, in her touching way, and having hold of her daughter's hand, and ſpeaking to her rather than my Lord Duke, Lady Caſtlewood told the ſtory which you know already,—lauding up to the ſkies her kinſman's behaviour. On his ſide Mr. Eſmond explained the reaſons that ſeemed quite ſufficiently cogent with him, why the ſucceſſion in the family, as at preſent it ſtood, ſhould not be diſturbed; and he ſhould remain, as he was, Colonel Eſmond.

"And Marquis of Eſmond, my lord," ſays his Grace, with a low bow. "Permit me to aſk

your lordſhip's pardon for words that were uttered in ignorance; and to beg for the favour of your friendſhip. To be allied to you, ſir, muſt be an honour under whatever name you are known, (ſo his Grace was pleaſed to ſay:) and in return for the ſplendid preſent you make my wife, your kinſwoman, I hope you will pleaſe to command any ſervice that James Douglas can perform. I ſhall never be eaſy until I repay you a part of my obligations at leaſt; and ere very long, and with the miſſion her Majeſty hath given me," ſays the Duke, "that may perhaps be in my power. I ſhall eſteem it as a favour, my lord, if Colonel Eſmond will give away the bride."

"And if he will take the uſual payment in advance, he is welcome," ſays Beatrix, ſtepping up to him; and as Eſmond kiſſed her, ſhe whiſpered, "O, why didn't I know you before?"

My Lord Duke was as hot as a flame at this ſalute, but ſaid never a word: Beatrix made him a proud curtſey, and the two ladies quitted the room together.

"When does your Excellency go for Paris?" aſks Colonel Eſmond.

"As ſoon after the ceremony as may be;" his

Grace anſwered. "'Tis fixed for the firſt of December: it cannot be ſooner. The equipage will not be ready till then. The Queen intends the embaſſy ſhould be very grand—and I have law buſineſs to ſettle. That ill-omened Mohun has come, or is coming, to London again: we are in a lawſuit about my late Lord Gerard's property; and he hath ſent to me to meet him."

## CHAPTER V.

MOHUN APPEARS FOR THE LAST TIME IN THIS HISTORY.

BESIDES my Lord Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who, for family reaſons, had kindly promiſed his protection and patronage to Colonel Eſmond, he had other great friends in power now, both able and willing to aſſiſt him, and he might, with ſuch allies, look forward to as fortunate advancement in civil life at home as he had got rapid promotion abroad. His Grace was magnanimous enough to offer to take Mr. Eſmond as ſecretary on his Paris embaſſy, but no doubt he intended that propoſal ſhould be rejected; at any rate, Eſmond could not bear the thoughts of attending his miſtreſs farther than the church-door after her marriage, and ſo declined that offer which his generous rival made him.

Other gentlemen in power, were liberal at leaſt

of compliments and promiſes to Colonel Eſmond. Mr. Harley, now become my Lord Oxford and Mortimer, and inſtalled Knight of the Garter on the ſame day as his Grace of Hamilton had received the ſame honor, ſent to the Colonel to ſay that a ſeat in Parliament ſhould be at his diſpoſal preſently, and Mr. St. John held out many flattering hopes of advancement to the Colonel when he ſhould enter the Houſe. Eſmond's friends were all ſucceſsful, and the moſt ſucceſsful and triumphant of all was his dear old commander, General Webb, who was now appointed Lieutenant-General of the Land Forces, and received with particular honor by the miniſtry, by the Queen, and the people out of doors, who huzza'd the brave chief when they uſed to ſee him in his chariot, going to the Houſe or to the Drawing Room, or hobbling on foot to his coach from St. Stephen's upon his glorious old crutch and ſtick, and cheered him as loud as they had ever done Marlborough.

That great Duke was utterly diſgraced; and honeſt old Webb dated all his Grace's misfortunes from Wynendael, and vowed that fate ſerved the traitor right. Ducheſs Sarah had alſo gone to

ruin; ſhe had been forced to give up her keys, and her places, and her penſions :—"Ah, ah!" ſays Webb, "ſhe would have locked up three millions of French crowns with her keys, had I but been knocked on the head, but I ſtopped that convoy at Wynendael." Our enemy Cardonnel was turned out of the Houſe of Commons (along with Mr. Walpole) for malverſation of publick money. Cadogan loſt his place of Lieutenant of the Tower. Marlborough's daughters reſigned their poſts of ladies of the bed-chamber, and ſo complete was the Duke's diſgrace, that his ſon-in-law, Lord Bridgewater, was abſolutely obliged to give up his lodging at St. James's, and had his half-penſion, as Maſter of the Horſe, taken away. But I think the loweſt depth of Marlborough's fall was when he humbly ſent to aſk General Webb, when he might wait upon him; he who had commanded the ſtout old General, who had injured him and ſneered at him, who had kept him dangling in his ante-chamber, who could not even after his great ſervice condeſcend to write him a letter in his own hand. The nation was as eager for peace, as ever it had been hot for war. The Prince of Savoy came amongſt

us, had his audience of the Queen, and got his famous Sword of Honour, and ſtrove with all his force to form a Whig party together, to bring over the young Prince of Hanover—to do any thing which might prolong the war, and conſummate the ruin of the old ſovereign whom he hated ſo implacably. But the nation was tired of the ſtruggle; ſo completely wearied of it that not even our defeat at Denain could rouſe us into any anger, though ſuch an action ſo loſt two years before, would have ſet all England in a fury. 'Twas eaſy to ſee that the great Marlborough was not with the army. Eugene was obliged to fall back in a rage, and forego the dazzling revenge of his life. 'Twas in vain the Duke's ſide aſked: "Would we ſuffer our arms to be inſulted? Would we not ſend back the only champion who could repair our honour?" The nation had had its bellyful of fighting; nor could taunts or outcries goad up our Britons any more.

For a ſtateſman, that was always prating of liberty, and had the grandeſt philoſophick maxims in his mouth, it muſt be owned that Mr. St. John ſometimes rather acted like a Turkiſh than a

Greek philoſopher, and eſpecially fell foul of one unfortunate ſet of men, the men of letters, with a tyranny a little extraordinary in a man who profeſſed to reſpect their calling ſo much. The literary controverſy at this time was very bitter, the government ſide was the winning one, the popular one, and I think might have been the merciful one. 'Twas natural that the oppoſition ſhould be peeviſh and cry out; ſome men did ſo from their hearts, admiring the Duke of Marlborough's prodigious talents and deploring the diſgrace of the greateſt general the world ever knew; 'twas the ſtomach that cauſed other patriots to grumble, and ſuch men cried out becauſe they were poor, and paid to do ſo. Againſt theſe my Lord Bolingbroke never ſhowed the ſlighteſt mercy, whipping a dozen into priſon or into the pillory without the leaſt commiſeration.

From having been a man of arms Mr. Eſmond had now come to be a man of letters, but on a ſafer ſide than that in which the above-cited poor fellows ventured their liberties and ears. There was no danger on ours which was the winning ſide; beſides Mr. Eſmond pleaſed

himſelf by thinking that he writ like a gentleman if he did not always ſucceed as a wit.

Of the famous wits of that age, who have rendered Queen Anne's reign illuſtrious, and whoſe works will be in all Engliſhmen's hands in ages yet to come, Mr. Eſmond ſaw many, but at publick places chiefly; never having a great intimacy with any of them except with honeſt Dick Steele and Mr. Addiſon, who parted company with Eſmond, however, when that gentleman became a declared Tory and lived on cloſe terms with the leading perſons of that party. Addiſon kept himſelf to a few friends, and very rarely opened himſelf except in their company. A man more upright and conſcientious than he, it was not poſſible to find in publick life, and one whoſe converſation was ſo various, eaſy, and delightful. Writing now in my mature years, I own that I think Addiſon's politicks were the right, and were my time to come over again, I would be a Whig in England, and not a Tory; but with people that take a ſide in politicks, 'tis men rather than principles that commonly bind them. A kindneſs or a ſlight puts a man under one flag or the other, and he marches

with it to the end of the campaign. Eſmond's maſter in war was injured by Marlborough, and hated him; and the lieutenant fought the quarrels of his leader. Webb coming to London was uſed as a weapon by Marlborough's enemies, (and true ſteel he was, that honeſt chief;) nor was his aide-de-camp, Mr. Eſmond, an unfaithful or unworthy partiſan. 'Tis ſtrange here, and on a foreign ſoil, and in a land that is independent in all but the name (for that the North American colonies ſhall remain dependents on yonder little iſland for twenty years more, I never can think), to remember how the nation at home ſeemed to give itſelf up to the domination of one or other ariſtocratick party, and took a Hanoverian king, or a French one, according as either prevailed. And while the Tories, the October Club gentlemen, the High Church parſons that held by the Church of England, were for having a Papiſt king, for whom many of their Scottiſh and Engliſh leaders, firm churchmen all, laid down their lives with admirable loyalty and devotion; they were governed by men who had notoriouſly no religion at all, but uſed it as they would uſe any opinion for the purpoſe of forwarding their

own ambition. The Whigs, on the other hand, who profeſſed attachment to religion and liberty too, were compelled to ſend to Holland or Hanover for a monarch around whom they could rally. A ſtrange ſeries of compromiſes is that Engliſh hiſtory; compromiſe of principle, compromiſe of party, compromiſe of worſhip! The lovers of Engliſh freedom and independence ſubmitted their religious conſciences to an Act of Parliament; could not conſolidate their liberty without ſending to Zell or the Hague for a king to live under; and could not find amongſt the proudeſt people in the world a man ſpeaking their own language, and underſtanding their laws, to govern them. The Tory and High Church patriots were ready to die in defence of a Papiſt family that had ſold us to France: the great Whig nobles, the ſturdy Republican recuſants, who had cut off Charles Stuart's head for treaſon, were fain to accept a king, whoſe title came to him through a royal grandmother, whoſe own royal grandmother's head had fallen under Queen Beſs's hatchet. And our proud Engliſh nobles ſent to a petty German town for a monarch to come and reign in London; and

our prelates kiſſed the ugly hands of his Dutch miſtreſſes, and thought it no diſhonour. In England you can but belong to one party or t'other, and you take the houſe you live in with all its encumbrances, its retainers, its antique diſcomforts, and ruins even; you patch up, but you never build up anew. Will we of the new world ſubmit much longer, even nominally, to this antient Britiſh ſuperſtition? There are ſigns of the times which make me think that ere long we ſhall care as little about King George here, and peers temporal and peers ſpiritual, as we do for King Canute or the Druids.

This chapter began about the wits, my grandſon may ſay, and hath wandered very far from their company. The pleaſanteſt of the wits I knew were the Doctors Garth and Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay, the author of "Trivia," the moſt charming kind ſoul that ever laughed at a joke or cracked a bottle. Mr. Prior I ſaw, and he was the earthen pot ſwimming with the pots of braſs down the ſtream, and always and juſtly frightened leſt he ſhould break in the voyage. I met him both at London and Paris, where he was performing pitecus congees to the Duke of

Shrewſbury, not having courage to ſupport the dignity which his undeniable genius and talent had won him, and writing coaxing letters to Secretary St. John, and thinking about his plate and his place, and what on earth ſhould become of him, ſhould his party go out. The famous Mr. Congreve I ſaw a dozen of times at Button's, a ſplendid wreck of a man, magnificently attired, and though gouty, and almoſt blind, bearing a brave face againſt fortune.

The great Mr. Pope, (of whoſe prodigious genius I have no words to expreſs my admiration,) was quite a puny lad at this time, appearing ſeldom in publick places. There were hundreds of men, wits, and pretty fellows frequenting the theatres and coffee-houſes of that day—whom "nunc preſcribere longum eſt." Indeed I think the moſt brilliant of that ſort I ever ſaw was not till fifteen years afterwards, when I paid my laſt viſit in England, and met young Harry Fielding, ſon of the Fielding that ſerved in Spain and afterwards in Flanders with us, and who for fun and humour ſeemed to top them all. As for the famous Dr. Swift, I can ſay of him, "vidi tantum." He was in London all theſe years up

to the death of the Queen; and in a hundred publick places where I saw him, but no more; he *never* miſſed Court of a Sunday, where once or twice he was pointed out to your grandfather. He would have fought me out eagerly enough had I been a great man with a title to my name, or a ſtar on my coat. At Court the Doctor had no eyes but for the very greateſt. Lord Treaſurer and St. John uſed to call him Jonathan, and they paid him with this cheap coin for the ſervice they took of him. He writ their lampoons, fought their enemies, flogged and bullied in their ſervice, and it muſt be owned with a conſummate ſkill and fierceneſs. 'Tis ſaid he hath loſt his intellect now, and forgotten his wrongs and his rage againſt mankind. I have always thought of him and of Marlborough as the two greateſt men of that age. I have read his books, (who doth not know them?) here in our calm woods, and imagine a giant to myſelf as I think of him, a lonely fallen Prometheus, groaning as the vulture tears him. Prometheus I ſaw, but when firſt I ever had any words with him, the giant ſtepped out of a ſedan chair in the Poultry, whither he had come with a tipſy Iriſh ſervant

parading before him, who announced him, bawling out his Reverence's name, whilſt his maſter below was as yet haggling with the chairman. I diſliked this Mr. Swift, and heard many a ſtory about him, of his conduct to men, and his words to women. He could flatter the great as much as he could bully the weak, and Mr. Eſmond being younger and hotter in that day than now, was determined ſhould he ever meet this dragon not to run away from his teeth and his fire.

Men have all ſorts of motives which carry them onwards in life, and are driven into acts of deſperation, or it may be of diſtinction, from a hundred different cauſes. There was one comrade of Eſmond's, an honeſt little Iriſh lieutenant of Handyſide's, who owed ſo much money to a camp ſuttler, that he began to make love to the man's daughter, intending to pay his debt that way; and at the battle of Malplaquet, flying away from the debt and lady too, he ruſhed ſo deſperately on the French lines, that he got his company; and came a captain out of the action, and had to marry the ſuttler's daughter after all, who brought him his cancelled debt to her father as poor Rogers's fortune. To

run out of the reach of bill and marriage, he ran on the enemy's pikes; and as theſe did not kill him he was thrown back upon t'other horn of his dilemma. Our great Duke at the ſame battle was fighting, not the French, but the Tories in England: and riſking his life and the army's, not for his country but for his pay and places; and for fear of his wife at home, that only being in life whom he dreaded. I have aſked about men in my own company (new drafts of poor country boys were perpetually coming over to us during the wars, and brought from the plough-ſhare to the ſword), and found that a half of them under the flags were driven thither on account of a woman: one fellow was jilted by his miſtreſs and took the ſhilling in deſpair; another jilted the girl, and fled from her and the pariſh to the tents where the law could not diſturb him. Why go on particulariſing? What can the ſons of Adam and Eve expect, but to continue in that courſe of love and trouble their father and mother ſet out on? O my grandſon! I am drawing nigh to the end of that period of my hiſtory, when I was acquainted with the great world of England and

Europe, my years are paſt the Hebrew poet's limit, and I ſay unto thee, all my troubles and joys too for that matter, have come from a woman; as thine will when thy deſtined courſe begins. 'Twas a woman that made a ſoldier of me, that ſet me intriguing afterwards; I believe I would have ſpun ſmocks for her had ſhe ſo bidden me; what ſtrength I had in my head I would have given her; hath not every man in his degree had his Omphale and Dalilah? Mine befooled me on the banks of the Thames, and in dear old England; thou mayeſt find thine own by Rappahannoc.

To pleaſe that woman then I tried to diſtinguiſh myſelf as a ſoldier, and afterwards as a wit and a politician; as to pleaſe another I would have put on a black caſſock and a pair of bands, and had done ſo but that a ſuperior fate intervened to defeat that project. And I ſay, I think the world is like Captain Eſmond's company I ſpoke of anon; and, could you ſee every man's career in life, you would find a woman clogging him; or clinging round his march and ſtopping him; or cheering him and goading him; or beckoning him out of her chariot, ſo that

he goes up to her, and leaves the race to be run without him; or bringing him the apple and ſaying "Eat;" or fetching him the daggers and whiſpering "Kill! yonder lies Duncan, and a crown, and an opportunity."

Your grandfather fought with more effect as a politician than as a wit; and having private animoſities and grievances of his own and his General's againſt the Great Duke in command of the army, and more information on military matters than moſt writers, who had never ſeen beyond the fire of a tobacco-pipe at Wills's; he was enabled to do good ſervice for that cauſe which he embarked in, and for Mr. St. John and his party. But he diſdained the abuſe in which ſome of the Tory writers indulged; for inſtance Dr. Swift, who actually choſe to doubt the Duke of Marlborough's courage, and was pleaſed to hint that his Grace's military capacity was doubtful: nor were Eſmond's performances worſe for the effect they were intended to produce (though no doubt they could not injure the Duke of Marlborough nearly ſo much in the publick eyes as the malignant attacks of Swift did, which were carefully directed ſo as to blacken

and degrade him), becauſe they were writ openly and fairly by Mr. Eſmond, who made no diſguiſe of them, who was now out of the army, and who never attacked the prodigious courage and talents, only the ſelfiſhneſs and rapacity of the chief.

The Colonel then, having writ a paper for one of the Tory journals, called the "Poſt-Boy," (a letter upon Bouchain, that the town talked about for two whole days, when the appearance of an Italian ſinger ſupplied a freſh ſubject for converſation,) and having buſineſs at the Exchange where Mrs. Beatrix wanted a pair of gloves or a fan very likely; Eſmond went to correct his paper, and was ſitting at the printer's, when the famous Doctor Swift came in, his Iriſh fellow with him that uſed to walk before his chair, and bawled out his maſter's name with great dignity.

Mr. Eſmond was waiting for the printer too, whoſe wife had gone to the tavern to fetch him, and was meantime engaged in drawing a picture of a ſoldier on horſeback for a dirty little pretty boy of the printer's wife, whom ſhe had left behind her.

"I preſume you are the editor of the 'Poſt-

Boy,' ſir?" ſays the Doctor, in a grating voice that had an Iriſh twang; and he looked at the Colonel from under his two buſhy eyebrows with a pair of very clear blue eyes. His complexion was muddy, his figure rather fat, his chin double. He wore a ſhabby caſſock, and a ſhabby hat over his black wig, and he pulled out a great gold watch, at which he looks very fierce.

"I am but a contributor, Doctor Swift," ſays Eſmond, with the little boy ſtill on his knee. He was ſitting with his back in the window, ſo that the Doctor could not ſee him.

"Who told you I was Doctor Swift?" ſays the Doctor, eyeing the other very haughtily.

"Your Reverence's valet bawled out your name," ſays the Colonel. "I ſhould judge you brought him from Ireland."

"And pray, ſir, what right have you to judge whether my ſervant came from Ireland or no? I want to ſpeak with your employer, Mr. Leach. I'll thank ye go fetch him."

"Where's your papa, Tommy?" aſks the Colonel of the child, a ſmutty little wretch in a frock.

Inſtead of anſwering, the child begins to cry;

the Doctor's appearance had no doubt frightened the poor little imp.

"Send that ſqualling little brat about his buſineſs, and do what I bid ye, ſir," ſays the Doctor.

"I muſt finiſh the picture firſt for Tommy," ſays the Colonel, laughing. "Here, Tommy, will you have your Pandour with whiſkers or without?"

"Whiſters," ſays Tommy, quite intent on the picture.

"Who the devil are ye, ſir?" cries the Doctor; "are ye a printer's man or are ye not?" he pronounced it like *naught*.

"Your Reverence needn't raiſe the devil to aſk who I am," ſays Colonel Eſmond. "Did you ever hear of Doctor Fauſtus, little Tommy? or Friar Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and ſet the Thames on fire?"

Mr. Swift turned quite red, almoſt purple. "I did not intend any offence, ſir," ſays he.

"I dareſay, ſir, you offended without meaning," ſays the other, drily.

"Who are ye, ſir? Do you know who I am, ſir? You are one of the pack of Grub

Street ſcribblers that my friend Mr. Secretary hath laid by the heels. How dare ye, ſir, ſpeak to me in this tone?" cries the Doctor in a great fume.

"I beg your Honour's humble pardon if I have offended your honour," ſays Eſmond in a tone of great humility. "Rather than be ſent to the Compter, or be put in the pillory, there's nothing I wouldn't do. But, Mrs. Leach, the printer's lady, told me to mind Tommy whilſt ſhe went for her huſband to the tavern, and I daren't leave the child leſt he ſhould fall into the fire; but if your Reverence will hold him—"

"I take the little beaſt!" ſays the Doctor, ſtarting back. "I am engaged to your betters, fellow. Tell Mr. Leach that when he makes an appointment with Doctor Swift he had beſt keep it, do ye hear? And keep a reſpectful tongue in your head, ſir, when you addreſs a perſon like me."

"I'm but a poor broken-down ſoldier," ſays the Colonel, "and I've ſeen better days, though I am forced now to turn my hand to writing. We can't help our fate, ſir."

"You're the perſon that Mr. Leach hath

ſpoken to me of, I preſume. Have the goodneſs to ſpeak civilly when you are ſpoken to;—and tell Leach to call at my lodgings in Bury Street, and bring the papers with him to-night at ten o'clock. And the next time you ſee me, you'll know me, and be civil, Mr. Kemp."

Poor Kemp, who had been a lieutenant at the beginning of the war, and fallen into misfortune, was the writer of the "Poſt-Boy," and now took honeſt Mr. Leach's pay in place of her Majeſty's. Eſmond had ſeen this gentleman, and a very ingenious, hard-working, honeſt fellow he was, toiling to give bread to a great family, and watching up many a long winter night to keep the wolf from his door. And Mr. St. John, who had liberty always on his tongue, had juſt ſent a dozen of the oppoſition writers into priſon, and one actually into the pillory, for what he called libels, but libels not half ſo violent as thoſe writ on our ſide. With regard to this very piece of tyranny, Eſmond had remonſtrated ſtrongly with the Secretary, who laughed and ſaid, the raſcals were ſerved quite right; and told Eſmond a joke of Swift's regarding the matter. Nay, more, this Iriſhman, when St. John was about to

pardon a poor wretch condemned to death for rape, abſolutely prevented the Secretary from exerciſing this act of good-nature, and boaſted that he had had the man hanged; and great as the Doctor's genius might be, and ſplendid his ability, Eſmond for one would affect no love for him, and never deſired to make his acquaintance. The Doctor was at Court every Sunday aſſiduouſly enough, a place the Colonel frequented but rarely, though he had a great inducement to go there in the perſon of a fair Maid of Honour of her Majeſty's; and the airs of patronage Mr. Swift gave himſelf, forgetting gentlemen of his country whom he knew perfectly, his loud talk at once inſolent and ſervile, nay, perhaps his very intimacy with Lord Treaſurer and the Secretary, who indulged all his freaks and called him Jonathan, you may be ſure were remarked by many a perſon of whom the proud prieſt himſelf took no note, during that time of his vanity and triumph.

'Twas but three days after the 15th of November, 1712, (Eſmond minds him well of the date,) that he went by invitation to dine with his General, the foot of whoſe table he uſed to

take on theſe feſtive occaſions, as he had done at many a board, hard and plentiful during the campaign. This was a great feaſt, and of the latter ſort; the honeſt old gentleman loved to treat his friends ſplendidly: his Grace of Ormonde before he joined his army as generaliſſimo, my Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, one of her Majeſty's Secretaries of State, my Lord Orkney that had ſerved with us abroad, being of the party. His Grace of Hamilton, Maſter of the Ordnance, and in whoſe honor the feaſt had been given, upon his approaching departure as Ambaſſador to Paris, had ſent an excuſe to General Webb, at two o'clock, but an hour before the dinner: nothing but the moſt immediate buſineſs, his Grace ſaid, ſhould have prevented him having the pleaſure of drinking a parting glaſs to the health of General Webb. His abſence diſappointed Eſmond's old chief, who ſuffered much from his wounds beſides; and though the company was grand, it was rather gloomy. St. John came laſt, and brought a friend with him:—"I'm ſure," ſays my General, bowing very politely, "my table hath always a place for Dr. Swift."

Mr. Eſmond went up to the Doctor with a bow and a ſmile;—"I gave Dr. Swift's meſſage," ſays he, "to the printer: I hope he brought your pamphlet to your lodgings in time." Indeed poor Leach had come to his houſe very ſoon after the Doctor left it, being brought away rather tipſy from the tavern by his thrifty wife; and he talked of Couſin Swift in a maudlin way, though of courſe Mr. Eſmond did not allude to this relationſhip. The Doctor ſcowled, bluſhed, and was much confuſed, and ſaid ſcarce a word during the whole of dinner. A very little ſtone will ſometimes knock down theſe Goliaths of wit; and this one was often diſcomfited when met by a man of any ſpirit; he took his place ſulkily, put water in his wine that the others drank plentifully, and ſcarce ſaid a word.

The talk was about the affairs of the day, or rather about perſons than affairs: my Lady Marlborough's fury, her daughters in old clothes and mob-caps looking out from their windows and ſeeing the company paſs to the Drawing-Room; the gentleman-uſher's horror when the Prince of Savoy was introduced to her Majeſty in a tie-wig, no man out of a full-bottomed

perriwig ever having kiſſed the Royal hand before; about the Mohawks and the damage they were doing, ruſhing through the town, killing and murdering. Some one ſaid the ill-omened face of Mohun had been ſeen at the theatre the night before, and Macartney and Meredith with him. Meant to be a feaſt, the meeting, in ſpite of drink and talk, was as diſmal as a funeral. Every topick ſtarted ſubſided into gloom. His Grace of Ormonde went away becauſe the converſation got upon Denain, where we had been defeated in the laſt campaign. Eſmond's General was affected at the alluſion to this action too, for his comrade of Wynendael, the Count of Naſſau Woudenberg, had been ſlain there. Mr. Swift, when Eſmond pledged him, ſaid he drank no wine, and took his hat from the peg and went away, beckoning my Lord Bolingbroke to follow him; but the other bade him take his chariot and ſave his coach-hire, he had to ſpeak with Colonel Eſmond; and when the reſt of the company withdrew to cards, theſe two remained behind in the dark.

Bolingbroke always ſpoke freely when he had drunk freely. His enemies could get any

ſecret out of him in that condition; women were even employed to ply him, and take his words down. I have heard that my Lord Stair, three years after, when the Secretary fled to France and became the Pretender's miniſter, got all the information he wanted by putting female ſpies over St. John in his cups. He ſpoke freely now:—"Jonathan knows nothing of this for certain, though he ſuſpects it, and by George, Webb will take an Archbiſhoprick, and Jonathan a—no damme—Jonathan will take an Archbiſhoprick from James, I warrant me, gladly enough. Your Duke hath the ſtring of the whole matter in his hand," the Secretary went on. "We have that which will force Marlborough to keep his diſtance, and he goes out of London in a fortnight. Prior hath his buſineſs; he left me this morning, and mark me, Harry, ſhould fate carry off our auguſt, our beloved, our moſt gouty and plethorick Queen, and Defender of the Faith, la bonne cauſe triomphera. A la ſanté de la bonne cauſe. Everything good comes from France. Wine comes from France, give us another bumper to the bonne cauſe." We drank it together.

"Will the 'bonne cauſe' turn Proteſtant?" aſked Mr. Eſmond.

"No, hang it," ſays the other, "he'll defend our Faith as in duty bound, but he'll ſtick by his own. The Hind and the Panther ſhall run in the ſame car, by Jove. Righteouſneſs and peace ſhall kiſs each other; and we'll have Father Maſſillon to walk down the aiſle of St. Paul's, cheek by jowl, with Dr. Sacheverel. Give us more wine, here's a health to the 'bonne cauſe,' kneeling—damme, let's drink it kneeling." —He was quite fluſhed and wild with wine as he was talking.

"And ſuppoſe," ſays Eſmond, who always had this gloomy apprehenſion, the "'the bonne cauſe,' ſhould give us up to the French, as his father and uncle did before him."

"Give us up to the French!" ſtarts up Bolingbroke, "is there any Engliſh gentleman that fears that? You who have ſeen Blenheim and Ramillies, afraid of the French! Your anceſtors and mine, and brave old Webb's yonder, have met them in a hundred fields, and our children will be ready to do the like. Who's he that wiſhes for more men from England. My

Couſin Weſtmoreland? give us up to the French, pſhaw!"

"His uncle did," ſays Mr. Eſmond."

"And what happened to his grandfather?" broke out St. John, filling out another bumper. "Here's to the greateſt monarch England ever ſaw, here's to the Engliſhman that made a kingdom of her. Our great King came from Huntingdon, not Hanover; our fathers didn't look for a Dutchman to rule us.—Let him come and we'll keep him, and we'll ſhow him Whitehall. If he's a traitor let us have him here to deal with him; and then there are ſpirits here as great as any that have gone before. There are men here that can look at danger in the face and not be frightened at it. Traitor, treaſon! what names are theſe to ſcare you and me? Are all Oliver's men dead, or his glorious name forgotten in fifty years? Are there no men equal to him, think you, as good, aye, as good? God ſave the King! and if the monarchy fails us, God ſave the Britiſh Republick!"

He filled another great bumper, and toſſed it up and drained it wildly, juſt as the noiſe of rapid carriage-wheels approaching was ſtopped

at our door, and after a hurried knock and a moment's interval, Mr. Swift came into the hall, ran upſtairs to the room we were dining in, and entered it with a perturbed face. St. John excited with drink, was making ſome wild quotation out of Macbeth, but Swift ſtopped him.

"Drink no more, my lord, for God's ſake," ſays he, "I come with the moſt dreadful news."

"Is the Queen dead?" cries out Bolingbroke, ſeizing on a water-glaſs.

"No, Duke Hamilton is dead, he was murdered an hour ago by Mohun and Macartney; they had a quarrel this morning, they gave him not ſo much time as to write a letter. He went for a couple of his friends, and he is dead, and Mohun, too, the bloody villain, who was ſet on him. They fought in Hyde Park juſt before ſun-ſet, the Duke killed Mohun, and Macartney came up and ſtabbed him, and the dog is fled. I have your chariot below, ſend to every part of the country and apprehend that villain; come to the Duke's houſe and ſee if any life be left in him."

"O Beatrix, Beatrix," thought Eſmond, "and here ends my poor girl's ambition!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### POOR BEATRIX.

THERE had been no need to urge upon Eſmond the neceſſity of a ſeparation between him and Beatrix: fate had done that completely; and I think from the very moment poor Beatrix had accepted the Duke's offer, ſhe began to aſſume the majeſtick air of a Ducheſs, nay, Queen Elect, and to carry herſelf as one ſacred and removed from us common people. Her mother and kinſman both fell into her ways, the latter ſcornfully perhaps, and uttering his uſual gibes at her vanity and his own. There was a certain charm about this girl of which neither Colonel Eſmond nor his fond miſtreſs could forego the faſcination; in ſpite of her faults and her pride and wilfulneſs, they were forced to love her; and, indeed, might be ſet down as

the two chief flatterers of the brilliant creature's court.

Who, in the courſe of his life, hath not been ſo bewitched, and worſhipped ſome idol or another? Years after this paſſion hath been dead and buried, along with a thouſand other worldly cares and ambitions, he who felt it can recall it out of its grave, and admire, almoſt as fondly as he did in his youth, that lovely queenly creature. I invoke that beautiful ſpirit from the ſhades and love her ſtill; or rather I ſhould ſay ſuch a paſt is always preſent to a man; ſuch a paſſion once felt forms a part of his whole being, and cannot be ſeparated from it; it becomes a portion of the man of to-day, juſt as any great faith or conviction, the diſcovery of poetry, the awakening of religion, ever afterward influence him; juſt as the wound I had at Blenheim, and of which I wear the ſcar, hath become part of my frame and influenced my whole body, nay, ſpirit ſubſequently, though 'twas got and healed forty years ago. Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do theſe? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the Truths of our life, never leave us. Surely, they cannot ſeparate from our

conſciouſneſs; ſhall follow it whitherſoever that ſhall go; and are of their nature divine and immortal.'

With the horrible news of this cataſtrophe, which was confirmed by the weeping domeſticks at the Duke's own door, Eſmond rode homewards as quick as his lazy coach would carry him, deviſing all the time how he ſhould break the intelligence to the perſon moſt concerned in it; and if a ſatire upon human vanity could be needed, that poor ſoul afforded it in the altered company and occupations in which Eſmond found her. For days before, her chariot had been rolling the ſtreet from mercer to toy-ſhop—from goldſmith to laceman: her taſte was perfect, or at leaſt the fond bridegroom had thought ſo, and had given entire authority over all tradeſmen and for all the plate, furniture, and equipages, with which his Grace the Ambaſſador wiſhed to adorn his ſplendid miſſion. She muſt have her picture by Kneller, a ducheſs not being complete without a portrait, and a noble one he made, and actually ſketched in, on a cuſhion, a coronet, which ſhe was about to wear. She vowed ſhe would wear it at King James the Third's

coronation, and never a princeſs in the land would have become ermine better. Eſmond found the ante-chamber crowded with milliners and toy-ſhop women, obſequious goldſmiths with jewels, ſalvers, and tankards; and mercers' men with hangings, and velvets, and brocades. My Lady Ducheſs elect was giving audience to one famous ſilver-ſmith from Exeter Change, who brought with him a great chaſed ſalver, of which he was pointing out the beauties as Colonel Eſmond entered. "Come," ſays ſhe, "Couſin, and admire the taſte of this pretty thing." I think Mars and Venus were lying in the golden bower, that one gilt Cupid carried off the war-god's caſque—another his ſword—another his great buckler, upon which my Lord Duke Hamilton's arms with ours were to be engraved—and a fourth was kneeling down to the reclining god-deſs with the Ducal coronet in his hands, God help us. The next time Mr. Eſmond ſaw that piece of plate, the arms were changed, the Ducal coronet had been replaced by a Viſcount's, it formed part of the fortune of the thrifty gold-ſmith's own daughter, when ſhe married my Lord Viſcount Squanderfield two years after.

"Iſn't this a beautiful piece?" ſays Beatrix, examining it, and ſhe pointed out the arch graces of the Cupids, and the fine carving of the languid proſtrate Mars. Eſmond ſickened as he thought of the warrior dead in his chamber, his ſervants and children weeping around him; and of this ſmiling creature attiring herſelf, as it were, for that nuptial deathbed. "'Tis a pretty piece of vanity," ſays he, looking gloomily at the beautiful creature: there were flambeaux in the room lighting up the brilliant miſtreſs of it. She lifted up the great gold ſalver with her fair arms.

"Vanity!" ſays ſhe, haughtily, "What is vanity in you, ſir, is propriety in me. You aſk a Jewiſh price for it, Mr. Graves; but have it I will, if only to ſpite Mr. Eſmond."

"O Beatrix, lay it down!" ſays Mr. Eſmond. "Herodias! you know not what you carry in the charger."

She dropped it with a clang; the eager goldſmith running to ſeize his fallen ware. The lady's face caught the fright from Eſmond's pale countenance, and her eyes ſhone out like beacons of alarm:—"What is it, Henry?" ſays ſhe, running to him, and ſeizing both his hands.

"What do you mean by your pale face and gloomy tones?"

"Come away, come away," ſays Eſmond, leading her: ſhe clung frightened to him, and he ſupported her upon his heart, bidding the ſcared goldſmith leave them. The man went into the next apartment, ſtaring with ſurpriſe, and hugging his precious charger.

"O my Beatrix, my ſiſter," ſays Eſmond, ſtill holding in his arms the pallid and affrighted creature, "you have the greateſt courage of any woman in the world; prepare to ſhow it now, for you have a dreadful trial to bear."

She ſprang away from the friend who would have protected her:—"Hath he left me?" ſays ſhe. "We had words this morning: he was very gloomy, and I angered him: but he dared not, he dared not!" As ſhe ſpoke a burning bluſh fluſhed over her whole face and boſom. Eſmond ſaw it reflected in the glaſs by which ſhe ſtood, with clenched hands, preſſing her ſwelling heart.

"He has left you," ſays Eſmond, wondering that rage rather than ſorrow was in her looks.

"And he is alive!" cries Beatrix, "and you

bring me this commiſſion! He has left me, and you haven't dared to avenge me. You, that pretend to be the champion of our houſe, have let me ſuffer this inſult? Where is Caſtlewood? I will go to my brother."

"The Duke is not alive, Beatrix," ſaid Eſmond.

She looked at her couſin wildly, and fell back to the wall as though ſhot in the breaſt:—"And you come here, and—and—you killed him?"

"No, thank Heaven," her kinſman ſaid, "the blood of that noble heart doth not ſtain my ſword. In its laſt hour it was faithful to thee, Beatrix Eſmond. Vain and cruel woman! kneel and thank the Awful Heaven which awards life and death, and chaſtiſes pride, that the noble Hamilton died true to you; at leaſt that 'twas not your quarrel, or your pride, or your wicked vanity, that drove him to his fate. He died by the bloody ſword which already had drank your own father's blood. O woman, O ſiſter! to that ſad field where two corpſes are lying—for the murderer died too by the hand of the man he ſlew—can you bring no mourners but your revenge and your vanity? God help

and pardon thee, Beatrix, as he brings this awful puniſhment to your hard and rebellious heart."

Eſmond had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when his miſtreſs came in. The colloquy between him and Beatrix had laſted but a few minutes, during which time Eſmond's ſervant had carried the diſaſtrous news through the houſehold. The army of Vanity-Fair, waiting without, gathered up all their fripperies and fled aghaſt. Tender Lady Caſtlewood had been in talk above with Dean Atterbury, the pious creature's almoner and director; and the Dean had entered with her as a phyſician whoſe place was at a ſick bed. Beatrix's mother looked at Eſmond and ran towards her daughter with a pale face and open heart and hands, all kindneſs and pity. But Beatrix paſſed her by, nor would ſhe have any of the medicaments of the ſpiritual phyſician. "I am beſt in my own room and by myſelf," ſhe ſaid. Her eyes were quite dry; nor did Eſmond ever ſee them otherwiſe, ſave once, in reſpect to that grief. She gave him a cold hand as ſhe went out: "Thank you, brother," ſhe ſaid, in a low voice, and with a ſimplicity more touching

than tears, "all you have ſaid is true and kind, and I will go away and aſk pardon." The three others remained behind, and talked over the dreadful ſtory. It affected Dr. Atterbury more even than us, as it ſeemed. The death of Mohun, her huſband's murderer, was more awful to my miſtreſs than even the Duke's unhappy end. Eſmond gave at length what particulars he knew of their quarrel, and the cauſe of it. The two noblemen had long been at war with reſpect to the Lord Gerard's property, whoſe two daughters, my Lord Duke and Mohun had married. They had met by appointment that day at the lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields; had words, which though they appeared very trifling to thoſe who heard them, were not ſo to men exaſperated by long and previous enmity. Mohun aſked my Lord Duke where he could ſee his Grace's friends, and within an hour had ſent two of his own to arrange this deadly duel. It was purſued with ſuch fierceneſs, and ſprung from ſo trifling a cauſe, that all men agreed at the time that there was a party of which theſe three notorious brawlers were but agents, who deſired to take Duke

Hamilton's life away. They fought three on a ſide, as in that tragick meeting twelve years back, which hath been recounted already, and in which Mohun performed his ſecond murder. They ruſhed in, and cloſed upon each other at once without any feints or croſſing of ſwords even, and ſtabbed one at the other deſperately, each receiving many wounds; and Mohun having his death wound, and my Lord Duke lying by him, Macartney came up and ſtabbed his Grace as he lay on the ground, and gave him the blow of which he died. Colonel Macartney denied this, of which the horror and indignation of the whole kingdom would nevertheleſs have him guilty, and fled the country whither he never returned.

What was the real cauſe of the Duke Hamilton's death,—a paltry quarrel that might eaſily have been made up, and with a ruffian ſo low, baſe, profligate, and degraded with former crimes and repeated murders, that a man of ſuch a renown and princely rank as my Lord Duke might have diſdained to ſully his ſword with the blood of ſuch a villain. But his ſpirit was ſo high that thoſe who wiſhed his death knew that his courage

was like his charity, and never turned any man away; and he died by the hands of Mohun, and the other two cut-throats that were ſet on him. The Queen's ambaſſador to Paris died, the loyal and devoted ſervant of the Houſe of Stuart, a Royal Prince of Scotland himſelf, and carrying the confidence, the repentance of Queen Anne along with his own open devotion, and the good-will of millions in the country more, to the Queen's exiled brother and ſovereign.

That party to which Lord Mohun belonged had the benefit of his ſervice, and now were well rid of ſuch a ruffian. He, and Meredith, and Macartney were the Duke of Marlborough's men; and the two colonels had been broke but the year before for drinking perdition to the Tories. His Grace was a Whig now and a Hanoverian, and as eager for war as Prince Eugene himſelf. I ſay not that he was privy to Duke Hamilton's death, I ſay that his party profited by it; and that three deſperate and bloody inſtruments were found to effect that murder.

As Eſmond and the Dean walked away from

Kenſington diſcourſing of this tragedy, and how fatal it was to the cauſe which they both had at heart; the ſtreet-criers were already out with their broadſides, ſhouting through the town the full, true, and horrible account of the death of Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton in a duel. A fellow had got to Kenſington, and was crying it in the Square there at very early morning, when Mr. Eſmond happened to paſs by. He drove the man from under Beatrix's very window, whereof the caſement had been ſet open. The ſun was ſhining though 'twas November: he had ſeen the market-carts rolling into London, the guard relieved at the Palace, the labourers trudging to their work in the gardens between Kenſington and the City—the wandering merchants and hawkers filling the air with their cries. The world was going to its buſineſs again, although dukes lay dead and ladies mourned for them; and kings, very likely, loſt their chances. So night and day paſs away, and to-morrow comes, and our place knows us not. Eſmond thought of the courier, now galloping on the north road to inform him, who was Earl of Arran yeſterday,

that he was Duke of Hamilton to-day, and of a thouſand great ſchemes, hopes, ambitions, that were alive in the gallant heart, beating a few hours ſince, and now in a little duſt quieſcent.

## CHAPTER VII.

I VISIT CASTLEWOOD ONCE MORE.

THUS, for a third time, Beatrix's ambitious hopes were circumvented, and ſhe might well believe that a ſpecial malignant fate watched and purſued her, tearing her prize out of her hand juſt as ſhe ſeemed to graſp it, and leaving her with only rage and grief for her portion. Whatever her feelings might have been of anger or of ſorrow (and I fear me that the former emotion was that which moſt tore her heart,) ſhe would take no confidant, as people of ſofter natures would have done under ſuch a calamity; her mother and her kinſman knew that ſhe would diſdain their pity, and that to offer it would be but to infuriate the cruel wound which fortune had inflicted. We knew that her pride was awfully humbled and puniſhed by this ſudden

and terrible blow; ſhe wanted no teaching of ours to point out the ſad moral of her ſtory. Her fond mother could give but her prayers, and her kinſman his faithful friendſhip and patience to the unhappy-ſtricken creature; and it was only by hints, and a word or two uttered months afterwards, that Beatrix ſhowed ſhe underſtood their ſilent commiſeration, and on her part was ſecretly thankful for their forbearance. The people about the Court ſaid there was that in her manner which frightened away ſcoffing and condolence: ſhe was above their triumph and their pity, and acted her part in that dreadful tragedy greatly and courageouſly; ſo that thoſe who liked her leaſt were yet forced to admire her. We, who watched her after her diſaſter, could not but reſpect the indomitable courage and majeſtick calm with which ſhe bore it. "I would rather ſee her tears than her pride," her mother ſaid, who was accuſtomed to bear her ſorrows in a very different way, and to receive them as the ſtroke of God, with an awful ſubmiſſion and meekneſs. But Beatrix's nature was different to that tender parent's; ſhe ſeemed to accept her grief, and to defy it; nor would ſhe allow

it (I believe not even in private, and in her own chamber) to extort from her the confeſſion of even a tear of humiliation or a cry of pain. Friends and children of our race, who come after me, in which way will you bear your trials? I know one that prays God will give you love rather than pride, and that the Eye-all-ſeeing ſhall find you in the humble place. Not that we ſhould judge proud ſpirits otherwiſe than charitably. 'Tis nature hath faſhioned ſome for ambition and dominion, as it hath formed others for obedience and gentle ſubmiſſion. The leopard follows his nature as the lamb does, and acts after leopard-law: ſhe can neither help her beauty, nor her courage, nor her cruelty; nor a ſingle ſpot on her ſhining coat; nor the conquering ſpirit which impels her, nor the ſhot which brings her down.

During that well-founded panick the Whigs had, leſt the Queen ſhould forſake their Hanoverian Prince, bound by oaths and treaties as ſhe was to him, and recal her brother, who was allied to her by yet ſtronger ties of nature and duty; the Prince of Savoy, and the boldeſt of

that party of the Whigs, were for bringing the young Duke of Cambridge over, in ſpite of the Queen and the outcry of her Tory ſervants, arguing that the Electoral Prince, a Peer and Prince of the Blood Royal of this Realm too, and in the line of ſucceſſion to the crown, had a right to ſit in the Parliament whereof he was a member, and to dwell in the country which he one day was to govern. Nothing but the ſtrongeſt ill-will expreſſed by the Queen, and the people about her, and menaces of the Royal reſentment, ſhould this ſcheme be perſiſted in, prevented it from being carried into effect.

The boldeſt on our ſide were, in like manner, for having our Prince into the country. The unhoubted inheritor of the right divine; the feelings of more than half the nation, of almoſt all the clergy, of the gentry of England and Scotland with him; entirely innocent of the crime for which his father ſuffered—brave, young, handſome, unfortunate—who in England would dare to moleſt the Prince ſhould he come among us, and fling himſelf upon Britiſh generoſity, hoſpitality and honour? An invader with an army of Frenchmen behind him, Engliſhmen of

ſpirit would reſiſt to the death, and drive back to the ſhores whence he came; but a Prince, alone, armed with his right only, and relying on the loyalty of his people was ſure, many of his friends argued, of welcome, at leaſt of ſafety, among us. The hand of his ſiſter the Queen, of the people his ſubjects, never could be raiſed to do him a wrong. But the Queen was timid by nature, and the ſucceſſive miniſters ſhe had, had private cauſes for their irreſolution. The bolder and honeſter men, who had at heart the illuſtrious young exile's cauſe, had no ſcheme of intereſt of their own to prevent them from ſeeing the right done, and, provided only he came as an Engliſhman, were ready to venture their all to welcome and defend him.

St. John and Harley both had kind words in plenty for the Prince's adherents, and gave him endleſs promiſes of future ſupport: but hints and promiſes were all they could be got to give; and ſome of his friends were for meaſures much bolder, more efficacious, and more open. With a party of theſe, ſome of whom are yet alive, and ſome whoſe names Mr. Eſmond has no right to mention, he found himſelf engaged

the year after that miſerable death of Duke Hamilton, which deprived the Prince of his moſt courageous ally in this country. Dean Atterbury was one of the friends whom Eſmond may mention, as the brave biſhop is now beyond exile and perſecution, and to him, and one or two more, the Colonel opened himſelf of a ſcheme of his own, that, backed by a little reſolution on the Prince's part, could not fail of bringing about the accompliſhment of their deareſt wiſhes.

My young Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood had not come to England to keep his majority, and had now been abſent from the country for ſeveral years. The year when his ſiſter was to be married and Duke Hamilton died, my lord was kept at Bruxelles by his wife's lying-in. The gentle Clotilda could not bear her huſband out of her ſight; perhaps ſhe miſtruſted the young ſcapegrace ſhould he ever get looſe from her leading-ſtrings; and ſhe kept him by her ſide to nurſe the baby and adminiſter poſſet to the goſſips. Many a laugh poor Beatrix had had about Frank's uxorioufneſs: his mother would have gone to Clotilda when her time was coming, but that the mother-in-law was already in

poſſeſſion, and the negotiations for poor Beatrix's marriage were begun. A few months after the horrid cataſtrophe in Hyde Park, my miſtreſs and her daughter retired to Caſtlewood, where my lord, it was expected, would ſoon join them. But to ſay truth, their quiet houſehold was little to his taſte: he could be got to come to Walcote but once after his firſt campaign; and then the young rogue ſpent more than half his time in London, not appearing at Court or in publick under his own name and title, but frequenting plays, bagnios, and the very worſt company, under the name of Captain Eſmond (whereby his innocent kinſman got more than once into trouble); and ſo under various pretexts, and in purſuit of all ſorts of pleaſures, untill he plunged into the lawful one of marriage, Frank Caſtlewood had remained away from this country, and was unknown, ſave amongſt the gentlemen of the army, with whom he had ſerved abroad. The fond heart of his mother was pained by this long abſence. 'Twas all that Henry Eſmond could do to ſoothe her natural mortification, and find excuſes for his kinſman's levity.

In the autumn of the year 1713, Lord Caſtle-

wood thought of returning home. His firſt child had been a daughter; Clotilda was in the way of gratifying his lordſhip with a ſecond, and the pious youth thought that by bringing his wife to his anceſtral home, by prayers to St. Philip of Caſtlewood, and what not, Heaven might be induced to bleſs him with a ſon this time, for whoſe coming the expectant mamma was very anxious.

The long-debated peace had been proclaimed this year at the end of March; and France was open to us. Juſt as Frank's poor mother had made all things ready for Lord Caſtlewood's reception, and was eagerly expecting her ſon, it was by Colonel Eſmond's means that the kind lady was diſappointed of her longing, and obliged to defer once more the darling hope of her heart.

Eſmond took horſes to Caſtlewood. He had not ſeen its antient grey towers and well-remembered woods for nearly fourteen years, and ſince he rode thence with my lord, to whom his miſtreſs with her young children by her ſide waved an adieu. What ages ſeemed to have paſſed ſince then, what years of action and paſſion, of care, love, hope, diſaſter! The

children were grown up now and had ſtories of their own. As for Eſmond, he felt to be a hundred years old; his dear miſtreſs only ſeemed unchanged; ſhe looked and welcomed him quite as of old. There was the fountain in the court babbling its familiar muſick, the old hall and its furniture, the carved chair my late lord uſed, the very flagon he drank from. Eſmond's miſtreſs knew he would like to ſleep in the little room he uſed to occupy; 'twas made ready for him, and wall-flowers and ſweet herbs ſet in the adjoining chamber, the chaplain's room.

In tears of not unmanly emotion, with prayers of ſubmiſſion to the awful Diſpenſer of death and life, of good and evil fortune, Mr. Eſmond paſſed a part of that firſt night at Caſtlewood, lying awake for many hours as the clock kept tolling (in tones ſo well remembered), looking back, as all men will, that reviſit their home of childhood, over the great gulf of time, and ſurveying himſelf on the diſtant bank yonder, a ſad little melancholy boy, with his lord ſtill alive, —his dear miſtreſs, a girl yet, her children ſporting around her. Years ago, a boy on that very bed, when ſhe had bleſſed him and called him her

knight, he had made a vow to be faithful and never deſert her dear ſervice. Had he kept that fond boyiſh promiſe? Yes, before Heaven; yes, praiſe be to God! His life had been hers; his blood, his fortune, his name, his whole heart ever ſince had been hers and her children's. All night long he was dreaming his boyhood over again, and waking fitfully; he half fancied he heard Father Holt calling to him from the next chamber, and that he was coming in and out from the myſterious window.

Eſmond roſe up before the dawn, paſſed into the next room, where the air was heavy with the odour of the wall-flowers; looked into the brazier where the papers had been burnt, into the old preſſes where Holt's books and papers had been kept, and tried the ſpring, and whether the window worked ſtill. The ſpring had not been touched for years, but yielded at length, and the whole fabrick of the window ſank down. He lifted it and it relapſed into its frame; no one had ever paſſed thence ſince Holt uſed it ſixteen years ago.

Eſmond remembered his poor lord ſaying, on the laſt day of his life, that Holt uſed to come

in and out of the houſe like a ghoſt, and knew that the Father liked theſe myſteries, and practiſed ſuch ſecret diſguiſes, entrances, and exits: this was the way the ghoſt came and went his pupil had always conjectured. Eſmond cloſed the caſement up again as the dawn was riſing over Caſtlewood village; he could hear the clinking at the blackſmith's forge yonder among the trees, acroſs the green, and paſt the river, on which a miſt ſtill lay ſleeping.

Next Eſmond opened that long cupboard over the woodwork of the mantelpiece, big enough to hold a man, and in which Mr. Holt uſed to keep ſundry ſecret properties of his. The two ſwords he remembered ſo well, as a boy, lay actually there ſtill, and Eſmond took them out and wiped them, with a ſtrange curioſity of emotion. There were a bundle of papers here, too, which no doubt had been left at Holt's laſt viſit to the place, in my Lord Viſcount's life, that very day when the prieſt had been arreſted and taken to Hexham Caſtle. Eſmond made free with theſe papers, and found treaſonable matter of King William's reign, the names of Charnock and Perkins, Sir John Fenwick and Sir John

Friend, Rookwood and Lodwick, Lords Montgomery, and Aileſbury, Clarendon, and Yarmouth, that had all been engaged in plots againſt the uſurper; a letter from the Duke of Berwick too, and one from the King at St. Germains, offering to confer upon his truſty and well-beloved Francis Viſcount Caſtlewood the titles of Earl and Marquis of Eſmond, beſtowed by patent royal, and in the fourth year of his reign, upon Thomas Viſcount Caſtlewood and the heirs male of his body, in default of which iſſue, the ranks and dignities were to paſs to Francis aforeſaid.

This was the paper, whereof my lord had ſpoken, which Holt ſhowed him the very day he was arreſted, and for an anſwer to which he would come back in a week's time. I put theſe papers haſtily into the crypt, whence I had taken them, being interrupted by a tapping of a light finger at the ring of the chamber-door: 'twas my kind miſtreſs, with her face full of love and welcome. She, too, had paſſed the night wakefully, no doubt; but neither aſked the other how the hours had been ſpent. There are things we divine without ſpeaking, and know

though they happen out of our ſight. This fond lady hath told me that ſhe knew both days when I was wounded abroad. Who ſhall ſay how far ſympathy reaches, and how truly love can propheſy? "I looked into your room," was all ſhe ſaid; "the bed was vacant, the little old bed! I knew I ſhould find you here." And tender and bluſhing faintly with a benediction in her eyes, the gentle creature kiſſed him.

They walked out, hand-in-hand through the old court, and to the terrace-walk, where the graſs was gliſtening with dew, and the birds in the green woods above were ſinging their delicious choruſes under the bluſhing morning ſky. How well all things were remembered! The antient towers and gables of the hall darkling againſt the eaſt, the purple ſhadows on the green ſlopes, the quaint devices and carvings of the dial, the foreſt-crowned heights, the fair yellow plain cheerful with crops and corn, the ſhining river rolling through it towards the pearly hills beyond; all theſe were before us, along with a thouſand beautiful memories of our youth, beautiful and ſad, but as real and vivid in our minds as that fair and always-remembered

ſcene our eyes beheld once more. We forget nothing. The memory ſleeps, but wakens again; I often think how it ſhall be, when, after the laſt ſleep of death, the *reveillée* ſhall arouſe us for ever, and the paſt in one flaſh of ſelf-conſciousneſs ruſh back, like the ſoul, revivified.

The houſe would not be up for ſome hours yet (it was July, and the dawn was only juſt awake), and here Eſmond opened himſelf to his miſtreſs, of the buſineſs he had in hand, and what part Frank was to play in it. He knew he could confide anything to her, and that the fond ſoul would die rather than reveal it; and bidding her keep the ſecret from all, he laid it entirely before his miſtreſs (always as ſtaunch a little loyaliſt as any in the kingdom), and indeed was quite ſure that any plan of his was ſecure of her applauſe and ſympathy. Never was ſuch a glorious ſcheme to her partial mind, never ſuch a devoted knight to execute it. An hour or two may have paſſed whilſt they were having their colloquy. Beatrix came out to them juſt as their talk was over; her tall beautiful form robed in ſable (which ſhe wore without oſtentation ever ſince laſt year's cataſtrophe) ſweeping over the

green terrace, and caſting its ſhadows before her acroſs the graſs.

She made us one of her grand curtſies ſmiling, and called us "the young people." She was older, paler, and more majeſtick than in the year before; her mother ſeemed the youngeſt of the two. She never once ſpoke of her grief, Lady Caſtlewood told Eſmond, or alluded, ſave by a quiet word or two, to the death of her hopes.

When Beatrix came back to Caſtlewood ſhe took to viſiting all the cottages and all the ſick. She ſet up a ſchool of children, and taught ſinging to ſome of them. We had a pair of beautiful old organs in Caſtlewood Church, on which ſhe played admirably, ſo that the muſick there became to be known in the country for many miles round, and no doubt people came to ſee the fair organiſt as well as to hear her. Parſon Tuſher and his wife were eſtabliſhed at the vicarage, but his wife had brought him no children wherewith Tom might meet his enemies at the gate. Honeſt Tom took care not to have many ſuch, his great ſhovel-hat was in his hand for everybody. He was profuſe of bows and

compliments. He behaved to Eſmond as if the Colonel had been a Commander-in-Chief; he dined at the hall that day, being Sunday, and would not partake of pudding except under extreme preſſure. He deplored my lord's perverſion, but drank his lordſhip's health very devoutly; and an hour before at church ſent the Colonel to ſleep, with a long, learned, and refreſhing ſermon.

Eſmond's viſit home was but for two days; the buſineſs he had in hand calling him away and out of the country. Ere he went, he ſaw Beatrix but once alone, and then ſhe ſummoned him out of the long tapeſtry room, where he and his miſtreſs were ſitting, quite as in old times, into the adjoining chamber, that had been Viſcounteſs Iſabel's ſleeping apartment, and where Eſmond perfectly well remembered ſeeing the old lady ſitting up in the bed, in her night-rail, that morning when the troop of guard came to fetch her. The moſt beautiful woman in England lay in that bed now, whereof the great damaſk hangings were ſcarce faded ſince Eſmond ſaw them laſt.

Here ſtood Beatrix in her black robes, holding

a box in her hand; 'twas that which Eſmond had given her before her marriage, ſtamped with a coronet which the diſappointed girl was never to wear; and containing his aunt's legacy of diamonds.

"You had beſt take theſe with you, Harry," ſays ſhe; "I have no need of diamonds any more." There was not the leaſt token of emotion in her quiet low voice. She held out the black ſhagreen-caſe with her fair arm, that did not ſhake in the leaſt. Eſmond ſaw ſhe wore a black velvet bracelet on it, with my Lord Duke's picture in enamel; he had given it her but three days before he fell.

Eſmond ſaid the ſtones were his no longer, and ſtrove to turn off that proffered reſtoration with a laugh: "Of what good," ſays he, "are they to me? The diamond loop to his hat did not ſet off Prince Eugene, and will not make my yellow face look any handſomer."

"You will give them to your wife, couſin," ſays ſhe. "My couſin, your wife has a lovely complexion and ſhape."

"Beatrix," Eſmond burſt out, the old fire flaming out as it would at times, "will you wear

thoſe trinkets at your marriage? You whiſpered once you did not know me: you know me better now: how I fought, what I have ſighed for, for ten years, what forgone."

"A price for your conſtancy, my lord!" ſays ſhe; "ſuch a preux chevalier, wants to be paid. O, fie, couſin."

"Again," Eſmond ſpoke out, "if I do ſomething you have at heart; ſomething worthy of me and you; ſomething that ſhall make me a name with which to endow you; will you take it? There was a chance for me once you ſaid, is it impoſſible to recal it? Never ſhake your head, but hear me: ſay you will hear me a year hence. If I come back to you and bring you fame, will that pleaſe you? If I do what you deſire moſt —what he who is dead deſired moſt,—will that ſoften you?"

"What is it, Henry," ſays ſhe, her face lighting up; "what mean you?"

"Aſk no queſtions," he ſaid, "wait, and give me but time; if I bring back that you long for, that I have a thouſand times heard you pray for, will you have no reward for him who has done you that ſervice? Put away thoſe trinkets, keep

them: it ſhall not be at my marriage, it ſhall not be at yours, but if man can do it, I ſwear a day ſhall come when there ſhall be a feaſt in your houſe, and you ſhall be proud to wear them. I ſay no more now; put aſide theſe words, and lock away yonder box until the day when I ſhall remind you of both. All I pray of you now is, to wait and to remember."

"You are going out of the country?" ſays Beatrix, in ſome agitation.

"Yes, to-morrow," ſays Eſmond.

"To Lorraine, couſin?" ſays Beatrix, laying her hand on his arm, 'twas the hand on which ſhe wore the Duke's bracelet. "Stay, Harry!" continued ſhe, with a tone that had more deſpondency in it than ſhe was accuſtomed to ſhow. "Hear a laſt word. I do love you. I do admire you,—who would not, that has known ſuch love as yours has been for us all? But I think I have no heart; at leaſt, I have never ſeen the man that could touch it; and had I found him, I would have followed him in rags, had he been a private ſoldier, or to ſea, like one of thoſe buccaneers you uſed to read to us about when we were children. I would do anything for ſuch a

man, bear anything for him: but I never found one. You were ever too much of a ſlave to win my heart, even my Lord Duke could not command it. I had not been happy had I married him. I knew that three months after our engagement—and was too vain to break it. O Harry! I cried once or twice, not for him, but with tears of rage becauſe I could not be ſorry for him. I was frightened to find I was glad of his death; and were I joined to you, I ſhould have the ſame ſenſe of ſervitude, the ſame longing to eſcape. We ſhould both be unhappy, and you the moſt, who are as jealous as the Duke was himſelf. I tried to love him; I tried, indeed I did: affected gladneſs when he came: ſubmitted to hear when he was by me, and tried the wife's part I thought I was to play for the reſt of my days. But half an hour of that complaiſance wearied me, and what would a lifetime be? My thoughts were away when he was ſpeaking; and I was thinking, O that this man would drop my hand, and riſe up from before my feet. I knew his great and noble qualities, greater and nobler than mine a thouſand times, as yours are couſin, I tell you, a million and a million times better.

But 'twas not for theſe I took him. I took him to have a great place in the world, and I loſt it, —I loſt it and do not deplore him,—and I often thought as I liſtened to his fond vows and ardent words, O if I yield to this man, and meet *the other*, I ſhall hate him and leave him. I am not good, Harry: my mother is gentle and good like an angel. I wonder how ſhe ſhould have had ſuch a child. She is weak, but ſhe would die rather than do a wrong; I am ſtronger than ſhe, but I would do it out of defiance. I do not care for what the parſons tell me with their droning ſermons; I uſed to ſee them at Court as mean and as worthleſs as the meaneſt woman there. O, I am ſick and weary of the world! I wait but for one thing, and when 'tis done, I will take Frank's religion and your poor mother's, and go into a nunnery, and end like her. Shall I wear the diamonds then?—they ſay the nuns wear their beſt trinkets the day they take the veil. I will put them away as you bid me; farewell, couſin, mamma is pacing the next room, racking her little head to know what we have been ſaying. She is jealous, all women are. I ſometimes think that is the only womanly quality I have."

"Farewell. Farewell, brother." She gave him her cheek as a brotherly privilege. The cheek was as cold as marble.

Eſmond's miſtreſs ſhowed no ſigns of jealouſy when he returned to the room where ſhe was. She had ſchooled herſelf ſo as to look quite inſcrutably, when ſhe had a mind. Amongſt her other feminine qualities ſhe had that of being a perfect diſſembler.

He rid away from Caſtlewood to attempt the taſk he was bound on, and ſtand or fall by it; in truth his ſtate of mind was ſuch, that he was eager for ſome outward excitement to counteract that gnawing malady which he was inwardly enduring.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I TRAVEL TO FRANCE, AND BRING HOME A PORTRAIT OF RIGAUD.

MR. ESMOND did not think fit to take leave at Court; or to inform all the world of Pall Mall and the coffee-houſes, that he was about to quit England; and choſe to depart in the moſt private manner poſſible. He procured a paſs as for a Frenchman, through Dr. Atterbury, who did that buſineſs for him, getting the ſignature even from Lord Bolingbroke's office, without any perſonal application to the Secretary. Lockwood, his faithful ſervant, he took with him to Caſtlewood, and left behind there: giving out ere he left London that he himſelf was ſick, and gone to Hampſhire for country air, and ſo departed as ſilently as might be upon his buſineſs.

As Frank Caſtlewood's aid was indiſpenſable

for Mr. Eſmond's ſcheme, his firſt viſit was to Bruxelles, (paſſing by way of Antwerp, where the Duke of Marlborough was in exile,) and in the firſt-named place, Harry found his dear young Benedick, the married man, who appeared to be rather out of humour with his matrimonial chain, and clogged with the obſtinate embraces which Clotilda kept round his neck. Colonel Eſmond was not preſented to her; but Monſieur Simon was, a gentleman of the Royal Cravat, (Eſmond bethought him of the regiment of his honeſt Iriſhman, whom he had ſeen that day after Malplaquet, when he firſt ſet eyes on the young King;) and Monſieur Simon was introduced to the Viſcounteſs Caſtlewood, née Compteſſe Wertheim; to the numerous counts, the Lady Clotilda's tall brothers; to her father the chamberlain; and to the lady his wife, Frank's mother-in-law, a tall and majeſtick perſon of large proportions, ſuch as became the mother of ſuch a company of grenadiers, as her warlike ſons formed. The whole race were at free quarters, in the little caſtle nigh to Bruxelles which Frank had taken; rode his horſes; drank his wine; and lived eaſily at the poor lad's charges.

Mr. Eſmond had always maintained a perfect fluency in the French, which was his mother tongue; and if this family (that ſpoke French with the twang which the Flemings uſe) diſcovered any inaccuracy in Mr. Simon's pronunciation, 'twas to be attributed to the latter's long reſidence in England, where he had married and remained ever ſince he was taken priſoner at Blenheim. His ſtory was perfectly pat; there were none there to doubt it, ſave honeſt Frank, and he was charmed with his kinſman's ſcheme, when he became acquainted with it; and, in truth, always admired Colonel Eſmond with an affectionate fidelity, and thought his couſin the wiſeſt and beſt of all couſins and men. Frank entered heart and ſoul into the plan, and liked it the better as it was to take him to Paris, out of reach of his brothers, his father, and his mother-in-law, whoſe attentions rather fatigued him.

Caſtlewood, I have ſaid, was born in the ſame year as the Prince of Wales; had not a little of the Prince's air, height, and figure; and, eſpecially ſince he had ſeen the Chevalier de St. Georges on the occaſion before-named, took no ſmall pride in his reſemblance to a perſon ſo

illuſtrious: which likeneſs he increaſed by all the means in his power, wearing fair brown perriwigs, ſuch as the Prince wore, and ribbands and ſo forth of the Chevalier's colour.

This reſemblance was, in truth, the circumſtance on which Mr. Eſmond's ſcheme was founded; and having ſecured Frank's ſecrecy and enthuſiaſm, he left him to continue his journey, and ſee the other perſonages on whom its ſucceſs depended. The place whither Mr. Simon next travelled was Bar, in Lorraine, where that merchant arrived with a conſignment of broadcloths, valuable laces from Malines, and letters for his correſpondent there.

Would you know how a prince, heroick from misfortunes, and deſcended from a line of kings, whoſe race ſeemed to be doomed like the Atridæ of old;—would you know how he was employed, when the envoy who came to him through danger and difficulty beheld him for the firſt time? The young king, in a flannel jacket, was at Tennis with the gentlemen of his ſuite, crying out after the balls, and ſwearing like the meaneſt of his ſubjects. The next time Mr. Eſmond ſaw him, 'twas when Monſieur. Simon took a packet of

laces to Miſs Oglethorpe; the Prince's ante-chamber in thoſe days, at which ignoble door men were forced to knock for admiſſion to his Majeſty. The admiſſion was given, the envoy found the King and the miſtreſs together; the pair were at cards, and his Majeſty was in liquor. He cared more for three honours than three Kingdoms; and a half-dozen glaſſes of ratafia made him forget all his woes and his loſſes, his father's crown, and his grandfather's head.

Mr. Eſmond did not open himſelf to the Prince then. His Majeſty was ſcarce in a condition to hear him; and he doubted whether a King who drank ſo much could keep a ſecret in his fuddled head; or whether a hand that ſhook ſo, was ſtrong enough to graſp at a crown. However at laſt, and after taking counſel with the Prince's adviſers, amongſt whom were many gentlemen honeſt and faithful, Eſmond's plan was laid before the King, and her actual Majeſty Queen Oglethorpe, in council. The Prince liked the ſcheme well enough; 'twas eaſy and daring, and ſuited to his reckleſs gaiety and lively youthful ſpirit. In the morning after he had

ſlept his wine off, he was very gay, lively, and agreeable. His manner had an extreme charm of archneſs, and a kind ſimplicity; and to do her juſtice, her Oglethorpean Majeſty was kind, acute, reſolute, and of good counſel; ſhe gave the Prince much good advice, that he was too weak to follow; and loved him with a fidelity, which he returned with an ingratitude quite Royal.

Having his own forebodings, regarding his ſcheme ſhould it ever be fulfilled, and his uſual ſkeptick doubts as to the benefit which might accrue to the country by bringing a tipſy young monarch back to it, Colonel Eſmond had his audience of leave and quiet. Monſieur Simon took his departure. At any rate the youth at Bar was as good as the older Pretender at Hanover; if the worſt came to the worſt, the Engliſhman could be dealt with as eaſy as the German. Monſieur Simon trotted on that long journey from Nancy to Paris, and ſaw that famous town, ſtealthily and like a ſpy, as in truth he was; and where, ſure, more magnificence and more miſery is heaped together, more rags and lace, more filth and gilding, than in any city in this world. Here he was put in communication

with the King's beſt friend, his half brother, the famous Duke of Berwick; Eſmond recogniſed him as the ſtranger who had viſited Caſtlewood now near twenty years ago. His Grace opened to him when he found that Mr. Eſmond was one of Webb's brave regiment, that had once been his Grace's own. He was the ſword and buckler indeed of the Stuart cauſe: there was no ſtain on his ſhield, except the bar acroſs it, which Marlborough's ſiſter left him. Had Berwick been his father's heir, James the Third had aſſuredly ſat on the Engliſh throne. He could dare, endure, ſtrike, ſpeak, be ſilent. The fire and genius, perhaps, he had not (that were given to baſer men), but except theſe, he had ſome of the beſt qualities of a leader. His Grace knew Eſmond's father and hiſtory; and hinted at the latter in ſuch a way as made the Colonel to think he was aware of the particulars of that ſtory. But Eſmond did not chooſe to enter on it, nor did the Duke preſs him. Mr. Eſmond said, "No doubt he ſhould come by his name, if ever greater people came by theirs."

What confirmed Eſmond in his notion that the Duke of Berwick knew of his caſe was, that

when the Colonel went to pay his duty at St. Germains, her Majeſty once addreſſed him by the title of Marquis. He took the Queen the dutiful remembrances of her goddaughter, and the lady whom, in the days of her proſperity, her Majeſty had befriended. The Queen remembered Rachel Eſmond perfectly well, had heard of my Lord Caſtlewood's converſion, and was much edified by that act of Heaven in his favour. She knew that others of that family had been of the only true church too: "Your father and your mother, Monſieur le Marquis," her Majeſty ſaid (that was the only time ſhe uſed the phraſe). Monſieur Simon bowed very low, and ſaid he had found other parents than his own who had taught him differently; but theſe had only one king: on which her Majeſty was pleaſed to give him a medal bleſſed by the Pope, which had been found very efficacious in caſes ſimilar to his own, and to promiſe ſhe would offer up prayers for his converſion and that of the family: which no doubt this pious lady did, though up to the preſent moment, and after twenty-ſeven years, Colonel Eſmond is bound to ſay that neither the medal nor the prayers have had

the ſlighteſt known effect upon his religious convictions.

As for the ſplendour of Verſailles, Monſieur Simon, the merchant, only beheld them as a humble and diſtant ſpectator, ſeeing the old King but once, when he went to feed his carps; and aſking for no preſentation at his Majeſty's Court.

By this time my Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood was got to Paris, where, as the London prints preſently announced, her ladyſhip was brought to bed of a ſon and heir. For a long while afterwards ſhe was in a delicate ſtate of health, and ordered by the phyſicians not to travel; otherwiſe 'twas well known that the Viſcount Caſtlewood propoſed returning to England, and taking up his reſidence at his own ſeat.

Whilſt he remained at Paris, my Lord Caſtlewood had his picture done by the famous French painter Monſieur Rigaud, a preſent for his mother in London; and this piece Monſieur Simon took back with him when he returned to that city, which he reached about May, in the year 1714, very ſoon after which time my Lady Caſtlewood and her daughter, and their kinſman,

Colonel Eſmond, who had been at Caſtlewood all this time, likewiſe returned to London; her ladyſhip occupying her houſe at Kenſingon, Mr. Eſmond returning to his lodgings at Knightſbridge, nearer the town, and once more making his appearance at all publick places, his health greatly improved by his long ſtay in the country.

The portrait of my lord, in a handſome gilt frame, was hung up in the place of honour in her ladyſhip's drawing-room. His lordſhip was repreſented in his ſcarlet uniform of Captain of the Guard, with a light-brown perriwig, a cuiraſs under his coat, a blue ribbon, and a fall of Bruxelle's lace. Many of her ladyſhip's friends admired the piece beyond meaſure, and flocked to ſee it; Biſhop Atterbury, Mr. Leſly, good old Mr. Collier, and others amongſt the clergy were delighted with the performance, and many among the firſt quality examined and praiſed it; only I muſt own that Doctor Tuſher happening to come up to London, and ſeeing the picture, (it was ordinarily covered by a curtain, but on this day, Miſs Beatrix happened to be looking at it when the Doctor arrived,) the Vicar of Caſtlewood vowed he could not ſee any reſemblance in the

piece to his old pupil, except, perhaps, a little about the chin and the perriwig; but we all of us convinced him, that he had not ſeen Frank for five years or more; that he knew no more about the Fine Arts than a plough-boy, and that he muſt be miſtaken; and we ſent him home aſſured that the piece was an excellent likeneſs. As for my Lord Bolingbroke, who honoured her ladyſhip with a viſit occaſionally, when Colonel Eſmond ſhowed him the picture, he burſt out laughing, and aſked what devilry he was engaged on? Eſmond owned ſimply that the portrait was not that of Viſcount Caſtlewood, beſought the Secretary on his honour to keep the ſecret, ſaid that the ladies of the houſe were enthuſiaſtick Jacobites, as was well known; and confeſſed that the picture was that of the Chevalier St. George.

The truth is, that Mr. Simon, waiting upon Lord Caſtlewood one day at Monſieur Rigaud's, whilſt his lordſhip was ſitting for his picture, affected to be much ſtruck with a piece repreſenting the Chevalier, whereof the head only was finiſhed, and purchaſed it of the painter for a hundred crowns. It had been intended, the artiſt ſaid, for Miſs Oglethorpe, the Prince's miſtreſs, but

that young lady quitting Paris, had left the work on the artiſt's hands; and taking this piece home, when my lord's portrait arrived, Colonel Eſmond, alias Monſieur Simon, had copied the uniform and other acceſſories from my lord's picture to fill up Rigaud's incomplete canvaſs: the Colonel all his life having been a practitioner of painting, and eſpecially followed it during his long reſidence in the cities of Flanders, among the maſter-pieces of Vandyck and Rubens. My grandſon hath the piece, ſuch as it is, in Virginia now.

At the commencement of the month of June, Miſs Beatrix Eſmond, and my Lady Viſcounteſs, her mother, arrived from Caſtlewood; the former to reſume her ſervice at Court, which had been interrupted by the fatal cataſtrophe of Duke Hamilton's death. She once more took her place then in her Majeſty's ſuite, and at the maids' table, being always a favourite with Mrs. Maſham, the Queen's chief woman, partly, perhaps, on account of her bitterneſs againſt the Ducheſs of Marlborough, whom Miſs Beatrix loved no better than her rival did. The gentlemen about the Court, my Lord Bolingbroke amongſt others, owned that the young lady had come back

handſomer than ever, and that the ſerious and tragick air, which her face now involuntarily wore, became her better than her former ſmiles and archneſs.

All the old domeſticks at the little houſe of Kenſington-Square, were changed; the old ſteward that had ſerved the family any time theſe five and twenty years, ſince the birth of the children of the houſe, was deſpatched into the kingdom of Ireland to ſee my lord's eſtate there: the houſekeeper, who had been my lady's woman time out of mind, and the attendant of the young children, was ſent away grumbling to Walcote, to ſee to the new painting and preparing of that houſe, which my Lady Dowager intended to occupy for the future, giving up Caſtlewood to her daughter-in-law, that might be expected daily from France. Another ſervant the viſcounteſs had was diſmiſſed too—with a gratuity—on the pretext that her ladyſhip's train of domeſticks muſt be diminiſhed; ſo finally, there was not left in the houſehold a ſingle perſon who had belonged to it during the time my young Lord Caſtlewood was yet at home.

For the plan which Colonel Eſmond had in view, and the ſtroke he intended, 'twas neceſſary that the very ſmalleſt number of perſons ſhould be put in poſſeſſion of his ſecret. It ſcarce was known, except to three or four out of his family, and it was kept to a wonder.

On the 10th of June, 1714, there came by Mr. Prior's meſſenger from Paris, a letter from my Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood to his mother, ſaying that he had been fooliſh in regard of money matters, that he was aſhamed to own he had loſt at play, and by other extravagancies; and that inſtead of having great entertainments as he had hoped at Caſtlewood this year, he muſt live as quiet as he could, and make every effort to be ſaving. So far every word of poor Frank's letter was true, nor was there a doubt that he and his tall brother-in-law had ſpent a great deal more than they ought, and engaged the revenues of the Caſtlewood property, which the fond mother had huſbanded and improved ſo carefully during the time of her guardianſhip.

His "Clotilda," Caſtlewood went on to ſay, "was ſtill delicate, and the phyſicians thought her lying-in had beſt take place at Paris. He

ſhould come without her ladyſhip, and be at his mother's houſe, about the 17th or 18th day of June, propoſing to take horſe from Paris immediately, and bringing but a ſingle ſervant with him; and he requeſted that the lawyers of Gray's Inn might be invited to meet him with their account, and the land-ſteward come from Caſtewood with his, ſo that he might ſettle with them ſpeedily, raiſe a ſum of money whereof he ſtood in need, and be back to his viſcounteſs by the time of her lying-in." Then his lordſhip gave ſome of the news of the town, ſent his remembrance to kinsfolk, and ſo the letter ended. 'Twas put in the common poſt, and no doubt the French police and the Engliſh there had a copy of it, to which they were exceeding welcome.

Two days after another letter was deſpatched by the publick poſt of France, in the ſame open way, and this, after giving news of the faſhion at Court there, ended by the following ſentences, in which but for thoſe that had the key, 'twould be difficult for any man to find any ſecret lurked at all:

" (The King will take) medicine on Thurſday,

His Majeſty is better than he hath been of late, though incommoded by indigeſtion from his too great appetite. Madame Maintenon continues well. They have performed a play of Mons. Racine at St. Cyr. The Duke of Shrewſbury and Mr. Prior our envoy, and all the Engliſh nobility here were preſent at it. (The Viſcount Caſtlewood's paſſports) were refuſed to him, 'twas ſaid; his lordſhip being ſued by a gold-ſmith, for *Vaiſſelle plate*, and a pearl necklace ſupplied to Mademoiſelle Meruel of the French Comedy. 'Tis a pity ſuch news ſhould get abroad (and travel to England) about our young nobility here. Mademoiſelle Meruel has been ſent to the Fort l'Eveſque; they ſay ſhe has ordered not only plate, but furniture, and a chariot and horſes (under that lord's name,) of which extravagance his unfortunate Viſcounteſs knows nothing.

"(His Majeſty will be) eighty-two years of age on his next birthday. The Court prepares to celebrate it with a great feſte. Mr. Prior is in a ſad way about their refuſing at home to ſend him his plate. All here admired my Lord Viſcount's portrait, and ſaid it was a maſter-piece

of Rigaud. Have you ſeen it? It is (at the Lady Caſtlewood's houſe in Kenſington Square), I think no Engliſh painter could produce ſuch a piece.

"Our poor friend the Abbé hath been at the Baſtile, but is now tranſported to the Conciergerie (where his friends may viſit him. They are to aſk for) a remiſſion of his ſentence ſoon. Let us hope the poor rogue will have repented in priſon.

"(The Lord Caſtlewood) has had the affair of the plate made up, and departs for England.

"Is not this a dull letter? I have a curſed headache with drinking with Mat and ſome more over night, and tipſy or ſober am

"Thine ever ——."

All this letter, ſave ſome dozen of words which I have put above between brackets, was mere idle talk, though the ſubſtance of the letter was as important as any letter well could be. It told thoſe that had the key, that *the King will take the Viſcount Caſtlewood's paſſports and travel to England under that lord's name. His Majeſty will be at the Lady Caſtlewood's houſe in Ken-*

*ſington Square, where his friends may viſit him; they are to aſk for the Lord Caſtlewood.* This note may have paſſed under Mr. Prior's eyes, and thoſe of our new allies the French, and taught them nothing; 'though it explains ſufficiently to perſons in London what the event was which was about to happen, as 'twill ſhow thoſe who read my memoirs a hundred years hence, what was that errand on which Colonel Eſmond of late had been buſy. Silently and ſwiftly to do that about which others were conſpiring, and thouſands of Jacobites all over the country, clumſily caballing; alone to effect that which the leaders here were only talking about; to bring the Prince of Wales into the country openly in the face of all, under Bolingbroke's very eyes, the walls placarded with the proclamation ſigned with the Secretary's name, and offering five hundred pounds reward for his apprehenſion: this was a ſtroke, the playing and winning of which might well give any adventurous ſpirit pleaſure: the loſs of the ſtake might involve a heavy penalty, but all our family were eager to riſk that for the glorious chance of winning the game.

Nor ſhould it be called a game, ſave perhaps with the chief player, who was not more or leſs ſkeptical than moſt publick men with whom he had acquaintance in that age. (Is there ever a publick man in England that altogether believes in his party? Is there one, however doubtful, that will not fight for it?) Young Frank was ready to fight without much thinking, he was a Jacobite as his father before him was; all the Eſmonds were royaliſts. Give him but the word, he would cry "God ſave King James," before the palace guard, or at the May-pole in the Strand; and with reſpect to the women, as is uſual with them, 'twas not a queſtion of party but of faith; their belief was a paſſion; either Eſmond's miſtreſs or her daughter would have died for it cheerfully. I have laughed often, talking of King William's reign, and ſaid I thought Lady Caſtlewood was diſappointed the King did not perſecute the family more; and thoſe who know the nature of women, may fancy for themſelves, what needs not here be written down, the rapture with which theſe neophytes received the myſtery when made known to them, the eagerneſs with which they looked forward to

its completion; the reverence which they paid the miniſter who initiated them into that ſecret Truth, now known only to a few, but preſently to reign over the world. Sure there is no bound to the truſtingneſs of women. Look at Arria worſhipping the drunken clod-pate of a huſband who beats her; look at Cornelia treaſuring as a jewel in her maternal heart, the oaf her ſon; I have known a woman preach Jeſuits' bark, and afterwards Dr. Berkeley's tar-water, as though to ſwallow them were a divine decree, and to refuſe them no better than blaſphemy.

On his return from France Colonel Eſmond put himſelf at the head of this little knot of fond conſpirators. No death or torture he knew would frighten them out of their conſtancy. When he detailed his plan for bringing the King back, his elder miſtreſs thought that that Reſtoration was to be attributed under heaven to the Caſtlewood family and to its chief, and ſhe worſhipped and loved Eſmond, if that could be, more than ever ſhe had done. She doubted not for one moment of the ſucceſs of his ſcheme, to miſtruſt which would have ſeemed impious in her eyes. And as for Beatrix, when ſhe became

acquainted with the plan, and joined it, as ſhe did with all her heart, ſhe gave Eſmond one of her ſearching bright looks: "Ah, Harry," ſays ſhe, "why were you not the head of our houſe? You are the only one fit to raiſe it; why do you give that ſilly boy the name and the honour? But 'tis ſo in the world, thoſe get the prize that don't deſerve or care for it. I wiſh I could give you *your* ſilly prize, couſin, but I can't; I have tried and I can't." And ſhe went away, ſhaking her head mournfully, but always, it ſeemed to Eſmond, that her liking and reſpect for him was greatly increaſed, ſince ſhe knew what capability he had both to act and bear; to do and to forego.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE PORTRAIT COMES TO ENGLAND.

'TWAS announced in the family that my Lord Caſtlewood would arrive, having a confidential French gentleman in his ſuite who acted as ſecretary to his lordſhip, and who being a Papiſt, and a foreigner of a good family, though now in rather a menial place, would have his meals ſerved in his chamber, and not with the domeſticks of the houſe. The viſcounteſs gave up her bed-chamber contiguous to her daughter's, and having a large convenient cloſet attached to it, in which a bed was put up, oſtenſibly for Monſieur Baptiſte, the Frenchman; though, 'tis needleſs to ſay, when the doors of the apartment were locked, and the two gueſts retired within it, the young viſcount became the ſervant of the illuſtrious Prince whom he entertained,

and gave up gladly the more convenient and airy chamber and bed to his maſter. Madam Beatrix alſo retired to the upper region, her chamber being converted into a ſitting-room for my lord. The better to carry the deceit, Beatrix affected to grumble before the ſervants, and to be jealous that ſhe was turned out of her chamber to make way for my lord.

No ſmall preparations were made, you may be ſure, and no ſlight tremor of expectation cauſed the hearts of the gentle ladies of Caſtlewood to flutter, before the arrival of the perſonages who were about to honour their houſe. The chamber was ornamented with flowers; the bed covered with the very fineſt of linen; the two ladies inſiſting on making it themſelves, and kneeling down at the bedſide and kiſſing the ſheets out of reſpect for the web that was to hold the ſacred perſon of a King. The toilet was of ſilver and cryſtal; there was a copy of Eikon-Baſilike laid on the writing-table; a portrait of the martyred King, hung always over the mantel, having a ſword of my poor Lord Caſtlewood underneath it, and a little picture or emblem which the widow loved always to have

before her eyes on waking, and in which the hair of her lord and her two children was worked together. Her books of private devotions, as they were all of the Engliſh Church, ſhe carried away with her to the upper apartment which ſhe deſtined for herſelf. The ladies ſhowed Mr. Eſmond, when they were completed, the fond preparations they had made. 'Twas then Beatrix knelt down and kiſſed the linen ſheets. As for her mother, Lady Caſtlewood made a curtſey at the door, as ſhe would have done to the altar on entering a church, and owned that ſhe conſidered the chamber in a manner ſacred.

The company in the ſervants' hall never for a moment ſuppoſed that theſe preparations were made for any other perſon than the young viſcount, the lord of the houſe, whom his fond mother had been for ſo many years without ſeeing. Both ladies were perfect houſewives, having the greateſt ſkill in the making of confections, ſcented waters, &c., and keeping a notable ſuperintendence over the kitchen. Calves enough were killed to feed an army of prodigal ſons, Eſmond thought, and laughed when he came to wait on the ladies, on the day when the gueſts were to arrive, to find

two pairs of the fineſt and roundeſt arms to be ſeen in England (my Lady Caſtlewood was remarkable for this beauty of her perſon), covered with flour up above the elbows, and preparing paſte, and turning rolling-pins in the houſekeeper's cloſet. The gueſt would not arrive till ſupper-time, and my lord would prefer having that meal in his own chamber. You may be ſure, the brighteſt plate of the houſe was laid out there, and can underſtand why it was that the ladies inſiſted that they alone would wait upon the young chief of the family.

Taking horſe, Colonel Eſmond rode rapidly to Rocheſter, and there awaited the King in that very town where his father had laſt ſet his foot on the Engliſh ſhore. A room had been provided at an inn there for my Lord Caſtlewood and his ſervant; and Colonel Eſmond timed his ride ſo well that he had ſcarce been half an hour in the place, and was looking over the balcony into the yard of the inn, when two travellers rode in at the inn-gate, and the Colonel running down, the next moment embraced his dear young lord.

My lord's companion, acting the part of a domeſtick, diſmounted and was for holding the

viſcount's ſtirrup; but Colonel Eſmond, calling to his own man, who was in the court, bade him take the horſes and ſettle with the lad who had ridden the poſt along with the two travellers, crying out in a cavalier tone, in the French language to my lord's companion, and affecting to grumble that my lord's fellow was a Frenchman, and did not know the money or habits of the country:—"My man will ſee to the horſes, Baptiſte," ſays Colonel Eſmond: "do you underſtand Engliſh?" "Very leetle?" "So, follow my lord and wait upon him at dinner in his own room." The landlord and his people came up preſently bearing the diſhes; 'twas well they made a noiſe and ſtir in the gallery, or they might have found Colonel Eſmond on his knee before Lord Caſtlewood's ſervant, welcoming his Majeſty to his kingdom, and kiſſing the hand of the King. We told the landlord that the Frenchman would wait on his maſter; and Eſmond's man was ordered to keep ſentry in the gallery without the door. The Prince dined with a good appetite, laughing and talking very gaily, and condeſcendingly bidding his two companions to ſit with him at table. He was in

better ſpirits than poor Frank Caſtlewood, who Eſmond thought might be woe-be-gone on account of parting with his divine Clotilda; but the Prince wiſhing to take a ſhort ſieſta after dinner, and retiring to an inner chamber where there was a bed, the cauſe of poor Harry's diſcomfiture came out; and burſting into tears, with many expreſſions of fondneſs, friendſhip, and humiliation, the faithful lad gave his kinſman to underſtand that he now knew all the truth, and the ſacrifices which Colonel Eſmond had made for him.

Seeing no good in acquainting poor Frank with that ſecret, Mr. Eſmond had entreated his miſtreſs alſo not to reveal it to her ſon. The Prince had told the poor lad all as they were riding from Dover: "I had as lief he had ſhot me, couſin," Frank ſaid: "I knew you were the beſt, and the braveſt, and the kindeſt of all men (ſo the enthuſiaſtick young fellow went on) but I never thought I owed you what I do, and can ſcarce bear the weight of the obligation."

"I ſtand in the place of your father," ſays Mr. Eſmond kindly, "and ſure a father may diſpoſſeſs himſelf in favour of his ſon. I abdicate

the two-penny crown, and inveſt you with the kingdom of Brentford: don't be a fool and cry, you make a much taller and handſomer viſcount than ever I could." But the fond boy with oaths and proteſtations, laughter and incoherent outbreaks of paſſionate emotion, could not be got, for ſome little time, to put up with Eſmond's raillery; wanted to kneel down to him, and kiſſed his hand; aſked him and implored him, to order him ſomething, to bid Caſtlewood give his own life up or take ſomebody elſe's; anything ſo that he might ſhow his gratitude for the generoſity Eſmond ſhowed him.

"The K——, *he* laughed," Frank ſaid, pointing to the door where the ſleeper was, and ſpeaking in a low tone, "I don't think he ſhould have laughed as he told me the ſtory. As we rode along from Dover, talking in French, he ſpoke about you, and your coming to him at Bar; he called you "le grand ſérieux," Don Bellianis of Greece, and I don't know what names; mimicking your manner (here Caſtlewood laughed himſelf) — and he did it very well. He ſeems to ſneer at everything. He is not like a king: ſomehow, Harry, I fancy

you are like a king. He does not ſeem to think what a ſtake we are all playing. He would have ſtopped at Canterbury to run after a barmaid there, had I not implored him to come on. He hath a houſe at Chaillot where he uſed to go and bury himſelf for weeks away from the Queen, and with all ſorts of bad company," ſays Frank, with a demure look; "you may ſmile, but I am not the wild fellow I was; no, no, I have been taught better," ſays Caſtlewood devoutly, making a ſign on his breaſt.

"Thou art my dear brave boy," ſays Colonel Eſmond, touched at the young fellow's ſimplicity, "and there will be a noble gentleman at Caſtlewood ſo long as my Frank is there."

The impetuous young lad was for going down on his knees again, with another exploſion of gratitude, but that we heard the voice from the next chamber of the auguſt ſleeper, juſt waking, calling out:—"Eh, La-Fleur, un verre d'eau;" his Majeſty came out yawning:—"A peſt," ſays he, "upon your Engliſh ale, 'tis ſo ſtrong that, ma foi, it hath turned my head."

The effect of the ale was like a ſpur upon our horſes, and we rode very quickly to London,

reaching Kenſington at nightfall. Mr. Eſmond's ſervant was left behind at Rocheſter, to take care of the tired horſes, whilſt we had freſh beaſts provided along the road. And galloping by the Prince's ſide the Colonel explained to the Prince of Wales what his movements had been; who the friends were that knew of the expedition; whom, as Eſmond conceived, the Prince ſhould truſt; entreating him, above all, to maintain the very cloſeſt ſecreſy until the time ſhould come when his Royal Highneſs ſhould appear. The town ſwarmed with friends of the Prince's cauſe; there were ſcores of correſpondents with St. Germains; Jacobites known and ſecret; great in ſtation and humble; about the Court and the Queen; in the Parliament, Church, and among the merchants in the City. The Prince had friends numberleſs in the army, in the Privy-Council, and the Officers of State. The great object, as it ſeemed, to the ſmall band of perſons, who had concerted that bold ſtroke, who had brought the Queen's brother into his native country, was that his viſit ſhould remain unknown, till the proper time came, when his preſence ſhould ſurpriſe friends and enemies alike; and

the latter ſhould be found ſo unprepared and diſunited, that they ſhould not find time to attack him. We feared more from his friends than from his enemies. The lies, and tittle-tattle ſent over to St. Germains by the Jacobite agents about London, had done an incalculable miſchief to his cauſe, and wofully miſguided him, and it was from theſe eſpecially, that the perſons engaged in the preſent venture were anxious to defend the chief actor in it.*

The party reached London by nightfall, leaving their horſes at the Poſting-Houſe over againſt Weſtminſter, and being ferried over the water where Lady Eſmond's coach was already in waiting. In another hour we were all landed at Kenſington, and the miſtreſs of the houſe had that ſatisfaction which her heart had yearned after for many years, once more to embrace her ſon, who, on his ſide with all his waywardneſs, ever retained a moſt tender affection for his parent.

* The managers were the Biſhop, who cannot be hurt by having his name mentioned, a very active and loyal non-Conformiſt Divine, a lady in the higheſt favour at Court, with whom Beatrix Eſmond had communication, and two noblemen of the greateſt rank, and a member of the Houſe of Commons, who was implicated in more tranſactions than one in behalf of the Stuart family.

She did not refrain from this expreſſion of her feeling, though the domeſticks were by, and my Lord Caſtlewood's attendant ſtood in the hall. Eſmond had to whiſper to him in French to take his hat off. Monſieur Baptiſte was conſtantly neglecting his part with an inconceivable levity: more than once on the ride to London, little obſervations of the ſtranger, light remarks, and words betokening the greateſt ignorance of the country the Prince came to govern, had hurt the ſuſceptibility of the two gentlemen forming his eſcort; nor could either help owning in his ſecret mind that they would have had his behaviour otherwiſe, and that the laughter and the lightneſs, not to ſay licenſe, which characteriſed his talk, ſcarce befitted ſuch a great Prince and ſuch a ſolemn occaſion. Not but that he could act at proper times with ſpirit and dignity. He had behaved, as we all knew, in a very courageous manner on the field. Eſmond had ſeen a copy of the letter the Prince writ with his own hand when urged by his friends in England to abjure his religion, and admired that manly and magnanimous reply by which he refuſed to yield to the temptation. Monſieur Baptiſte took off his hat,

bluſhing at the hint Colonel Eſmond ventured to give him, and ſaid:—"Tenez, elle eſt jolie, la petite mère; Foi-de-Chevalier! elle eſt charmante; mais l'autre, qui eſt cette nymphe, cet aſtre qui brille, cette Diane qui deſcend ſur nous?" And he ſtarted back, and puſhed forward, as Beatrix was deſcending the ſtair. She was in colours for the firſt time at her own houſe; ſhe wore the diamonds Eſmond gave her, it had been agreed between them, that ſhe ſhould wear theſe brilliants on the day when the King ſhould enter the houſe; and a Queen ſhe looked, radiant in charms, and magnificent and imperial in beauty.

Caſtlewood himſelf was ſtartled by that beauty and ſplendour; he ſtepped back and gazed at his ſiſter as though he had not been aware before (nor was he very likely) how perfectly lovely ſhe was, and I thought bluſhed as he embraced her. The Prince could not keep his eyes off her; he quite forgot his menial part, though he had been ſchooled to it, and a little light portmanteau prepared expreſſly that he ſhould carry it. He preſſed forward before my Lord Viſcount. 'Twas lucky the ſervants' eyes were buſy in

other directions, or they muſt have ſeen that this was no ſervant, or at leaſt a very inſolent and rude one.

Again Colonel Eſmond was obliged to cry out " Baptiſte," in a loud imperious voice, " have a care to the valiſſe;" at which hint the wilful young man ground his teeth together with ſomething very like a curſe between them, and then gave a brief look of anything but pleaſure to his Mentor. Being reminded however, he ſhouldered the little portmanteau, and carried it up the ſtair, Eſmond preceding him, and a ſervant with lighted tapers. He flung down his burden ſulkily in the bed-chamber:—" A Prince that will wear a crown muſt wear a maſk," ſays Mr. Eſmond, in French.

" Ah, peſte! I ſee how it is," ſays Monſieur Baptiſte, continuing the talk in French. " The Great Serious is ſerioufly "—" alarmed for Monſieur Baptiſte," broke in the Colonel. Eſmond neither liked the tone with which the Prince ſpoke of the ladies, nor the eyes with which he regarded them.

The bed-chamber and the two rooms adjoining it, the cloſet and the apartment which was to be

called my lord's parlour, were already lighted and awaiting their occupier; and the collation laid for my lord's ſupper. Lord Caſtlewood and his mother and ſiſter came up the ſtair a minute afterwards, and ſo ſoon as the domeſticks had quitted the apartment, Caſtlewood and Eſmond uncovered, and the two ladies went down on their knees before the Prince, who graciouſly gave a hand to each. He looked his part of Prince much more naturally than that of ſervant, which he had juſt been trying, and raiſed them both with a great deal of nobility, as well as kindneſs in his air. "Madam," ſays he, "my mother will thank your ladyſhip for your hoſpitality to her ſon; for you, madam," turning to Beatrix, "I cannot bear to ſee ſo much beauty in ſuch a poſture. You will betray Monſieur Baptiſte if you kneel to him; ſure 'tis his place rather to kneel to you."

A light ſhone out of her eyes; a gleam bright enough to kindle paſſion in any breaſt. There were times when this creature was ſo handſome, that ſhe ſeemed, as it were, like Venus revealing herſelf a goddeſs in a flaſh of brightneſs. She appeared ſo now; radiant, and with eyes bright

with a wonderful luſtre. A pang, as of rage and jealouſy, ſhot through Eſmond's heart, as he caught the look ſhe gave the Prince; and he clenched his hand involuntarily and looked acroſs to Caſtlewood, whoſe eyes anſwered his alarm-ſignal, and were alſo on the alert. The Prince gave his ſubjects an audience of a few minutes, and then the two ladies and Colonel Eſmond quitted the chamber. Lady Caſtlewood preſſed his hand as they deſcended the ſtair, and the three went down to the lower rooms, where they waited awhile till the travellers above ſhould be refreſhed and ready for their meal.

Eſmond looked at Beatrix, blazing with her jewels on her beautiful neck. "I have kept my word," ſays he: "And I mine," ſays Beatrix, looking down on the diamonds.

"Were I the Mogul Emperor," ſays the Colonel, "you ſhould have all that were dug out of Golconda."

"Theſe are a great deal too good for me," ſays Beatrix, dropping her head on her beautiful breaſt,—"ſo are you all, all!" and when ſhe looked up again, as ſhe did in a moment, and after a ſigh, her eyes, as they gazed at her couſin,

wore that melancholy and inſcrutable look which 'twas always impoſſible to ſound.

When the time came for the ſupper, of which we were advertiſed by a knocking overhead, Colonel Eſmond and the two ladies went to the upper apartment, where the Prince already was, and by his ſide the young viſcount, of exactly the ſame age, ſhape, and with features not diſſimilar, though Frank's were the handſomer of the two. The Prince ſat down, and bade the ladies ſit. The gentlemen remained ſtanding; there was, indeed, but one more cover laid at the table:—"Which of you will take it?" ſays he.

"The head of our houſe," ſays Lady Caſtlewood, taking her ſon's hand, and looking towards Colonel Eſmond with a bow and a great tremor of the voice; "the Marquis of Eſmond will have the honour of ſerving the King."

"I ſhall have the honour of waiting on his Royal Highneſs," ſays Colonel Eſmond, filling a cup of wine, and, as the faſhion of that day was, he preſented it to the King on his knee.

"I drink to my hoſteſs and her family," ſays the Prince, with no very well pleaſed air; but the cloud paſſed immediately off his face, and he

talked to the ladies in a lively, rattling ſtrain, quite undiſturbed by poor Mr. Eſmond's yellow countenance, that I dare ſay looked very glum.

When the time came to take leave, Eſmond marched homewards to his lodgings, and met Mr. Addiſon on the road that night, walking to a cottage he had at Fulham, the moon ſhining on his handſome, ſerene face:—"What cheer, brother," ſays Addiſon, laughing, "I thought it was a foot-pad advancing in the dark, and behold 'tis an old friend. We may ſhake hands, Colonel, in the dark, 'tis better than fighting by daylight. Why ſhould we quarrel, becauſe I am a Whig and thou art a Tory? Turn thy ſteps and walk with me to Fulham, where there is a nightingale ſtill ſinging in the garden, and a cool bottle in a cave I know of; you ſhall drink to the Pretender if you like, and I will drink my liquor my own way: I have had enough of good liquor?—no, never! There is no ſuch word as enough, as a ſtopper for good wine. Thou wilt not come? Come any day, come ſoon. You know I remember Simois and the Sigeia tellus, and the prœlia mixta mero, mixta mero," he repeated, with ever ſo ſlight a touch of *merum* in his voice,

and walked back a little way on the road with Eſmond, bidding the other remember he was always his friend, and indebted to him for his aid in the "Campaign" poem. And very likely Mr. Under Secretary would have ſtepped in and taken 'tother bottle at the Colonel's lodging, had the latter invited him, but Eſmond's mood was none of the gayeſt, and he bade his friend an inhoſpitable good night at the door.

"I have done the deed," thought he, ſleepleſs, and looking out into the night; "he is here, and I have brought him; he and Beatrix are ſleeping under the ſame roof now. Whom did I mean to ſerve in bringing him? Was it the Prince, was it Henry Eſmond? Had I not been have joined the manly creed of Addiſon yonder, that ſcouts the old doctrine of right divine, that boldly declares that Parliament and people conſecrate the Sovereign, not Biſhops nor genealogies, nor oils, nor coronations." The eager gaze of the young Prince watching every movement of Beatrix, haunted Eſmond and purſued him. The Prince's figure appeared before him in his feveriſh dreams many times that night. He wiſhed the deed undone, for which he had laboured

ſo. He was not the firſt that has regretted his own act, or brought about his own undoing. Undoing? Should he write that word in his late years? No, on his knees before Heaven, rather be thankful for what then he deemed his miſfortune, and which hath cauſed the whole ſubſequent happineſs of his life.

Eſmond's man, honeſt John Lockwood, had ſerved his maſter and the family all his life, and the Colonel knew that he could anſwer for John's fidelity as for his own. John returned with the horſes from Rocheſter betimes the next morning, and the Colonel gave him to underſtand that on going to Kenſington, where he was free of the ſervants' hall, and, indeed, courting Mrs. Beatrix's maid, he was to aſk no queſtions, and betray no ſurpriſe, but to vouch ſtoutly that the young gentleman he ſhould ſee in a red coat there was my Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood, and that his attendant in grey, was Monſieur Baptiſte the Frenchman. He was to tell his friends in the kitchen ſuch ſtories as he remembered of my Lord Viſcount's youth at Caſtlewood; what a wild boy he was; how he uſed to drill Jack and cane him, before ever he was a ſoldier, everything,

in fine, he knew reſpecting my Lord Viſcount's early days. Jack's ideas of painting had not been much cultivated during his reſidence in Flanders with his maſter; and before my young lord's return, he had been eaſily got to believe that the picture brought over from Paris, and now hanging in Lady Caſtlewood's drawing-room, was a perfect likeneſs of her ſon the young lord. And the domeſticks having all ſeen the picture many times, and catching but a momentary imperfect glimpſe of the two ſtrangers on the night of their arrival, never had a reaſon to doubt the fidelity of the portrait; and next day, when they ſaw the original of the piece habited exactly as he was repreſented in the painting, with the ſame perriwig, ribands, and uniform of the Guard, quite naturally addreſſed the gentleman as my Lord Caſtlewood, my Lady Viſcounteſs's ſon.

The ſecretary of the night previous, was now the viſcount; the viſcount wore the ſecretary's grey frock; and John Lockwood was inſtructed to hint to the world below ſtairs that my lord being a papiſt, and very devout in that religion, his attendant might be no other than his chaplain

from Bruxelles; hence, if he took his meals in my lord's company there was little reaſon for ſurpriſe. Frank was further cautioned to ſpeak Engliſh with a foreign accent, which taſk he performed indifferently well, and this caution was the more neceſſary becauſe the Prince himſelf ſcarce ſpoke our language like a native of the iſland; and John Lockwood laughed with the folks below ſtairs at the manner in which my lord, after five years abroad, ſometimes forgot his own tongue and ſpoke it like a Frenchman: "I warrant," ſays he, "that with the Engliſh beef and beer, his lordſhip will ſoon get back the proper uſe of his mouth;" and to do his new lordſhip juſtice, he took to beer and beef very kindly.

The Prince drank ſo much, and was ſo loud and imprudent in his talk after his drink, that Eſmond often trembled for him. His meals were ſerved as much as poſſible in his own chamber, though frequently he made his appearance in Lady Caſtlewood's parlour and drawing-room, calling Beatrix "ſiſter," and her ladyſhip "mother," or "madam," before the ſervants. And chooſing to act entirely up to the part of

brother and ſon, the Prince ſometimes ſaluted Mrs. Beatrix and Lady Caſtlewood with a freedom which his ſecretary did not like, and which, for his part, ſet Colonel Eſmond tearing with rage.

The gueſts had not been three days in the houſe when poor Jack Lockwood came with a rueful countenance to his maſter, and ſaid: "My lord, that is—the gentleman, has been tampering with Mrs. Lucy (Jack's ſweetheart), and given her guineas and a kiſs." I fear that Colonel Eſmond's mind was rather relieved, than otherwiſe, when he found that the ancillary beauty was the one whom the Prince had ſelected. His royal taſtes were known to lie that way, and continued ſo in after life. The heir of one of the greateſt names, of the greateſt kingdoms, and of the greateſt misfortunes in Europe, was often content to lay the dignity of his birth and grief at the wooden ſhoes of a French chamber-maid, and to repent afterwards (for he was very devout), in aſhes taken from the duſt-pan. 'Tis for mortals ſuch as theſe, that nations ſuffer, that parties ſtruggle, that warriors fight and bleed. A year afterwards gallant heads were falling, and

Nithsdale in eſcape, and Derwentwater on the ſcaffold, whilſt the heedleſs ingrate, for whom they riſked and loſt all, was tippling with his ſeraglio of miſtreſſes in his *petite maiſon* of Chaillot.

Bluſhing to be forced to bear ſuch an errand, Eſmond had to go to the Prince and warn him that the girl, whom his Highneſs was bribing, was John Lockwood's ſweetheart, an honeſt reſolute man who had ſerved in ſix campaigns, and feared nothing, and who knew that the perſon, calling himſelf Lord Caſtlewood, was not his young maſter: and the Colonel beſought the Prince to conſider, what the effect of a ſingle man's jealouſy might be, and to think of other deſigns he had in hand, more important than the ſeduction of a waiting-maid, and the humiliation of a brave man.

Ten times, perhaps, in the courſe of as many days, Mr. Eſmond had to warn the royal young adventurer of ſome imprudence or ſome freedom. He received theſe remonſtrances very teſtily, ſave perhaps in this affair of poor Lockwood's, when he deigned to burſt out a-laughing, and ſaid, "What! the *ſoubrette* has peached to the

*amoureux*, and Criſpin is angry, and Criſpin has ſerved, and Criſpin has been a corporal, has he? Tell him we will reward his valour with a pair of colours, and recompenſe his fidelity."

Colonel Eſmond ventured to utter ſome other words of entreaty, but the Prince, ſtamping imperiouſly, cried out, "Aſſez, milord: je m'ennuye à la prêche; I am not come to London to go to the ſermon." And he complained afterwards to Caſtlewood that "le petit jaune, le noir Colonel, le Marquis Miſantrope (by which facetious names his Royal Highneſs was pleaſed to deſignate Colonel Eſmond), fatigued him with his grand airs and virtuous homilies."

The Biſhop of Rocheſter, and other gentlemen, engaged in the tranſaction which had brought the Prince over, waited upon his Royal Highneſs, conſtantly aſking for my Lord Caſtlewood on their arrival at Kenſington, and being openly conducted to his Royal Highneſs in that character, who received them either in my lady's drawing-room below, or above in his own apartment; and all implored him to quit the houſe as little as poſſible, and to wait there till the ſignal ſhould be given for him to appear. The ladies

entertained him at cards, over which amuſement he ſpent many hours in each day and night. He paſſed many hours more in drinking, during which time he would rattle and talk very agreeably, and eſpecially if the Colonel was abſent, whoſe preſence always ſeemed to frighten him; and the poor "Colonel Noir" took that hint as a command accordingly, and ſeldom intruded his black face upon the convivial hours of this auguſt young priſoner. Except for thoſe few perſons of whom the porter had the liſt, Lord Caſtlewood was denied to all friends of the houſe who waited on his lordſhip. The wound he had received had broke out again from his journey on horſeback, ſo the world and the domeſticks were informed. And Doctor A——,* his phyſician, (I ſhall not mention his name, but he was phyſician to the Queen, of the Scots nation, and a man remarkable for his benevolence as well as his wit,) gave orders that he ſhould be kept perfectly quiet until the wound ſhould heal. With this gentleman, who was one of the moſt active and influential of our party, and the others

* There can be very little doubt, that the Doctor mentioned by my dear father, was the famous Dr. Arbuthnot.—R. E. W.

before ſpoken of, the whole ſecret lay; and it was kept with ſo much faithfulneſs, and the ſtory we told ſo ſimple and natural, that there was no likelihood of a diſcovery except from the imprudence of the Prince himſelf, and an adventurous levity that we had the greateſt difficulty to controul. As for Lady Caſtlewood, although ſhe ſcarce ſpoke a word, 'twas eaſy to gather from her demeanour, and one or two hints ſhe dropped, how deep her mortification was at finding the hero whom ſhe had choſen to worſhip all her life (and whoſe reſtoration had formed almoſt the moſt ſacred part of her prayers), no more than a man, and not a good one. She thought misfortune might have chaſtened him; but that inſtructreſs had rather rendered him callous than humble. His devotion, which was quite real, kept him from no ſin he had a mind to. His talk ſhowed good-humour, gaiety, even wit enough; but there was a levity in his acts and words that he had brought from among thoſe libertine devotees with whom he had been bred, and that ſhocked the ſimplicity and purity of the Engliſh lady, whoſe gueſt he was. Eſmond ſpoke his mind to Beatrix pretty freely about the Prince,

getting her brother too to put in a word of warning. Beatrix was entirely of their opinion; ſhe thought he was very light, very light and reckleſs: ſhe could not even ſee the good looks Colonel Eſmond had ſpoken of. The Prince had bad teeth, and a decided ſquint. How could we ſay he did not ſquint? His eyes were fine, but there was certainly a caſt in them. She rallied him at table with wonderful wit; ſhe ſpoke of him invariably as of a mere boy; ſhe was more fond of Eſmond than ever, praiſed him to her brother, praiſed him to the Prince, when his Royal Highneſs was pleaſed to ſneer at the Colonel, and warmly eſpouſed his cauſe: "And if your Majeſty does not give him the Garter his father had, when the Marquis of Eſmond comes to your Majeſty's court, I will hang myſelf in my own garters, or will cry my eyes out." "Rather than loſe thoſe," ſays the Prince, "he ſhall be made Archbiſhop and Colonel of the Guard" (it was Frank Caſtlewood who told me of this converſation over their ſupper).

"Yes," cries ſhe, with one of her laughs, I fancy I hear it now. Thirty years afterwards I hear

that delightful muſick; "yes, he ſhall be Archbiſhop of Eſmond and Marquis of Canterbury."

"And what will your ladyſhip be?" ſays the Prince; "you have but to chooſe your place."

"I," ſays Beatrix, "will be mother of the maids to the Queen of his Majeſty King James the Third—Vive le Roy!" and ſhe made him a great curtſey, and drank a part of a glaſs of wine in his honour.

"The Prince ſeized hold of the glaſs and drank the laſt drop of it," Caſtlewood ſaid, "and my mother, looking very anxious, roſe up and aſked leave to retire. But that Trix is my mother's daughter, Harry," Frank continued, "I don't know what a horrid fear I ſhould have of her. I wiſh—I wiſh this buſineſs were over. You are older than I am, and wiſer, and better, and I owe you everything, and would die for you—before George I would; but I wiſh the end of this were come."

Neither of us very likely paſſed a tranquil night; horrible doubts and torments racked Eſmond's ſoul; 'twas a ſcheme of perſonal ambition, a daring ſtroke for a ſelfiſh end,—he knew it. What cared he, in his heart, who was King?

Were not his very ſympathies and ſecret convictions on the other ſide—on the ſide of People, Parliament, Freedom? And here was he, engaged for a Prince, that had ſcarce heard the word liberty; that prieſts and women, tyrants by nature both, made a tool of. The Miſanthrope was in no better humour after hearing that ſtory, and his grim face more black and yellow than ever.

## CHAPTER X.

WE ENTERTAIN A VERY DISTINGUISHED GUEST AT KENSINGTON.

SHOULD any clue be found to the dark intrigues at the latter end of Queen Anne's time, or any hiſtorian be inclined to follow it, 'twill be diſcovered, I have little doubt, that not one of the great perſonages about the Queen had a defined ſcheme of policy, independent of that private and ſelfiſh intereſt, which each was bent on purſuing; St. John was for St. John, and Harley for Oxford, and Marlborough for John Churchill, always; and according as they could get help from St. Germains or Hannover, they ſent over proffers of allegiance to the Princes there, or betrayed one to the other: one cauſe, or one ſovereign, was as good as another to them, ſo that they could hold the beſt place under him; and like Lockit and Peachem, the Newgate

chiefs in the Rogues' Opera Mr. Gay wrote afterwards, had each in his hand documents and proofs of treaſon which would hang the other, only he did not dare to uſe the weapon, for fear of that one which his neighbour alſo carried in his pocket. Think of the great Marlborough, the greateſt ſubject in all the world, a conqueror of Princes, that had marched victorious over Germany, Flanders, and France, that had given the law to Sovereigns abroad, and been worſhipped as a divinity at home, forced to ſneak out of England,—his credit, honours, places, all taken from him; his friends in the army broke and ruined; and flying before Harley, as abject and powerleſs as a poor debtor before a bailiff with a writ. A paper, of which Harley got poſſeſſion, and ſhowing beyond doubt that the Duke was engaged with the Stuart family, was the weapon with which the Treaſurer drove Marlborough out of the kingdom. He fled to Antwerp, and began intriguing inſtantly on the other ſide, and came back to England, as all know, a Whig and a Hannoverian.

Though the Treaſurer turned out of the army and office every man, military or civil, known to

be the Duke's friend, and gave the vacant poſts among the Tory party ; he, too, was playing the double game between Hannover and St. Germains, awaiting the expected cataſtrophe of the Queen's death to be Maſter of the State, and offer it to either family that ſhould bribe him beſt, or that the nation ſhould declare for. Whichever the King was, Harley's object was to reign over him; and to this end he ſupplanted the former famous favourite, decried the actions of the war which had made Marlborough's name illuſtrious, and diſdained no more than the great fallen competitor of his, the meaneſt arts, flatteries, intimidations, that would ſecure his power. If the greateſt ſatiriſt the world ever hath ſeen, had writ againſt Harley, and not for him, what a hiſtory had he left behind of the laſt years of Queen Anne's reign! But Swift, that ſcorned all mankind, and himſelf not the leaſt of all, had this merit of a faithful partiſan, that he loved thoſe chiefs who treated him well, and ſtuck by Harley bravely in his fall, as he gallantly had ſupported him in his better fortune.

Incomparably more brilliant, more ſplendid, eloquent, accompliſhed, than his rival, the great

St. John could be as ſelfiſh as Oxford was, and could act the double part as ſkilfully as ambidextrous Churchill. He whoſe talk was always of liberty, no more ſhrunk from uſing perſecution and the pillory againſt his opponents, than if he had been at Liſbon and Grand Inquiſitor. This lofty patriot was on his knees at Hannover and St. Germains too; notoriouſly of no religion, he toaſted Church and Queen as boldly as the ſtupid Sacheverel, whom he uſed and laughed at; and to ſerve his turn, and to overthrow his enemy, he could intrigue, coax, bully, wheedle, fawn on the Court-favourite and creep up the back-ſtair as ſilently as Oxford who ſupplanted Marlborough, and whom he himſelf ſupplanted. The craſh of my Lord Oxford happened at this very time, whereat my hiſtory is now arrived. He was come to the very laſt days of his power, and the agent whom he employed to overthrow the conqueror of Blenheim, was now engaged to upſet the conqueror's conqueror, and hand over the ſtaff of government to Bolingbroke, who had been panting to hold it.

In expectation of the ſtroke that was now

preparing, the Iriſh regiments in the French ſervice were all brought round about Boulogne in Picardy, to paſs over if need were, with the Duke of Berwick; the ſoldiers of France no longer, but ſubjects of James the Third of England and Ireland King. The fidelity of the great maſs of the Scots (though a moſt active, reſolute, and gallant Whig party, admirably and energetically ordered and diſciplined, was known to be in Scotland too), was notoriouſly unſhaken in their King. A very great body of Tory clergy, nobility, and gentry, were publick partiſans of the exiled Prince; and the indifferents might be counted on to cry King George or King James, according as either ſhould prevail. The Queen, eſpecially in her latter days, inclined towards her own family. The Prince was lying actually in London, within a ſtone's-caſt of his ſiſter's palace; the firſt miniſter toppling to his fall, and ſo tottering that the weakeſt puſh of a woman's finger would ſend him down; and as for Bolingbroke, his ſucceſſor, we know on whoſe ſide his power and his ſplendid eloquence would be on the day when the Queen ſhould appear openly before her Council and ſay:—"This, my

lords, is my brother, here is my father's heir, and mine after me."

During the whole of the previous year the Queen had had many and repeated fits of ſickneſs, fever and lethargy, and her death had been conſtantly looked for by all her attendants. The Elector of Hanover had wiſhed to ſend his ſon, the Duke of Cambridge,—to pay his court to his couſin the Queen, the Elector ſaid;—in truth, to be on the ſpot when death ſhould cloſe her career. Frightened perhaps to have ſuch a memento mori under her royal eyes, her Majeſty had angrily forbidden the young Prince's coming into England. Either ſhe deſired to keep the chances for her brother open yet; or the people about her did not wiſh to cloſe with the Whig candidate till they could make terms with him. The quarrels of her miniſters before her face at the Council board, the pricks of conſcience very likely, the importunities of her miniſters, and conſtant turmoil and agitation round about her, had weakened and irritated the Princeſs extremely; her ſtrength was giving way under theſe continual trials of her temper, and from day to day it was expected ſhe muſt come to a ſpeedy end of them.

Juſt before Viſcount Caſtlewood and his companion came from France her Majeſty was taken ill. The St. Anthony's fire broke out on the Royal legs; there was no hurry for the preſentation of the young lord at Court, or that perſon who ſhould appear under his name; and my Lord Viſcount's wound breaking out opportunely, he was kept conveniently in his chamber until ſuch time as his phyſician ſhould allow him to bend his knee before the Queen. At the commencement of July, that influential lady, with whom it has been mentioned that our party had relations, came frequently to viſit her young friend, the Maid of Honour, at Kenſington, and my Lord Viſcount (the real or ſuppoſititious), who was an invalid at Lady Caſtlewood's houſe.

On the 27th day of July, the lady in queſtion who held the moſt intimate poſt about the Queen, came in her chair from the Palace hard by, bringing to the little party in Kenſington Square, intelligence of the very higheſt importance. The final blow had been ſtruck, and my Lord of Oxford and Mortimer was no longer Treaſurer. The ſtaff was as yet given to no ſucceſſor, though my Lord Bolingbroke would

undoubtedly be the man. And now the time was come, the Queen's Abigail ſaid: and now my Lord Caſtlewood ought to be preſented to the Sovereign.

After that ſcene which Lord Caſtlewood witneſſed and deſcribed to his couſin, who paſſed ſuch a miſerable night of mortification and jealouſy as he thought over the tranſaction; no doubt the three perſons who were ſet by nature as protectors over Beatrix came to the ſame concluſion, that ſhe muſt be removed from the preſence of a man whoſe deſires towards her were expreſſed only too clearly; and who was no more ſcrupulous in ſeeking to gratify them than his father had been before him. I ſuppoſe Eſmond's miſtreſs, her ſon, and the Colonel himſelf, had been all ſecretly debating this matter in their minds, for when Frank broke out, in his blunt way, with:—"I think Beatrix had beſt be any where but here,"—Lady Caſtlewood ſaid: —"I thank you, Frank, I have thought ſo too;" and Mr. Eſmond, though he only remarked that it was not for him to ſpeak, ſhowed plainly by the delight on his countenance, how very agreeable that propoſal was to him.

"One ſees that you think with us, Henry," ſays the viſcounteſs with ever ſo little of ſarcaſm in her tone: "Beatrix is beſt out of this houſe whilſt we have our gueſt in it, and as ſoon as this morning's buſineſs is done, ſhe ought to quit London."

"What morning's buſineſs?" aſked Colonel Eſmond, not knowing what had been arranged, though in fact the ſtroke next in importance to that of bringing the Prince, and of having him acknowledged by the Queen, was now being performed at the very moment we three were converſing together.

The Court-lady with whom our plan was concerted, and who was a chief agent in it, the Court-phyſician, and the Biſhop of Rocheſter, who were the other two moſt active participators in our plan, had held many councils in our houſe at Kenſington and elſewhere, as to the means beſt to be adopted for preſenting our young adventurer to his ſiſter the Queen. The ſimple and eaſy plan propoſed by Colonel Eſmond had been agreed to by all parties, which was that on ſome rather private day when there were not many perſons about the Court, the Prince ſhould

appear there as my Lord Caſtlewood, ſhould be greeted by his ſiſter-in-waiting, and led by that Other Lady into the cloſet of the Queen. And according to her Majeſty's health or humour, and the circumſtances that might ariſe during the interview; it was to be left to the diſcretion of thoſe preſent at it, and to the Prince himſelf, whether he ſhould declare that it was the Queen's own brother, or the brother of Beatrix Eſmond, who kiſſed her Royal hand. And this plan being determined on, we were all waiting in very much anxiety for the day and ſignal of execution.

Two mornings after that ſupper, it being the 27th day of July, the Biſhop of Rocheſter breakfaſting with Lady Caſtlewood and her family, and the meal ſcarce over, Doctor A.'s coach drove up to our houſe at Kenſington, and the Doctor appeared amongſt the party there, enlivening a rather gloomy company, for the mother and daughter had had words in the morning in reſpect to the tranſactions of that ſupper and other adventures perhaps, and on the day ſucceeding. Beatrix's haughty ſpirit brooked remonſtrances from no ſuperior, much leſs from her mother, the gentleſt of creatures, whom the

girl commanded rather than obeyed. And feeling ſhe was wrong, and that by a thouſand coquetries (which ſhe could no more help exerciſing on every man that came near her, than the ſun can help ſhining on great and ſmall,) ſhe had provoked the Prince's dangerous admiration, and allured him to the expreſſion of it; ſhe was only the more wilful and imperious, the more ſhe felt her error.

To this party, the Prince being ſerved with chocolate in his bed-chamber where he lay late ſleeping away the fumes of his wine, the Doctor came, and by the urgent and ſtartling nature of his news diſſipated inſtantly that private and minor unpleaſantry under which the family of Caſtlewood was labouring.

He aſked for the Gueſt; the Gueſt was above in his own apartment: he bade *Monſieur Baptiſte* go up to his maſter inſtantly, and requeſted that *My Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood* would ſtraightway put his uniform on, and come away in the Doctor's coach now at the door.

He then informed Madam Beatrix what her part of the comedy was to be:—"In half an hour," ſays he, "her Majeſty and her favourite

lady will take the air in the Cedar-walk behind the New Banqueting-houſe. Her Majeſty will be drawn in a garden-chair, Madam Beatrix Eſmond and *her brother my Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood* will be walking in the private garden (here is Lady Maſham's key), and will come unawares upon the Royal party. The man that draws the chair will retire, and leave the Queen, the favourite, and the Maid of Honour, and her brother together; Mrs. Beatrix will preſent her brother, and then!— and then, my Lord Biſhop will pray for the reſult of the interview, and his Scots clerk will ſay Amen! Quick, put on your hood, Madam Beatrix; why doth not his Majeſty come down? Such another chance may not preſent itſelf for months again."

The Prince was late and lazy, and indeed had all but loſt that chance through his indolence. The Queen was actually about to leave the garden juſt when the party reached it, the Doctor, the Biſhop, the Maid of Honour and her brother went off together in the phyſician's coach, and had been gone half-an-hour when Colonel Eſmond came to Kenſington Square.

The news of this errand, on which Beatrix

was gone, of courſe for a moment put all thoughts of private jealouſy out of Colonel Eſmond's head. In half an hour more the coach returned; the Biſhop deſcended from it firſt, and gave his arm to Beatrix, who now came out. His lordſhip went back into the carriage again, and the Maid of Honour entered the houſe alone. We were all gazing at her from the upper window, trying to read from her countenance the reſult of the interview from which ſhe had juſt come.

She came into the drawing-room in a great tremour and very pale; ſhe aſked for a glaſs of water as her mother went to meet her, and after drinking that and putting off her hood, ſhe began to ſpeak:—"We may all hope for the beſt," ſays ſhe; "it has coſt the Queen a fit. Her Majeſty was in her chair, in the Cedar-walk, accompanied only by Lady ——, when we entered by the private wicket from the weſt ſide of the garden, and turned towards her, the Doctor following us. They waited in a ſide-walk hidden by the ſhrubs, as we advanced towards the chair. My heart throbbed ſo I ſcarce could ſpeak; but my Prince whiſpered, 'Courage,

Beatrix;' and marched on with a ſteady ſtep. His face was a little flushed, but he was not afraid of the danger. He who fought ſo bravely at Malplaquet fears nothing." Eſmond and Caſtlewood looked at each other, at this compliment, neither liking the ſound of it.

"The Prince uncovered," Beatrix continued, "and I ſaw the Queen turning round to Lady Maſham as if aſking who theſe two were. Her Majeſty looked very pale and ill, and then flushed up; the favourite made us a ſignal to advance, and I went up leading my Prince by the hand, quite cloſe to the chair: 'Your Majeſty will give my Lord Viſcount your hand to kiſs,' ſays her lady, and the Queen put out her hand, which the Prince kiſſed, kneeling on his knee, he who ſhould kneel to no mortal man or woman.

"'You have been long from England, my lord,' ſays the Queen: 'why were you not here to give a home to your mother and ſiſter?'

"'I am come, Madam, to ſtay now, if the Queen deſires me,' ſays the Prince, with another low bow.

"'You have taken a foreign wife, my lord,

and a foreign religion; was not that of England good enough for you?'

"'In returning to my father's church,' ſays the Prince, 'I do not love my mother the leſs, nor am I the leſs faithful ſervant of your Majeſty.'

"Here," ſays Beatrix, "the favourite gave me a little ſignal with her hand to fall back, which I did, though I died to hear what ſhould paſs; and whiſpered ſomething to the Queen, which made her Majeſty ſtart and utter one or two words in a hurried manner, looking towards the Prince, and catching hold with her hand of the arm of her chair. He advanced ſtill nearer towards it; he began to ſpeak very rapidly; I caught the words: 'Father, bleſſing, forgiveneſs,'—and then preſently the Prince fell on his knees; took from his breaſt a paper he had there, handed it to the Queen, who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it, flung up both her arms with a ſcream, and took away that hand neareſt the Prince, and which he endeavoured to kiſs. He went on ſpeaking with great animation of geſture, now claſping his hands together on his heart, now opening them as though to ſay: 'I am here, your brother, in your power.' Lady Maſham

ran round on the other ſide of the chair, kneeling too, and ſpeaking with great energy. She claſped the Queen's hand on her ſide, and picked up the paper her Majeſty had let fall. The Prince roſe and made a further ſpeech as though he would go; the favourite on the other hand urging her miſtreſs, and then running back to the Prince brought him back once more cloſe to the chair. Again he knelt down and took the Queen's hand, which ſhe did not withdraw, kiſſing it a hundred times; my lady all the time, with ſobs and ſupplications, ſpeaking over the chair. This while the Queen ſat with a ſtupified look, crumpling the paper with one hand, as my Prince embraced the other: then of a ſudden ſhe uttered ſeveral piercing ſhrieks, and burſt into a great fit of hyſterick tears and laughter. 'Enough, enough, ſir, for this time,' I heard Lady Maſham ſay; and the chairman, who had withdrawn round the Banqueting-room, came back, alarmed by the cries: 'Quick,' ſays Lady Maſham, 'get ſome help, and I ran towards the Doctor, who, with the Biſhop of Rocheſter, came up inſtantly. Lady Maſham whiſpered the Prince he might hope for the very beſt; and to be ready to-morrow; and

he hath gone away to the Biſhop of Rocheſter's houſe, to meet ſeveral of his friends there. And ſo the great ſtroke is ſtruck," ſays Beatrix, going down on her knees, and claſping her hands, "God ſave the King: God ſave the King."

Beatrix's tale told, and the young lady herſelf calmed ſomewhat of her agitation, we aſked with regard to the Prince, who was abſent with Biſhop Atterbury, and were informed that 'twas likely he might remain abroad the whole day. Beatrix's three kinsfolk looked at one another at this intelligence; 'twas clear the ſame thought was paſſing through the minds of all.

But who ſhould begin to break the news? Monſieur Baptiſte, that is Frank Caſtlewood, turned very red, and looked towards Eſmond; the Colonel bit his lips, and fairly beat a retreat into the window: it was Lady Caſtlewood that opened upon Beatrix with the news which we knew would do anything but pleaſe her.

"We are glad," ſays ſhe, taking her daughter's hand, and ſpeaking in a gentle voice, "that the gueſt is away."

Beatrix drew back in an inſtant, looking round her at us three, and as if divining a danger.

"Why glad?" ſays ſhe, her breaſt beginning to heave; "are you ſo ſoon tired of him?"

"We think one of us is deviliſhly too fond of him," cries out Frank Caſtlewood.

"And which is it—you, my lord, or is it mamma, who is jealous becauſe he drinks my health? or is it the head of the family (here ſhe turned with an imperious look towards Colonel Eſmond) who has taken of late to preach the King ſermons."

"We do not ſay you are too free with his Majeſty."

"I thank you, madam," ſays Beatrix, with a toſs of the head and a curtſey.

But her mother continued, with very great calmneſs and dignity—"At leaſt we have not ſaid ſo, though we might, were it poſſible for a mother to ſay ſuch words to her own daughter, your father's daughter."

"*Eh! mon père*" breaks out Beatrix, "was no better than other perſons' fathers;" and again ſhe looked towards the Colonel.

We all felt a ſhock as ſhe uttered thoſe two or three French words; her manner was exactly imitated from that of our foreign gueſt.

"You had not learned to ſpeak French a month ago, Beatrix," ſays her mother, ſadly, "nor to ſpeak ill of your father."

Beatrix, no doubt, ſaw that ſlip ſhe had made in her flurry, for ſhe bluſhed crimſon: "I have learnt to honour the King," ſays ſhe, drawing up, "and 'twere as well that others ſuſpected neither his Majeſty nor me."

"If you reſpected your mother a little more," Frank ſaid, "Trix, you would do yourſelf no hurt."

"I am no child," ſays ſhe, turning round on him; "we have lived very well theſe five years without the benefit of your advice or example, and I intend to take neither now. Why does not the head of the houſe ſpeak?" ſhe went on; "he rules everything here; when his chaplain has done ſinging the pſalms, will his lordſhip deliver the ſermon? I am tired of the pſalms." The Prince had uſed almoſt the very ſame words in regard to Colonel Eſmond, that the imprudent girl repeated in her wrath.

"You ſhow yourſelf a very apt ſcholar, madam," ſays the Colonel; and turning to his miſtreſs: "Did your gueſt uſe theſe words in your

ladyſhip's hearing, or was it to Beatrix in private that he was pleaſed to impart his opinion regarding my tireſome ſermon?"

"Have you ſeen him alone?" cries my lord, ſtarting up with an oath: "by God, have you ſeen him alone?"

"Were he here, you wouldn't dare ſo to inſult me; no, you would not dare!" cries Frank's ſiſter. "Keep your oaths, my lord, for your wife; we are not uſed here to ſuch language. 'Till you came, there uſed to be kindneſs between me and mamma, and I cared for her when you never did, when you were away for years with your horſes, and your miſtreſs, and your popiſh wife."

"By ——," ſays my lord, rapping out another oath, "Clotilda is an angel; how dare you ſay a word againſt Clotilda?"

Colonel Eſmond could not refrain from a ſmile, to ſee how eaſy Frank's attack was drawn off by that feint:—"I fancy Clotilda is not the ſubject in hand," ſays Mr. Eſmond, rather ſcornfully; "her ladyſhip is at Paris, a hundred leagues off, preparing baby-linen. It is about my Lord Caſtlewood's ſiſter, and not his wife, the queſtion is."

"He is not my Lord Caſtlewood," ſays Beatrix, "and he knows he is not; he is Colonel Francis Eſmond's ſon, and no more, and he wears a falſe title; and he lives on another man's land, and he knows it." Here was another deſperate ſally of the poor beleaguered garriſon, and an alerte in another quarter. "Again, I beg your pardon," ſays Eſmond; "If there are no proofs of my claim, I have no claim. If my father acknowledged no heir, yours was his lawful ſucceſſor, and my Lord Caſtlewood hath as good a right to his rank and ſmall eſtate as any man in England. But that again is not the queſtion, as you know very well: let us bring our talk back to it, as you will have me meddle in it. And I will give you frankly my opinion, that a houſe where a Prince lies all day, who reſpects no woman, is no houſe for a young unmarried lady; that you were better in the country than here; that he is here on a great end, from which no folly ſhould divert him; and that having nobly done your part of this morning, Beatrix, you ſhould retire off the ſcene awhile, and leave it to the other actors of the play."

As the Colonel ſpoke with a perfect calmneſs

and politeneſs, ſuch as 'tis to be hoped he hath always ſhown to women,* his miſtreſs ſtood by him one ſide of the table, and Frank Caſtlewood on the other hemming in poor Beatrix, that was behind it, and as it were, ſurrounding her with our approaches.

Having twice ſallied out, and been beaten back, ſhe now, as I expected, tried the *ultima ratio* of women, and had recourſe to tears. Her beautiful eyes filled with them; I never could bear in her, nor in any woman, that expreſſion of pain:—"I am alone," ſobbed ſhe; "you are three againſt me, my brother, my mother, and

* My dear father ſaith quite truly that his manner towards our ſex was uniformly courteous. From my infancy upwards, he treated me with an extreme gentleneſs, as though I was a little lady. I can ſcarce remember (though I tried him often) ever hearing a rough word from him, nor was he leſs grave and kind in his manner to the humbleſt negreſſes on his eſtate. He was familiar with no one except my mother, and it was delightful to witneſs up to the very laſt days the confidence between them. He was obeyed eagerly by all under him; and my mother and all her houſehold lived in a conſtant emulation to pleaſe him, and quite a terror left in any way they ſhould offend him. He was the humbleſt man, with all this; the leaſt exacting, the moſt eaſily contented; and Mr. Berſon, our miniſter at Caſtlewood, who attended him at the laſt, ever ſaid—"I know not what Colonel Eſmond's doctrine was, but his life and death were thoſe of a devout Chriſtian."—R. E. W.

you. What have I done, that you ſhould ſpeak and look ſo unkindly at me? Is it my fault that the Prince ſhould, as you ſay, admire me? Did I bring him here? Did I do aught but what you bade me, in making him welcome? Did you not tell me that our duty was to die for him? Did you not teach me, mother, night and morning, to pray for the King, before even ourſelves? What would you have of me, couſin, for you are the chief of the conſpiracy againſt me; I know you are, ſir, and that my mother and brother are acting but as you bid them; whither would you have me go?"

"I would but remove from the Prince," ſays Eſmond, gravely, "a dangerous temptation; Heaven forbid I ſhould ſay you would yield: I would only have him free of it. Your honour needs no guardian, pleaſe God, but his imprudence doth. He is ſo far removed from all women by his rank, that his purſuit of them cannot but be unlawful. We would remove the deareſt and faireſt of our family from the chance of that inſult, and that is why we would have you go, dear Beatrix."

"Harry ſpeaks like a book," ſays Frank, with

one of his oaths, "and by —, every word he ſaith is true. You can't help being handſome, Trix, no more can the Prince help following you. My counſel is that you go out of harm's way; for, by the Lord, were the Prince to play any tricks with you, King as he is, or is to be, Harry Eſmond and I would have juſtice of him."

"Are not two ſuch champions enough to guard me?" ſays Beatrix, ſomething ſorrowfully; "ſure, with you two watching, no evil could happen to me."

"In faith, I think not, Beatrix," ſays Colonel Eſmond; "nor if the Prince knew us would he try."

"But does he know you?" interpoſed Lady Eſmond, very quiet; "he comes of a country where the purſuit of kings is thought no diſhonour to a woman: let us go, deareſt Beatrix. Shall we go to Walcote or to Caſtlewood? We are beſt away from the city; and when the Prince is acknowledged, and our champions have reſtored him, and he hath his own houſe at Saint James's or Windſor, we can come back to ours here. Do you not think ſo, Harry and Frank?"

Frank and Harry thought with her, you may be ſure.

"We will go then," ſays Beatrix, turning a little pale; "Lady Maſham is to give me warning to-night how her Majeſty is, and to-morrow——"

"I think we had beſt go to-day, my dear," ſays my Lady Caſtlewood; "we might have the coach, and ſleep at Hounſlow, and reach home to-morrow. 'Tis twelve o'clock; bid the coach, couſin, be ready at one."

"For ſhame," burſt out Beatrix, in a paſſion of tears and mortification: "You diſgrace me by your cruel precautions; my own mother is the firſt to ſuſpect me, and would take me away as my gaoler. I will not go with you, mother; I will go as no one's priſoner. If I wanted to deceive, do you think I could find no means of evading you? My family ſuſpects me. As thoſe miſtruſt me that ought to love me moſt, let me leave them; I will go, but I will go alone: to Caſtlewood, be it. I have been unhappy there and lonely enough, let me go back, but ſpare me at leaſt the humiliation of ſetting a watch over my miſery, which is a trial

I can't bear. Let me go when you will, but alone, or not at all. You three can ſtay and triumph over my unhappineſs, and I will bear it as I have borne it before. Let my gaoler-in-chief go order the coach that is to take me away. I thank you, Henry Eſmond, for your ſhare in the conſpiracy. All my life long, I'll thank you, and remember you; and you, brother, and you, mother, how ſhall I ſhow my gratitude to you for your careful defence of my honour?"

She ſwept out of the room with the air of an Empreſs, flinging glances of defiance at us all, and leaving us conquerors of the field, but ſcared, and almoſt aſhamed of our victory. It did indeed ſeem hard and cruel that we three ſhould have conſpired the baniſhment and humiliation of that fair creature. We looked at each other in ſilence; 'twas not the firſt ſtroke by many of our actions in that unlucky time, which being done, we wiſhed undone. We agreed it was beſt ſhe ſhould go alone, ſpeaking ſtealthily to one another, and under our breaths, like perſons engaged in an act they felt aſhamed in doing.

In a half hour, it might be, after our talk

ſhe came back, her countenance wearing the ſame defiant air which it had borne when ſhe left us. She held a ſhagreen-caſe in her hand; Eſmond knew it as containing his diamonds which he had given to her for her marriage with Duke Hamilton, and which ſhe had worn ſo ſplendidly on the inauſpicious night of the Prince's arrival. "I have brought back," ſays ſhe, "to the Marquis of Eſmond the preſent he deigned to make me in days when he truſted me better than now. I will never accept a benefit or a kindneſs from Henry Eſmond more, and I give back theſe family diamonds, which belonged to one king's miſtreſs, to the gentleman that ſuſpected I would be another. Have you been upon your meſſage of coach-caller, my Lord Marquis? Will you ſend your valet to ſee that I do not run away?" We were right: yet, by her manner, ſhe had put us all in the wrong; we were conquerors, yet the honours of the day ſeemed to be with the poor oppreſſed girl.

That luckleſs box containing the ſtones had firſt been ornamented with a Baron's coronet, when Beatrix was engaged to the young gentleman from whom ſhe parted, and afterwards the

gilt crown of a Ducheſs figured on the cover, which alſo poor Beatrix was deſtined never to wear. Lady Caſtlewood opened the caſe mechanically and ſcarce thinking what ſhe did; and behold, beſides the diamonds, Eſmond's preſent, there lay in the box the enamelled miniature of the late Duke, which Beatrix had laid aſide with her mourning when the King came into the houſe; and which the poor heedleſs thing very likely had forgotten.

"Do you leave this, too, Beatrix?" ſays her mother, taking the miniature out, and with a cruelty ſhe did not very often ſhow; but there are ſome moments when the tendereſt women are cruel, and ſome triumphs which angels can't forego.*

Having delivered this ſtab, Lady Eſmond was frightened at the effect of her blow. It went to poor Beatrix's heart; ſhe fluſhed up and paſſed a handkerchief acroſs her eyes, and kiſſed the miniature, and put it into her boſom:—"I had forgot it," ſays ſhe; "my injury made me

* This remark ſhows how unjuſtly and contemptuouſly even the beſt of men will ſometimes judge of our ſex. Lady Eſmond had no intention of triumphing over her daughter; but from a ſenſe of duty alone pointed out her deplorable wrong.—R. E.

forget my grief, my mother has recalled both to me. Farewell, mother, I think I never can forgive you, ſomething hath broke between us that no tears nor years can repair; I always ſaid I was alone; you never loved me, never, and were jealous of me from the time I ſat on my father's knee. Let me go away, the ſooner the better, I can bear to be with you no more."

"Go, child," ſays her mother ſtill very ſtern, "go and bend your proud knees and aſk forgiveneſs, go pray in ſolititude for humility and repentance. 'Tis not your reproaches that make me unhappy, 'tis your hard heart, my poor Beatrix; may God ſoften it and teach you one day to feel for your mother."

If my miſtreſs was cruel, at leaſt ſhe never could be got to own as much. Her haughtineſs quite overtopped Beatrix's; and if the girl had a proud ſpirit, I very much fear it came to her by inheritance.

## CHAPTER XI.

OUR GUEST QUITS US AS NOT BEING HOSPITABLE ENOUGH.

BEATRIX'S departure took place within an hour, her maid going with her in the poſt-chaiſe, and a man armed on the coach-box to prevent any danger of the road. Eſmond and Frank thought of eſcorting the carriage, but ſhe indignantly refuſed their company, and another man was ſent to follow the coach, and not to leave it till it had paſſed over Hounſlow Heath on the next day. And theſe two forming the whole of Lady Caſtlewood's* male domeſticks, Mr. Eſmond's faithful John Lockwood came to wait on his miſtreſs during their abſence, though he would have preferred to eſcort Mrs. Lucy, his ſweetheart, on her journey into the country.

We had a gloomy and ſilent meal; it ſeemed as if a darkneſs was over the houſe, ſince the

bright face of Beatrix had been withdrawn from it. In the afternoon came a meſſage from the favourite to relieve us ſomewhat from this deſpondency. "The Queen hath been much ſhaken," the note ſaid; "ſhe is better now, and all things will go well. Let *my Lord Caſtlewood* be ready againſt we ſend for him."

At night there came a ſecond billet: "There hath been a great battle in Council; Lord Treaſurer hath broke his Staff, and hath fallen never to riſe again; no ſucceſſor is appointed. Lord B—— receives a great Whig company to-night at Golden Square. If he is trimming others are true; the Queen hath no more fits, but is a-bed now, and more quiet. Be ready againſt morning, when I ſtill hope all will be well."

The Prince came home ſhortly after the meſſenger who bore this billet had left the houſe. His Royal Highneſs was ſo much the better for the Biſhop's liquor, that to talk affairs to him now, was of little ſervice. He was helped to the Royal bed; he called Caſtlewood familiarly by his own name; he quite forgot the part upon the acting of which his crown, his ſafety,

depended. 'Twas lucky that my Lady Caſtlewood's ſervants were out of the way, and only thoſe heard him who would not betray him. He inquired after the adorable Beatrix, with a royal hiccup in his voice; he was eaſily got to bed, and in a minute or two plunged in that deep ſlumber and forgetfulneſs with which Bacchus rewards the votaries of that God. We wiſhed Beatrix had been there to ſee him in his cups. We regretted, perhaps, that ſhe was gone.

One of the party at Kenſington Square was fool enough to ride to Hounſlow that night, *coram latronibus*, and to the inn which the family uſed ordinarily in their journeys out of London. Eſmond deſired my landlord not to acquaint Madam Beatrix with his coming, and had the grim ſatisfaction of paſſing by the door of the chamber where ſhe lay with her maid, and of watching her chariot ſet forth in the early morning. He ſaw her ſmile and ſlip money into the man's hand who was ordered to ride behind the coach as far as Bagſhot. The road being open, and the other ſervant armed, it appeared ſhe diſpenſed with the eſcort of a ſecond domeſtick; and this fellow bidding his young

miſtreſs adieu with many bows, went and took a pot of ale in the kitchen, and returned in company with his brother ſervant, John Coachman, and his horſes back to London.

They were not a mile out of Hounſlow when the two worthies ſtopped for more drink, and here they were ſcared by ſeeing Colonel Eſmond gallop by them. The man ſaid in reply to Colonel Eſmond's ſtern queſtion, that his young miſtreſs had ſent her duty, only that, no other meſſage: ſhe had had a very good night, and would reach Caſtlewood by nightfall. The Colonel had no time for further colloquy, and galloped on ſwiftly to London, having buſineſs of great importance there, as my reader very well knoweth. The thought of Beatrix riding away from the danger ſoothed his mind not a little. His horſe was at Kenſington Square, (honeſt Dapple knew the way thither well enough,) before the tipſy gueſt of laſt night was awake and ſober.

The account of the previous evening was known all over the town early next day. A violent altercation had taken place before the Queen in the Council-Chamber; and all the

coffee-houſes had their verſion of the quarrel. The news brought my Lord Biſhop early to Kenſington Square, where he awaited the waking of his Royal maſter above ſtairs, and ſpoke confidently of having him proclaimed as Prince of Wales and heir to the throne before that day was over. The Biſhop had entertained on the previous afternoon certain of the moſt influential gentlemen of the true Britiſh party. His Royal Highneſs had charmed all, both Scots and Engliſh, Papiſts and Churchmen: "Even Quakers," ſays he, "were at our meeting, and if the ſtranger took a little too much Britiſh punch and ale, he will ſoon grow more accuſtomed to thoſe liquors; and my Lord Caſtlewood," ſays the Biſhop with a laugh, "muſt bear the cruel charge of having been for once in his life a little tipſy. He toaſted your lovely ſiſter a dozen times, at which we all laughed," ſays the Biſhop, "admiring ſo much fraternal affection.—Where is that charming nymph, and why doth ſhe not adorn your ladyſhip's tea-table with her bright eyes?"

Her ladyſhip ſaid, drily, that Beatrix was not at home that morning; my Lord Biſhop was too buſy with great affairs to trouble himſelf much

about the preſence or abſence of any lady however beautiful.

We were yet at table when Dr. A—— came from the Palace with a look of great alarm; the ſhocks the Queen had had the day before had acted on her ſeverely; he had been ſent for, and had ordered her to be blooded. The ſurgeon of Long Acre had come to cup the Queen, and her Majeſty was now more eaſy and breathed more freely. What made us ſtart at the name of Mr. Ayme? "Il faut être aimable pour être aimé," ſays the merry Doctor; Eſmond pulled his ſleeve, and bade him huſh. It was to Aymé's houſe, after his fatal duel, that my dear Lord Caſtlewood, Frank's father, had been carried to die.

No ſecond viſit could be paid to the Queen on that day at any rate; and when our gueſt above gave his ſignal that he was awake, the Doctor, the Biſhop, and Colonel Eſmond, waited upon the Prince's levee, and brought him their news, cheerful or dubious. The Doctor had to go away preſently, but promiſed to keep the Prince conſtantly acquainted with what was taking place at the Palace hard by. His counſel was, and the Biſhop's, that as ſoon as ever the Queen's malady

took a favourable turn, the Prince ſhould be introduced to her bedſide; the Council ſummoned; the guard at Kenſington and St. James's, of which two regiments were to be entirely relied on, and one known not to be hoſtile, would declare for the Prince, as the Queen would before the Lords of her Council, deſignating him as the heir to her throne.

With locked doors, and Colonel Eſmond acting as ſecretary, the Prince and his Lordſhip of Rocheſter, paſſed many hours of this day compoſing Proclamations and Addreſſes to the Country, to the Scots, to the Clergy, to the People of London and England; announcing the arrival of the exiled deſcendant of three ſovereigns, and his acknowledgment by his ſiſter, as heir to the throne. Every ſafeguard for their liberties, the Church and People could aſk, was promiſed to them. The Biſhop could anſwer for the adheſion of very many prelates, who beſought of their flocks and brother eccleſiaſticks to recogniſe the ſacred right of the future ſovereign, and to purge the country of the ſin of rebellion.

During the compoſition of theſe papers, more

meſſengers than one came from the Palace, regarding the ſtate of the Auguſt Patient there lying. At mid-day ſhe was ſomewhat better; at evening the torpor again ſeized her, and ſhe wandered in her mind. At night Dr. A—— was with us again, with a report rather more favourable: no inſtant danger at any rate was apprehended. In the courſe of the laſt two years her Majeſty had had many attacks ſimilar, but more ſevere.

By this time we had finiſhed a half dozen of Proclamations, (the wording of them ſo as to offend no parties, and not to give umbrage to Whigs or Diſſenters, required very great caution,) and the young Prince, who had indeed ſhown, during a long day's labour, both alacrity at ſeizing the information given him, and ingenuity and ſkill in turning the phraſes which were to go out ſigned by his name, here exhibited a good humour and thoughtfulneſs that ought to be ſet down to his credit.

"Were theſe papers to be miſlaid," ſays he, "or our ſcheme to come to miſhap, my Lord Eſmond's writing would bring him to a place where I heartily hope never to ſee him; and ſo,

by your leave, I will copy the papers myſelf, though I am not very ſtrong in ſpelling; and if they are found they will implicate none but the perſon they moſt concern;" and ſo, having carefully copied the Proclamations out, the Prince burned thoſe in Colonel Eſmond's hand-writing: "And now, and now, gentlemen," ſays he, "let us go to ſupper, and drink a glaſs with the ladies. My Lord Eſmond, you will ſup with us to-night; you have given us of late too little of your company."

The Prince's meals were commonly ſerved in the chamber which had been Beatrix's bed-room, adjoining that in which he ſlept. And the dutiful practice of his entertainers was to wait until their Royal Gueſt bade them take their places at table before they ſat down to partake of the meal. On this night, as you may ſuppoſe, only Frank Caſtlewood and his mother were in waiting when the ſupper was announced to receive the Prince; who had paſſed the whole of the day in his own apartment, with the Biſhop as his Miniſter of State, and Colonel Eſmond officiating as Secretary of his Council.

The Prince's countenance wore an expreſſion

by no means pleaſant; when looking towards the little company aſſembled, and waiting for him, he did not ſee Beatrix's bright face there as uſual to greet him. He aſked Lady Eſmond for his fair introducer of yeſterday: her ladyſhip only caſt her eyes down, and ſaid quietly, Beatrix could not be of the ſupper that night; nor did ſhe ſhow the leaſt ſign of confuſion, whereas Caſtlewood turned red, and Eſmond was no leſs embarraſſed. I think women have an inſtinct of diſſimulation; they know by nature how to diſguiſe their emotions far better than the moſt conſummate male courtiers can do. Is not the better part of the life of many of them ſpent in hiding their feelings, in cajoling their tyrants, in maſking over with fond ſmiles and artful gaiety their doubt, or their grief, or their terror?

Our gueſt ſwallowed his ſupper very ſulky; it was not 'till the ſecond bottle his Highneſs began to rally; when Lady Caſtlewood aſked leave to depart, he ſent a meſſage to Beatrix, hoping ſhe would be preſent at the next day's dinner, and applied himſelf to drink, and to talk afterwards, for which there was ſubject in plenty.

The next day, we heard from our Informer at Kenſington, that the Queen was ſomewhat better, and had been up for an hour, though ſhe was not well enough yet to receive any viſitor.

At dinner a ſingle cover was laid for his Royal Highneſs; and the two gentlemen alone waited on him. We had had a conſultation in the morning with Lady Caſtlewood, in which it had been determined, that ſhould his Highneſs aſk further queſtions about Beatrix he ſhould be anſwered by the gentlemen of the houſe.

He was evidently diſturbed and uneaſy, looking towards the door conſtantly, as if expecting ſome one. There came, however, nobody, except honeſt John Lockwood, when he knocked with a diſh, which thoſe within took from him; ſo the meals were always arranged, and, I believe, the council in the kitchen were of opinion, that my young lord had brought over a prieſt, who had converted us all into Papiſts, and that Papiſts were like Jews, eating together, and not chooſing to take their meals in the ſight of Chriſtians.

The Prince tried to cover his diſpleaſure; he was but a clumſy diſſembler at that time, and

when out of humour, could with difficulty keep a ſerene countenance; and having made ſome fooliſh attempts at trivial talk, he came to his point preſently, and in as eaſy a manner as he could, ſaying to Lord Caſtlewood, he hoped, he requeſted, his lordſhip's mother and ſiſter would be of the ſupper that night. As the time hung heavy on him, and he muſt not go abroad, would not Miſs Beatrix hold him company at a game of cards?

At this, looking up at Eſmond, and taking the ſignal from him, Lord Caſtlewood informed his Royal Highneſs* that his ſiſter Beatrix was not at Kenſington; and that her family had thought it beſt ſhe ſhould quit the town.

"Not at Kenſington!" ſays he; "is ſhe ill? ſhe was well, yeſterday; wherefore ſhould ſhe quit the town? Is it at your orders, my lord, or Colonel Eſmond's, who ſeems the maſter of this houſe?"

"Not of this, ſir," ſays Frank very nobly, "only of our houſe in the country, which he

* In London we addreſſed the Prince as Royal Highneſs, invariably; though the women perſiſted in giving him the title of King.

hath given to us. This is my mother's houſe, and Walcote is my father's, and the Marquis of Eſmond knows he hath but to give his word, and I return his to him."

"The Marquis of Eſmond!—the Marquis of Eſmond," ſays the Prince, toſſing off a glaſs, "meddles too much with my affairs, and preſumes on the ſervice he hath done me. If you want to carry your ſuit with Beatrix, my lord, by blocking her up in gaol, let me tell you that is not the way to win a woman."

"I was not aware, ſir, that I had ſpoken of my ſuit to Madam Beatrix to your Royal Highneſs."

"Bah, bah, Monſieur! we need not be a conjuror to ſee that. It makes itſelf ſeen at all moments. You are jealous, my lord, and the Maid of Honour cannot look at another face without yours beginning to ſcowl. That which you do is unworthy, Monſieur; is inhoſpitable, is, is lâche, yes lâche:" (he ſpoke rapidly in French, his rage carrying him away with each phraſe:) "I come to your houſe; I riſk my life; I paſs it in ennui; I repoſe myſelf on your fidelity; I have no company, but your lordſhip's ſermons

or the converſations of that adorable young lady, and you take her from me; and you, you reſt! Merci, Monſieur! I ſhall thank you when I have the means; I ſhall know to recompenſe a devotion, a little importunate, my lord, — a little importunate. For a month paſt your airs of protector have annoyed me beyond meaſure. You deign to offer me the crown, and bid me take it on my knees like King John; Eh! I know my hiſtory, Monſieur, and mock myſelf of frowning barons. I admire your miſtreſs and you ſend her to a Baſtille of the Province; I enter your houſe and you miſtruſt me. I will leave it, Monſieur; from to-night I will leave it. I have other friends, whoſe loyalty will not be ſo ready to queſtion mine. If I have garters to give away, 'tis to noblemen who are not ſo ready to think evil. Bring me a coach and let me quit this place, or let the fair Beatrix return to it. I will not have your hoſpitality at the expenſe of the freedom of that fair creature."

This harangue was uttered with rapid geſticulations ſuch as the French uſe, and in the language of that nation. The Prince ſtriding up and down the room; his face flufhed, and his hands

trembling with anger. He was very thin and frail from repeated illneſs and a life of pleaſure. Either Caſtlewood or Eſmond could have broke him acroſs their knee, and in half-a-minute's ſtruggle put an end to him; and here he was inſulting us both, and ſcarce deigning to hide from the two whoſe honour it moſt concerned, the paſſion he felt for the young lady of our family. My Lord Caſtlewood replied to the Prince's tirade very nobly and ſimply.

"Sir," ſays he, "your Royal Highneſs is pleaſed to forget that others riſk their lives, and for your cauſe. Very few, Engliſhmen, pleaſe God, would dare to lay hands on your ſacred perſon, though none would ever think of reſpecting ours. Our family's lives are at your ſervice, and everything we have except our honour."

"Honour! bah, ſir, who ever thought of hurting your honour?" ſays the Prince with a peeviſh air.

"We implore your Royal Highneſs, never to think of hurting it," ſays Lord Caſtlewood, with a low bow. The night being warm, the windows were open both towards the Gardens and the

Square. Colonel Eſmond heard through the cloſed door the voice of a watchman, calling the hour, in the Square on the other ſide. He opened the door communicating with the Prince's room; Martin, the ſervant, that had rode with Beatrix to Hounſlow was juſt going out of the chamber as Eſmond entered it, and when the fellow was gone, and the watchman again ſang his cry of "Paſſed ten o'clock, and a ſtar-light night," Eſmond ſpoke to the Prince in a low voice, and ſaid: "Your Royal Highneſs hears that man."

"Après? Monſieur," ſays the Prince.

"I have but to beckon him from the window, and ſend him fifty yards, and he returns with a guard of men, and I deliver up to him the body of the perſon calling himſelf James the Third, for whoſe capture Parliament hath offered a reward of 5000*l.*, as your Royal Highneſs ſaw on our ride from Rocheſter. I have but to ſay the word, and, by the Heaven that made me, I would ſay it, if I thought the Prince, for his honour's ſake, would not deſiſt from inſulting ours. But the firſt gentleman of England knows his duty too well to forget himſelf with the

humbleſt, or peril his crown for a deed that were ſhameful if it were done."

"Has your lordſhip anything to ſay," ſays the Prince turning to Frank Caſtlewood, and quite pale with anger; "any threat or any inſult, with which you would like to end this agreeable night's entertainment?"

"I follow the head of our houſe," ſays Caſtlewood, bowing gravely. "At what time ſhall it pleaſe the Prince that we ſhould wait upon him in the morning?"

"You will wait on the Biſhop of Rocheſter early, you will bid him bring his coach hither; and prepare an apartment for me in his own houſe, or in a place of ſafety. The King will reward you handſomely, never fear, for all you have done in his behalf. I wiſh you a good night, and ſhall go to bed, unleſs it pleaſes the Marquis of Eſmond to call his colleague, the watchman, and that I ſhould paſs the night with the Kenſington guard. Fare you well, be ſure I will remember you. My Lord Caſtlewood, I can go to bed to-night without need of a chamberlain." And the Prince diſmiſſed us with a grim bow, locking one door as he ſpoke,

that into the ſupping-room, and the other through which we paſſed, after us. It led into the ſmall chamber which Frank Caſtlewood or *Monſieur Baptiſte* occupied, and by which Martin entered, when Colonel Eſmond but now ſaw him in the chamber.

At an early hour next morning the Biſhop arrived, and was cloſetted for ſome time with his maſter in his own apartment, where the Prince laid open to his councillor the wrongs which, according to his verſion, he had received from the gentlemen of the Eſmond family. The worthy prelate came out from the conference with an air of great ſatisfaction: he was a man full of reſources, and of a moſt aſſured fidelity, and poſſeſſed of genius and a hundred good qualities; but captious and of a moſt jealous temper, that could not help exulting at the downfall of any favourite; and he was pleaſed in ſpite of himſelf to hear that the Eſmond miniſtry was at an end.

"I have ſoothed your Gueſt," ſays he; coming out to the two gentlemen and the widow, who had been made acquainted with ſomewhat of the diſpute of the night before. (By the verſion we

gave her, the Prince was only made to exhibit anger becauſe we doubted of his intentions in reſpect to Beatrix; and to leave us, becauſe we queſtioned his honour.) "But I think, all things conſidered, 'tis as well he ſhould leave this houſe; and then, my Lady Caſtlewood," ſays the Biſhop, "my pretty Beatrix may come back to it."

"She is quite as well at home at Caſtlewood," Eſmond's miſtreſs ſaid, "till everything is over."

"You ſhall have your title, Eſmond, that I promiſe you," ſays the good Biſhop, aſſuming the airs of a Prime Miniſter. "The Prince hath expreſſed himſelf moſt nobly in regard of the little difference of laſt night, and I promiſe you he hath liſtened to my ſermon, as well as to that of other folks," ſays the Doctor archly; "he hath every great and generous quality, with perhaps a weakneſs for the ſex which belongs to his family, and hath been known in ſcores of popular ſovereigns from King David downwards."

"My lord, my lord," breaks out Lady Eſmond, "the levity with which you ſpeak of ſuch conduct towards our ſex ſhocks me, and what you call weakneſs I call deplorable ſin."

"Sin it is, my dear creature," ſays the Biſhop

with a ſhrug, taking ſnuff; "but conſider, what a ſinner King Solomon was, and in ſpite of a thouſand of wives too."

"Enough of this, my lord," ſays Lady Caſtlewood with a fine bluſh, and walked out of the room very ſtately.

The Prince entered it preſently with a ſmile on his face, and if he felt any offence againſt us on the previous night, at preſent exhibited none. He offered a hand to each gentleman with great courteſy: "If all your Biſhops preach ſo well as Doctor Atterbury," ſays he, "I don't know, gentlemen, what may happen to me. I ſpoke very haſtily, my lords, laſt night, and aſk pardon of both of you. But I muſt not ſtay any longer," ſays he, "giving umbrage to good friends, or keeping pretty girls away from their homes. My Lord Biſhop hath found a ſafe place for me, hard by at a Curate's houſe, whom the Biſhop can truſt, and whoſe wife is ſo ugly as to be beyond all danger; we will decamp into thoſe new quarters, and I leave you, thanking you for a hundred kindneſſes here. Where is my hoſteſs, that I may bid her farewell; to welcome her in a houſe of my own, ſoon I truſt,

where my friends ſhall have no cauſe to quarrel with me."

Lady Caſtlewood arrived preſently, bluſhing with great grace, and tears filling her eyes as the Prince graciouſly ſaluted her. She looked ſo charming and young, that the Doctor, in his bantering way, could not help ſpeaking of her beauty to the Prince; whoſe compliment made her bluſh, and look more charming ſtill.

## CHAPTER XII.

A GREAT SCHEME, AND WHO BAULKED IT.

AS characters written with a ſecret ink come out with the application of fire, and diſappear again and leave the paper white, ſo ſoon as it is cool; a hundred names of men, high in repute and favouring the Prince's cauſe, that were writ in our private liſts, would have been viſible enough on the great roll of the conſpiracy, had it ever been laid open under the ſun. What crowds would have preſſed forward, and ſubſcribed their names and proteſted their loyalty, when the danger was over! What a number of Whigs, now high in place and creatures of the all-powerful miniſter, ſcorned Mr. Walpole then! If ever a match was gained by the manlineſs and deciſion of a few at a moment of danger; if ever one was loſt by the

treachery and imbecility of thoſe that had the cards in their hands, and might have played them; it was in that momentous game which was enacted in the next three days, and of which the nobleſt crown in the world was the ſtake.

From the conduct of my Lord Bolingbroke, thoſe who were intereſted in the ſcheme we had in hand, ſaw pretty well that he was not to be truſted. Should the Prince prevail, it was his lordſhip's gracious intention to declare for him: ſhould the Hannoverian party bring in their ſovereign, who more ready to go on his knee, and cry God ſave King George? And he betrayed the one Prince and the other; but exactly at the wrong time: when he ſhould have ſtruck for King James, he faltered and coquetted with the Whigs: and having committed himſelf by the moſt monſtrous profeſſions of devotion, which the Elector rightly ſcorned, he proved the juſtneſs of their contempt for him by flying and taking renegado ſervice with St. Germains, juſt when he ſhould have kept aloof: and that Court deſpiſed him, as the manly and reſolute men who eſtabliſhed the Elector in England had before done. He ſigned his own name to every accuſation

of inſincerity his enemies made againſt him; and the King and the Pretender alike could ſhow proofs of St. John's treachery under his own hand and ſeal.

Our friends kept a pretty cloſe watch upon his motions, as on thoſe of the brave and hearty Whig party that made little concealment of theirs. They would have in the Elector, and uſed every means in their power to effect their end. My Lord Marlborough was now with them. His expulſion from power by the Tories had thrown that great captain at once on the Whig ſide. We heard he was coming from Antwerp; and, in fact, on the day of the Queen's death, he once more landed on Engliſh ſhore. A great part of the army was always with their illuſtrious leader; even the Tories in it were indignant at the injuſtice of the perſecution which the Whig officers were made to undergo. The chiefs of theſe were in London, and at the head of them one of the moſt intrepid men in the world, the Scots Duke of Argyle, whoſe conduct on the ſecond day after that to which I have now brought down my hiſtory, ended, as ſuch honeſty and bravery deſerved to end, by

establishing the present Royal race on the English throne.

Meanwhile there was no slight difference of opinion amongst the councillors, surrounding the Prince, as to the plan his Highness should pursue. His female minister at Court, fancying she saw some amelioration in the Queen, was for waiting a few days, or hours it might be, until he could be brought to her bedside, and acknowledged as her heir. Mr. Esmond was for having him march thither, escorted by a couple of troops of Horse Guards, and openly presenting himself to the Council. During the whole of the night of the 29th-30th July, the Colonel was engaged with gentlemen of the military profession, whom 'tis needless here to name; suffice it to say that several of them had exceeding high rank in the army, and one of them in especial was a General, who when he heard the Duke of Marlborough was coming on the other side, waved his crutch over his head with a huzzan, at the idea that he should march out and engage him. Of the three Secretaries of State, we knew that one was devoted to us. The Governor of the Tower was ours: the two companies on duty at Kensington

barrack were ſafe, and we had intelligence, very ſpeedy and accurate, of all that took place at the Palace within.

At noon, on the 30th of July, a meſſage came to the Prince's friends that the Committee of Council was ſitting at Kenſington Palace, their Graces of Ormonde and Shrewſbury, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the three Secretaries of State being there aſſembled. In an hour afterwards hurried news was brought that the two great Whig Dukes, Argyle and Somerſet, had broke into the Council-chamber without a ſummons, and taken their ſeat at table. After holding a debate there the whole party proceeded to the chamber of the Queen, who was lying in great weakneſs, but ſtill ſenſible, and the lords recommended his Grace of Shrewſbury as the fitteſt perſon to take the vacant place of Lord Treaſurer; her Majeſty gave him the ſtaff, as all know. "And now," writ my meſſenger from Court, "*now or never is the time.*"

Now or never was the time indeed. In ſpite of the Whig Dukes, our ſide had ſtill the majority in the Council, and Eſmond, to whom the meſſage had been brought (the perſonage at

Court not being aware that the Prince had quitted his lodging in Kenſington Square), and Eſmond's gallant young aide-de-camp, Frank Caſtlewood, putting on ſword and uniform, took a brief leave of their dear lady, who embraced and bleſſed them both; and went to her chamber to pray for the iſſue of the great event which was then pending.

Caſtlewood ſped to the barrack to give warning to the captain of the guard there; and then went to the King's Arms tavern at Kenſington, where our friends were aſſembled, having come by parties of twos and threes, riding or in coaches, and were got together in the upper chamber, fifty-three of them; their ſervants, who had been inſtructed to bring arms likewiſe, being below in the garden of the tavern, where they were ſerved with drink. Out of this garden is a little door that leads into the road of the Palace, and through this it was arranged that maſters and ſervants were to march; when that Signal was given, and That Perſonage appeared, for whom all were waiting. There was in our company the famous officer next in command to the Captain-General of the Forces, his Grace

the Duke of Ormonde, who was within at the Council. There were with him two more lieutenant-generals, nine major-generals and brigadiers, ſeven colonels, eleven Peers of Parliament, and twenty-one members of the Houſe of Commons. The Guard was with us within and without the Palace: the Queen was with us; the Council, (ſave the two Whig Dukes, that muſt have ſuccumbed;) the day was our own, and with a beating heart Eſmond walked rapidly to the Mall at Kenſington, where he had parted with the Prince on the night before. For three nights the Colonel had not been to bed: the laſt had been paſſed ſummoning the Prince's friends together, of whom the great majority had no ſort of inkling of the tranſaction pending until they were told that he was actually on the ſpot, and were ſummoned to ſtrike the blow. The night before, and after the altercation with the Prince, my gentleman, having ſuſpicions of his Royal Highneſs, and fearing leſt he ſhould be minded to give us the ſlip, and fly off after his fugitive beauty, had ſpent, if the truth muſt be told, at the Greyhound tavern, over againſt my Lady Eſmond's houſe in Kenſington Square,

with an eye on the door, leſt the Prince ſhould eſcape from it. The night before that he had paſſed in his boots, at the Crown at Hounſlow, where he muſt watch forſooth all night, in order to get one moment's glimpſe of Beatrix in the morning. And fate had decreed that he was to have a fourth night's ride and wakefulneſs before his buſineſs was ended.

He ran to the curate's houſe in Kenſington Mall, and aſked for Mr. Bates, the name the Prince went by. The curate's wife ſaid Mr. Bates had gone abroad very early in the morning in his boots, ſaying he was going to the Biſhop of Rocheſter's houſe at Chelſey. But the Biſhop had been at Kenſington himſelf two hours ago to ſeek for Mr. Bates, and had returned in his coach to his own houſe, when he heard that the gentleman was gone thither to ſeek him.

This abſence was moſt unpropitious, for an hour's delay might coſt a kingdom; Eſmond had nothing for it but to haſten to the King's Arms, and tell the gentlemen there aſſembled, that Mr. George (as we called the Prince there) was not at home, but that Eſmond would go fetch him; and taking a General's coach that

happened to be there, Eſmond drove acroſs the country to Chelſey to the Biſhop's houſe there.

The porter ſaid two gentlemen were with his lordſhip, and Eſmond ran paſt this ſentry up to the locked door of the Biſhop's ſtudy, at which he rattled, and was admitted preſently. Of the Biſhop's gueſts one was a brother prelate, and the other the Abbé G——.

"Where is Mr. George?" ſays Mr. Eſmond, "now is the time." The Biſhop looked ſcared; "I went to his lodging," he ſaid, "and they told me he was come hither. I returned as quick as coach would carry me; and he hath not been here."

The Colonel burſt out with an oath; that was all he could ſay to their reverences; ran down the ſtairs again, and bidding the coachman, an old friend and fellow-campaigner, drive as if he was charging the French with his maſter at Wynendael, they were back at Kenſington in half an hour.

Again Eſmond went to the curate's houſe. Mr. George had not returned. The Colonel had to go with this blank errand to the gentlemen

at the King's Arms, that were grown very impatient by this time.

Out of the window of the tavern, and looking over the garden-wall, you can ſee the green before Kenſington Palace, the Palace gate (round which the miniſter's coaches were ſtanding), and the barrack building. As we were looking out from this window in gloomy diſcourſe, we heard preſently trumpets blowing, and ſome of us ran to the window of the front-room, looking into the High Street of Kenſington, and ſaw a regiment of Horſe coming.

"It's Ormonde's Guards," ſays one—

"No, by God, it's Argyle's old regiment," ſays my General, clapping down his crutch.

It was, indeed, Argyle's regiment that was brought from Weſtminſter, and that took the place of the regiment at Kenſington on which we could rely.

"O Harry!" ſays one of the Generals there preſent, "You were born under an unlucky ſtar; I begin to think that there's no Mr. George, nor Mr. Dragon either. 'Tis not the peerage I care for, for our name is ſo ancient and famous, that merely to be called Lord Lydiard would do me

no good; but 'tis the chance you promiſed me of fighting Marlborough."

As we were talking, Caſtlewood entered the room with a diſturbed air.

"What news, Frank?" ſays the Colonel, "is Mr. George coming at laſt?"

"Damn him, look here;" ſays Caſtlewood, holding out a paper, "I found it in the book,—the what you call it, 'Eikum Basilikum,'—that villain Martin put it there,—he ſaid his young Miſtreſs bade him. It was directed to me, but it was meant for him I know, and I broke the ſeal and read it."

The whole aſſembly of officers ſeemed to ſwim away before Eſmond's eyes as he read the paper; all that was written on it was:—"Beatrix Eſmond is ſent away to priſon, to Caſtlewood, where ſhe will pray for happier days."

"Can you gueſs where he is?" ſays Caſtlewood.

"Yes," ſays Colonel Eſmond. He knew full well, Frank knew full well: our inſtinct told whither that traitor had fled.

He had courage to turn to the company and ſay, "Gentlemen, I fear very much

that Mr. George will not be here to-day; ſomething hath happened—and—and—I very much fear ſome accident may befal him, which muſt keep him out of the way. Having had your noon's draught, you had beſt pay the reckoning and go home; there can be no game where there is no one to play it."

Some of the gentlemen went away without a word, others called to pay their duty to her Majeſty and aſk for her health. The little army diſappeared into the darkneſs out of which it had been called; there had been no writings, no paper to implicate any man. Some few officers and Members of Parliament had been invited over night to breakfaſt at the King's Arms, at Kenſington; and they had called for their bill and gone home.

## CHAPTER XIII.

AUGUST 1ST, 1714.

"DOES my miſtreſs know of this?" Eſmond aſked of Frank? as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet-table. She had writ it ere ſhe had left home," Frank ſaid. "Mother met her on the ſtairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that 'till ſhe went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 'twas to Beatrix's brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never ſaid a word of reproach to me, for having brought the villain amongſt us. As we knocked at the door, I ſaid; "When will

the horſes be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane, they were turning the ſtreet that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our miſtreſs; ſhe was in a dreadful ſtate of agitation by this time, and that Biſhop was with her whoſe company ſhe was ſo fond of.

"Did you tell him, my lord," ſays Eſmond, "that Beatrix was at Caſtlewood?" The Biſhop bluſhed and ſtammered: "Well," ſays he, "I . . ."

"You ſerved the villain right," broke out Mr. Eſmond, "and he has loſt a crown by what you told him."

My miſtreſs turned quite white, "Henry, Henry," ſays ſhe, "do not kill him."

"It may not be too late," ſays Eſmond; "he may not have gone to Caſtlewood; pray God, it is not too late." The Biſhop was breaking out with ſome *banales* phraſes about loyalty and the ſacredneſs of the Sovereign's perſon; but Eſmond ſternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Caſtlewood; and in five minutes he and Frank were in the ſaddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Caſtlewood at a rapid pace.

We were juſt got to Alton, when who ſhould meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Caſtlewood, John's father, walking by the ſide of the Hexham flying-coach, who ſlept the night at Alton. Lockwood ſaid his young miſtreſs had arrived at home on Wedneſday night, and this morning, Friday, had deſpatched him with a packet for my lady at Kenſington, ſaying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood ſtared with wonder, and cried out his Lord bleſs me's, and Who'd a thought it's, at the ſight of his young lord whom he had not ſeen theſe ſeven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at all. It was written in a jocular ſtrain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She aſked whether ſhe might have leave to viſit Mrs. Tuſher, or to walk beyond the court, and the garden-wall. She gave news of the peacocks, and a fawn ſhe had there. She bade her mother ſend her certain gowns and ſmocks by old Lockwood; ſhe ſent her duty to a certain Perſon, if certain other perſons permitted her to take ſuch a freedom; how that as ſhe was not able to

play cards with him, ſhe hoped he would read good books, ſuch as Doctor Atterbury's ſermons and Eikon Baſilike: ſhe was going to read good books: ſhe thought her pretty mamma would like to know ſhe was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the houſe beſides you, Lockwood?" ſays the Colonel.

"There be the laundry-maid, and the kitchen-maid, Madam Beatrix's maid, the man from London, and that be all: and he ſleepeth in my lodge away from the maids," ſays old Lockwood.

Eſmond ſcribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man, and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been ſo dutiful on a ſudden, and why ſhe ſpoke of *Eikon Baſilike*. She writ this letter to put the Prince on the ſcent, and the porter out of the way.

"We have a fine moonlight night for riding on," ſays Eſmond; "Frank, we may reach Caſtlewood in time yet." All the way along they made inquiries at the poſt-houſes, when a tall young gentleman in a grey ſuit, with a light-brown perriwig, juſt the colour of my lord's, had been ſeen to paſs. He had ſet off at ſix that morning,

and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almoſt as quickly as we had done; he was ſeven hours a-head of us ſtill when we reached the laſt ſtage.

We rode over Caſtlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We paſſed the very ſpot where the car was upſet fourteen years ſince; and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, paſſing by the elms, where the rooks were ſtill rooſting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horſes at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

"If ſhe is ſafe," ſays Frank, trembling, and his honeſt eyes filling with tears, "a ſilver ſtatue to Our Lady!" He was going to rattle at the great iron knocker on the oak gate; but Eſmond ſtopped his kinſman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own deſpairs and griefs, too: but he ſpoke not a word of theſe to his companion, or ſhowed any ſigns of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" ſays he, looking out; it was the ſervant from Kenſington.

"My Lord Caſtlewood and Colonel Eſmond," we ſaid, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noiſe."

"My Lord Caſtlewood?" ſays the other; "my lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—n you," ſays Caſtlewood, with a curſe.

"I ſhall open to no one," ſays the man, ſhutting the glaſs window as Frank drew a piſtol. He would have fired at the porter, but Eſmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," ſays he, "of entering ſuch a great houſe as this."—Frank grumbled that the weſt gate was half a mile round.—"But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," ſays Mr. Eſmond; and leading his kinſman cloſe along the wall, and by the ſhrubs, which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the houſe, they came to the buttreſs, at the ſide of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Eſmond climbed up to this eaſily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the ſpring inſide, and the two gentlemen paſſed in that way, treading as

lightly as they could; and ſo going through the paſſage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plaſhed in the ſilence.

They ſped inſtantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not faſtened his door that led into the court; and piſtol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be ſilent. Then they aſked him (Eſmond's head reeled, and he almoſt fell as he ſpoke) when Lord Caſtlewood had arrived? He ſaid on the previous evening, about eight of the clock.—"And what then?"—His lordſhip ſupped with his ſiſter.—"Did the man wait?" Yes, he and my lady's maid, both waited: the other ſervants made the ſupper;—and there was no wine, and they could give his lordſhip but milk, at which he grumbled; and—and Madam Beatrix kept Miſs Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed acroſs the court in the Chaplain's room, ſhe had arranged my lord was to ſleep there. Madam Beatrix had come down ſtairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herſelf in, and my lord had ſtood for a while talking to her through the door, and ſhe laughing at him. And then he

paced the court awhile, and ſhe came again to the upper window; and my lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but ſhe would not, and laughed at him again, and ſhut the window; and ſo my lord uttering what ſeemed curſes, but in a foreign language, went to the chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all?"—"All," the man ſwore upon his honour, "all as he hoped to be ſaved.—Stop, there was one thing more. My lord, on arriving, and once or twice during ſupper, did kiſs his ſiſter as was natural, and ſhe kiſſed him." At this Eſmond ground his teeth with rage, and well nigh throttled the amazed miſcreant, who was ſpeaking, whereas Caſtlewood, ſeizing hold of his couſin's hand, burſt into a great fit of laughter.

"If it amuſes thee," ſays Eſmond in French, "that your ſiſter ſhould be exchanging of kiſſes with a ſtranger, I fear poor Beatrix will give thee plenty of ſport."—Eſmond darkly thought, how Hamilton, Aſhburnham, had before been maſters of thoſe roſes that the young Prince's lips were now feeding on. He ſickened at that notion. Her cheek was deſecrated, her beauty tarniſhed: ſhame and honour ſtood between it

and him. The love was dead within him; had ſhe a crown to bring him with her love, he felt that both would degrade him.

But this wrath againſt Beatrix did not leſſen the angry feelings of the Colonel againſt the man who had been the occaſion if not the cauſe of the evil. Frank ſat down on a ſtone-bench in the court-yard, and fairly fell aſleep, while Eſmond paced up and down the court, debating what ſhould enſue. What mattered how much or how little had paſſed between the Prince and the poor faithleſs girl? They were arrived in time perhaps to reſcue her perſon, but not her mind; had ſhe not inſtigated the young Prince to come to her; ſuborned ſervants; diſmiſſed others, ſo that ſhe might communicate with him? The treacherous heart within her had ſurrendered, though the place was ſafe; and it was to win this that he had given a life's ſtruggle and devotion; this, that ſhe was ready to give away for the bribe of a coronet or a wink of the Prince's eye.

When he had thought his thoughts out he ſhook up poor Frank from his ſleep, who roſe yawning, and ſaid he had been dreaming of

Clotilda ;—" You muſt back me," ſays Eſmond, " in what I am going to do. I have been thinking that yonder ſcoundrel may have been inſtructed to tell that ſtory, and that the whole of it may be a lie: if it be, we ſhall find it out from the gentleman who is aſleep yonder. See if the door leading to my lady's rooms (ſo we called the rooms at the north-weſt angle of the houſe),—ſee if the door is barred as he ſaith." We tried; it was indeed as the lacquey had ſaid, cloſed within.

" It may have been open and ſhut afterwards," ſays poor Eſmond, " the foundreſs of our family let our anceſtor in in that way."

" What will you do, Harry, if—if what that fellow ſaith ſhould turn out untrue ?" The young man looked ſcared and frightened into his kinſman's face: I dare ſay it wore no very pleaſant expreſſion.

" Let us firſt go ſee whether the two ſtories agree," ſays Eſmond: and went in at the paſſage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well nigh five-and-twenty years. A candle was ſtill burning, and the Prince aſleep dreſſed on the bed—Eſmond did

not care for making a noiſe. The Prince ſtarted up in his bed, ſeeing two men in his chamber: "Qui eſt la?" ſays he, and took a piſtol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Eſmond," ſays the Colonel, "come to welcome his Majeſty to his houſe of Caſtlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Purſuant to the King's orders, I paſſed the night before laſt after leaving his Majeſty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that his Majeſty's deſire to ſee the country and to viſit our poor houſe ſhould have cauſed the King to quit London without notice yeſterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the King not choſen to ride to Caſtlewood, the Prince of Wales might have ſlept at St. James's."

"'Sdeath! gentlemen," ſays the Prince, ſtarting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the Doctor was with me yeſterday morning, and after watching by my ſiſter all night, told me I might not hope to ſee the Queen."

"It would have been otherwiſe," ſays Eſmond with another bow; "as, by this time the Queen

may be dead in ſpite of the Doctor. — The Council was met, a new Treaſurer was appointed, the Troops were devoted to the King's cauſe; and fifty loyal gentlemen of the greateſt names of this kingdom were aſſembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the poſſeſſor of it by this time, had your Majeſty not choſen to take the air. We were ready; there was only one perſon that failed us, your Majeſty's gracious—"

"Morbleu, Monſieur, you give me too much Majeſty," ſaid the Prince; who had now riſen up and ſeemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither ſtirred.

"We ſhall take care," ſays Eſmond, "not much oftener to offend in that particular."

"What mean you, my lord?" ſays the Prince, and muttered ſomething about a *guet-à-pens*, which Eſmond caught up.

"The ſnare, Sir," ſaid he, "was not of our laying; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compaſs, the diſhonour of our family."

"Diſhonour! Morbleu, there has been no

diſhonour," ſays the Prince, turning ſcarlet, "only a little harmleſs playing."

"That was meant to end ſeriouſly."

"I ſwear," the Prince broke out impetuouſly, "upon the honour of a gentleman, my lords,—"

"That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank," ſays Colonel Eſmond, turning round to young Caſtlewood, who ſtood at the door as the talk was going on. "See! here is a paper whereon his Majeſty hath deigned to commence ſome verſes in honour, or diſhonour, of Beatrix. Here is 'Madame' and 'Flamme,' 'Cruelle' and 'Rebelle,' and 'Amour' and 'Jour,' in the Royal writing and ſpelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not paſſed his time in ſighing." In fact, and actually as he was ſpeaking, Eſmond caſt his eyes down towards the table, and ſaw a paper on which my young Prince had been ſcrawling a Madrigal, that was to finiſh his charmer on the morrow.

"Sir," ſays the Prince, burning with rage (he had aſſumed his Royal coat unaſſiſted by this time), "did I come here to receive inſults?"

"To confer them, may it pleaſe your Majeſty," ſays the Colonel, with a very low bow, "and the

gentlemen of our family are come to thank you."

"*Malédiction!*" ſays the young man, tears ſtarting into his eyes, with helpleſs rage and mortification. "What will you with me, gentlemen?"

"If your Majeſty will pleaſe to enter the next apartment," ſays Eſmond, preſerving his grave tone, "I have ſome papers there which I would gladly ſubmit to you, and by your permiſſion I will lead the way;" and taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Eſmond paſſed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had juſt entered into the houſe:—"Pleaſe to ſet a chair for his Majeſty, Frank," ſays the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almoſt as much at this ſcene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantel-piece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which ſo long had lain there.

"Here, may it pleaſe your Majeſty," ſays he, "is the Patent of Marquis ſent over by your Royal Father at St. Germain's to Viſcount

Caſtlewood, my father: here is the witneſſed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and chriſtening; I was chriſtened of that religion of which your ſainted ſire gave all through life ſo ſhining example. Theſe are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptiſm and Marriage, and here the Marquiſate and the Auguſt Sign-Manual, with which your predeceſſor was pleaſed to honour our race." And as Eſmond ſpoke he ſet the papers burning in the brazier. "You will pleaſe, ſir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itſelf by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather ſpent his eſtate, and gave his blood and his ſon to die for your ſervice; that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too,) died for the ſame cauſe; that my poor kinſwoman, my father's ſecond wife, after giving away her honour to your wicked perjured race, ſent all her wealth to the King: and got in return that precious title that lies in aſhes, and this ineſtimable yard of blue ribband. I lay this at your feet and ſtamp upon it: I draw this ſword, and break it and deny you; and had you completed the wrong you

deſigned us, by Heaven, I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the ſame, won't you, couſin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a ſtupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brazier, took out his ſword and broke it, holding his head down:—"I go with my couſin," ſays he, giving Eſmond a graſp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by —, I ſtand by him any day. I beg your Majeſty's pardon for ſwearing; that is—that is—I'm for the Elector of Hannover. It's all your Majeſty's own fault. The Queen's dead moſt likely by this time. And you might have been King if you hadn't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to loſe a crown," ſays the young Prince, ſtarting up, and ſpeaking French in his eager way; "to loſe the loveliеſt woman in the world; to loſe the loyalty of ſuch hearts as yours, is not this, my lords, enough of humiliation?—Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me?—No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honour, that of gentlemen. Favour me by croſſing the ſword with

mine: yours is broke—ſee, yonder in the armoire are two;" and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them towards Eſmond:—Ah! you will? Merci, monſieur, merci!"

Extremely touched by this immenſe mark of condeſcenſion and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Eſmond bowed down ſo low, as almoſt to kiſs the gracious young hand that conferred on him ſuch an honour, and took his guard in ſilence. The ſwords were no ſooner met, than Caſtlewood knocked up Eſmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broke off ſhort at the ſhell; and the Colonel falling back a ſtep dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himſelf perfectly ſatisfied.

"Eh bien, Vicomte!" ſays the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, "il ne nous reſte qu'une choſe à faire:" he placed his ſword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breaſt:—"We have one more thing to do," ſays he, "You do not divine it?" He ſtretched out his arms. —"Embraſſons nous!"

The talk was ſcarce over, when Beatrix entered the room:—What came ſhe to ſeek there? She

ſtarted and turned pale at the ſight of her brother and kinſman, drawn ſwords, broken ſword-blades, and papers yet ſmouldering in the brazier.

"Charming Beatrix," ſays the Prince, with a bluſh which became him very well, "theſe lords have come a horſe-back from London, where my ſiſter lies in a deſpaired ſtate, and where her ſucceſſor makes himſelf deſired. Pardon me for my eſcapade of laſt evening. I had been ſo long a priſoner, that I ſeized the occaſion of a promenade on horſe-back and my horſes naturally bore me towards you. I found you a Queen in your little Court, where you deigned to entertain me. Preſent my homages to your Maids of Honour. I ſighed as you ſlept, under the window of your chamber, and then retired to ſeek reſt in my own. It was there that theſe gentlemen agreeably rouſed me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a Prince acquainted, at whatever coſt to his vanity, with ſuch a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Eſmond. Mademoiſelle, may we take your coach to town? I ſaw it in the hangar, and this poor Marquis muſt be dropping with ſleep."

"Will it pleaſe the King to breakfaſt before he goes?" was all Beatrix could ſay. The roſes had ſhuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; ſhe looked quite old. She came up to Eſmond and hiſſed out a word or two:—"If I did not love you before, couſin," ſays ſhe, "think how I love you now." If words could ſtab, no doubt ſhe would have killed Eſmond; ſhe looked at him as if ſhe could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Eſmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her, he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over, it fell down dead on the ſpot, at the Kenſington Tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of Eikon Baſilike. The Prince bluſhed and bowed low, as ſhe gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never ſeen her from that day.

Horſes were fetched and put to the chariot preſently. My lord rode outſide, and as for Eſmond he was ſo tired that he was no ſooner in the carriage, than he fell aſleep and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the Bell Inn comes a mitred coach with our old friend Lockwood beſide the

coachman. My Lady Caſtlewood and the Biſhop were inſide; ſhe gave a little ſcream when ſhe ſaw us. The two coaches entered the inn almoſt together. The landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the viſitors.

We in our coach ſprang out of it, as ſoon as ever we ſaw the dear lady, and above all, the Doctor in his caſſock; What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? Theſe queſtions were put hurriedly, as Boniface ſtood waiting before his noble gueſts to bow them up the ſtair.

"Is ſhe ſafe?" was what Lady Caſtlewood whiſpered in a flutter to Eſmond.

"All's well, thank God," ſays he, as the fond lady took his hand and kiſſed it, and called him her preſerver and her dear. *She* waſn't thinking of Queens and crowns.

The Biſhop's news was reaſſuring: at leaſt all was not loſt; the Queen yet breathed or was alive when they left London, ſix hours ſince. ("It was Lady Caſtlewood who inſiſted on coming," the Doctor ſaid;) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portſmouth, and ſent abroad for more; the Whigs were on the alert, a peſt

on them (I am not ſure but the Biſhop ſwore as he ſpoke), and ſo too were our people. And all might be ſaved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horſes, inſtantly to return to London. We never went up poor creſt-fallen Boniface's ſtairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime-miniſter in one, Eſmond in the other with only his dear miſtreſs as a companion.

Caſtlewood galloped forwards on horſeback to gather the Prince's friends, and warn them of his coming. We travelled through the night. Eſmond diſcourſing to his miſtreſs of the events of the laſt twenty-four hours; of Caſtlewood's ride and his; of the Prince's generous behaviour and their reconciliation. The night ſeemed ſhort enough; and the ſtar-lit hours paſſed away ſerenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road; the Biſhop's coach heading ours; and, with ſome delays in procuring horſes, we got to Hammerſmith about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 1rſt of Auguſt, and half an hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's houſe, and ſo down the ſtreet of Kenſington.

Early as the hour was, there was a buſtle in the ſtreet, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was eſpecially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us ſtopped, and the Biſhop's man got down to know what the concourſe meant?

There preſently came from out of the gate; Horſe Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds, with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald-at-arms came forward and proclaimed GEORGE, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people ſhouted God ſave the King.

Among the crowd ſhouting and waving their hats, I caught ſight of one ſad face, which I had known all my life, and ſeen under many diſguiſes. It was no other than poor Mr. Holt's, who had ſlipped over to England to witneſs the triumph of the good cauſe; and now beheld its enemies victorious, amidſt the acclamations of the Engliſh people. The poor fellow had forgot to huzzay or to take his hat off, until his neighbours in the crowd remarked his want of loyalty, and curſed

him for a Jeſuit in diſguiſe, when he ruefully uncovered and began to cheer. Sure he was the moſt unlucky of men: he never played a game but he loſt it; or engaged in a conſpiracy but 'twas certain to end in defeat. I ſaw him in Flanders after this, whence he went to Rome to the head-quarters of his Order; and actually re-appeared among us in America, very old, and buſy, and hopeful. I am not ſure that he did not aſſume the hatchet and moccaſſins there; and, attired in a blanket and war-paint, ſkulk about a Miſſionary amongſt the Indians. He lies buried in our neighbouring province of Maryland now, with a croſs over him, and a mound of earth above him; under which that unquiet ſpirit is for ever at peace.

With the ſound of King George's trumpets, all the vain hopes of the weak and fooliſh young Pretender were blown away; and with that muſick, too, I may ſay, the drama of my own life was ended. That happineſs, which hath ſubſequently crowned it, cannot be written in words; 'tis of its nature ſacred and ſecret, and not to be ſpoken of, though the heart be ever ſo full of

thankfulneſs, ſave to Heaven and the One Ear alone—to one fond being, the trueſt and tendereſt and pureſt wife ever man was bleſſed with. As I think of the immenſe happineſs which was in ſtore for me, and of the depth and intenſity of that love, which, for ſo many years, hath bleſſed me, I own to a tranſport of wonder and gratitude for ſuch a boon—nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immenſe beauty and value of the gift which God hath beſtowed upon me. Sure, love *vincit omnia;* is immeaſurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that: he hath not felt the higheſt faculty of the ſoul who hath not enjoyed it. In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope, and the ſummit of happineſs. To have ſuch a love is the one bleſſing, in compariſon of which all earthly joy is of no value; and to think of her, is to praiſe God.

It was at Bruxelles, whither we retreated after the failure of our plot—our Whig friends adviſing us to keep out of the way,—that the great joy of my life was beſtowed upon me, and that my

dear mistress became my wife. We had been so accustomed to an extreme intimacy and confidence, and had lived so long and tenderly together, that we might have gone on to the end without thinking of a closer tie; but circumstances brought about that event, which so prodigiously multiplied my happiness and hers (for which I humbly thank Heaven), although a calamity befel us, which, I blush to think, hath occurred more than once in our house. I know not what infatuation of ambition urged the beautiful and wayward woman, whose name hath occupied so many of these pages, and who was served by me with ten years of such a constant fidelity and passion; but ever after that day at Castlewood, when we rescued her, she persisted in holding all her family as her enemies, and left us, and escaped to France, to what a fate I disdain to tell. Nor was her son's house a home for my dear mistress; my poor Frank was weak as perhaps all our race hath been and led by women. Those around him were imperious, and in a terror of his mother's influence over him, lest he should recant, and deny the creed which he had adopted by their persuasion. The difference of their

religion ſeparated the ſon and the mother: my deareſt miſtreſs felt that ſhe was ſevered from her children and alone in the world—alone but for one conſtant ſervant on whoſe fidelity, praiſed be Heaven, ſhe could count. 'Twas after a ſcene of ignoble quarrel on the part of Frank's wife and mother (for the poor lad had been made to marry the whole of that German family with whom he had connected himſelf), that I found my miſtreſs one day in tears, and then beſought her to confide herſelf to the care and devotion of one who, by God's help, would never forſake her. And then the tender matron, as beautiful in her autumn, and as pure as virgins in their ſpring, with bluſhes of love and "eyes of meek ſurrender," yielded to my reſpectful importunity, and conſented to ſhare my home. Let the laſt words I write thank her, and bleſs her who hath bleſſed it.

By the kindneſs of Mr. Addiſon, all danger of proſecution, and every obſtacle againſt our return to England was removed; and my ſon Frank's gallantry in Scotland made his peace with the King's government. But we two cared no longer to live in England; and Frank formally and

joyfully yielded over to us the poſſeſſion of that eſtate, which we now occupy, far away from Europe and its troubles, on the beautiful banks of the Potowmac, where we have built a new Caſtlewood, and think with grateful hearts of our old home. In our tranſatlantick country we have a ſeaſon, the calmeſt and moſt delightful of the year, which we call the Indian ſummer: I often ſay the autumn of our life reſembles that happy and ſerene weather: and am thankful for its reſt and its ſweet ſunſhine. Heaven hath bleſſed us with a child, which each parent loves for her reſemblance to the other. Our diamonds are turned into ploughs and axes for our plantations; and into negroes, the happieſt and merrieſt, I think, in all this country: and the only jewel by which my wife ſets any ſtore, and from which ſhe hath never parted, is that gold button ſhe took from my arm on the day when ſhe viſited me in priſon, and which ſhe wore ever after, as ſhe told me, on the tendereſt heart in the world.

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